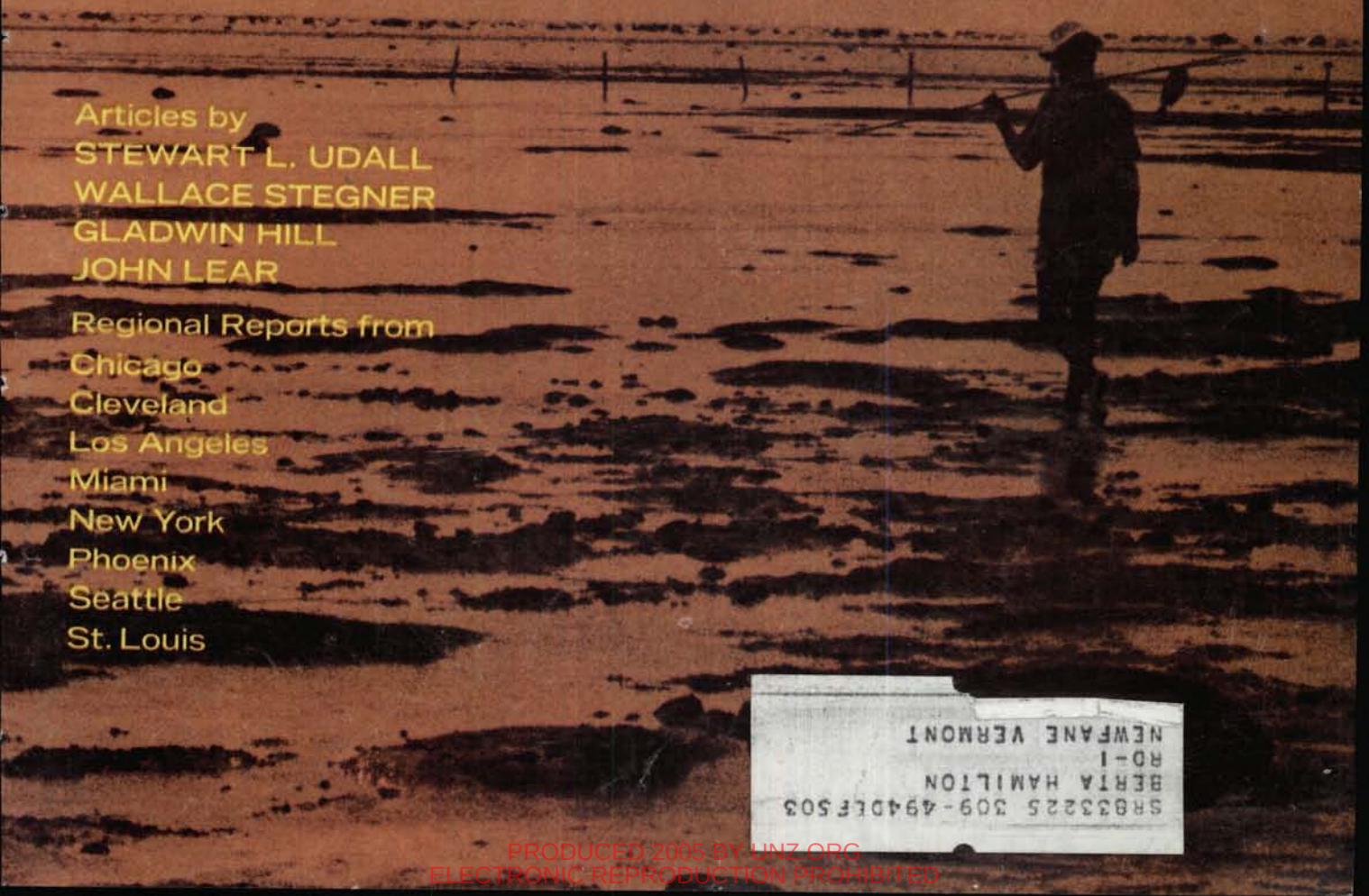
Saturday Review

October 23, 1965 25¢

THE CRISIS IN WATER:

ITS SOURCES, POLLUTION AND DEPLETION



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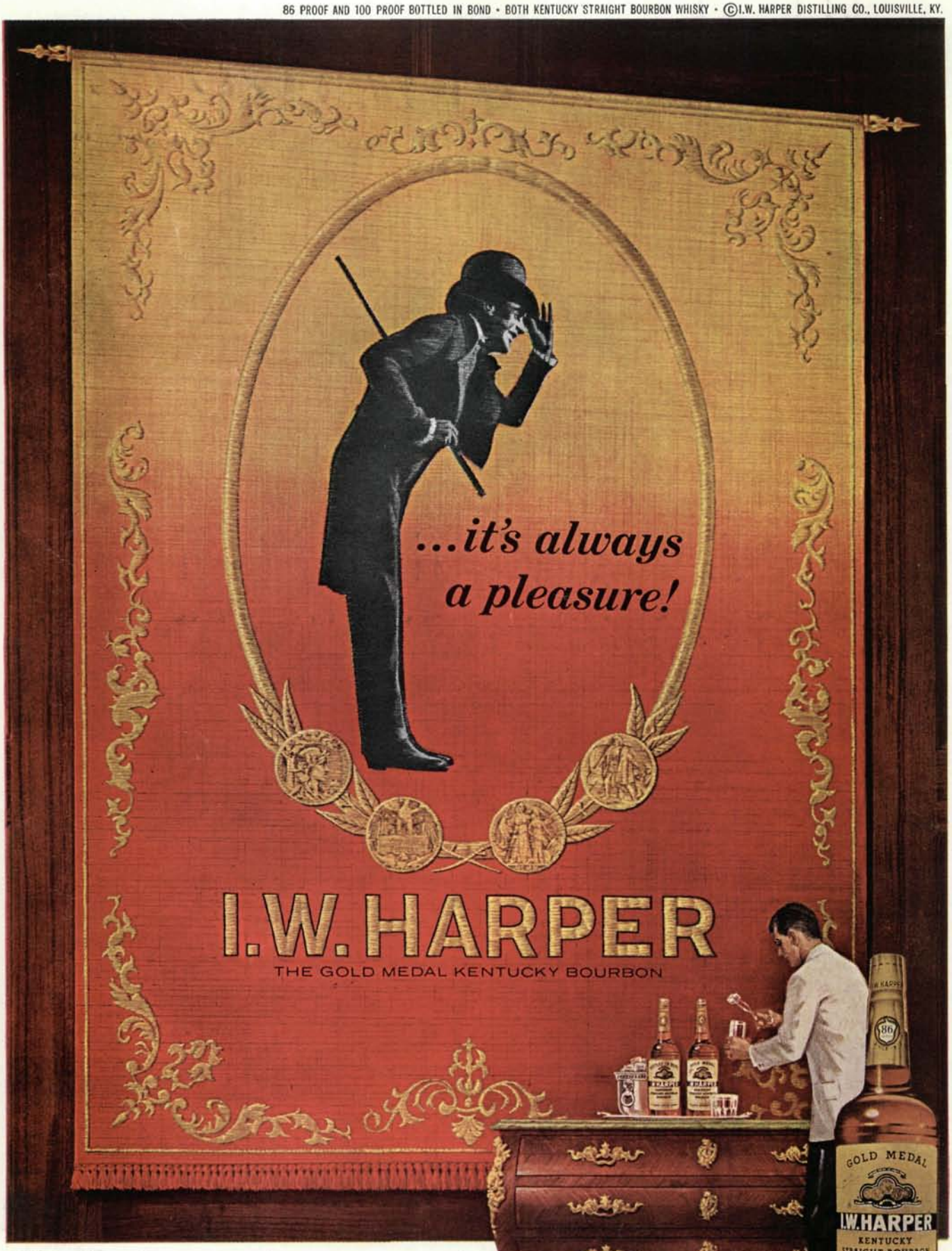

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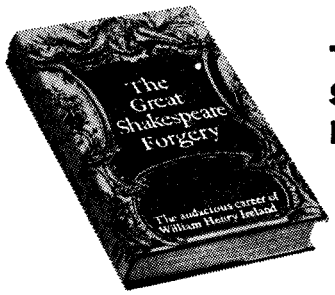

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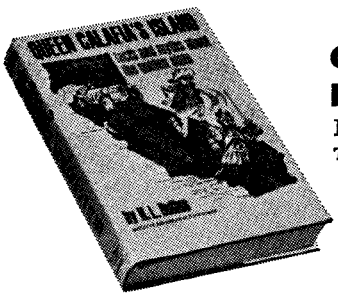

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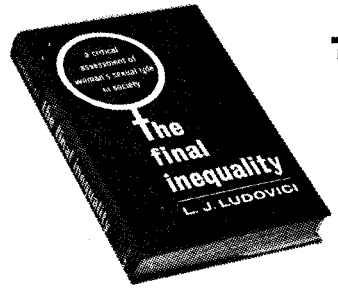

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Saturday Review

October 23, 1965

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IDEA MAN

How Thirty-Six Words Paid off to the Tune of Six Thousand Dollars!

No, he didn't dream up a better mousetrap. But he's the kind of person who probably could if he put his mind to it. As the old maxim implies, though, if you figure out a way to do *anything* worthwhile more efficiently, chances are you'll be rewarded. It was certainly true of this ingenious General Motors employe, who recently collected $6,000 for a valuable suggestion that took just thirty-six words to describe—more than $166.00 per word!

The GM Employe Suggestion Plan has paid out more than $70,000,000 and produced more than a million usable suggestions since its inception in 1942. It is worth noting that a great many awards go to conscientious employes who would have submitted their suggestions even if there had been no monetary reward involved.

Whatever their jobs, these are among the real stars of the General Motors team—people who are truly interested in finding ways to make products and processes safer, better and more efficient.

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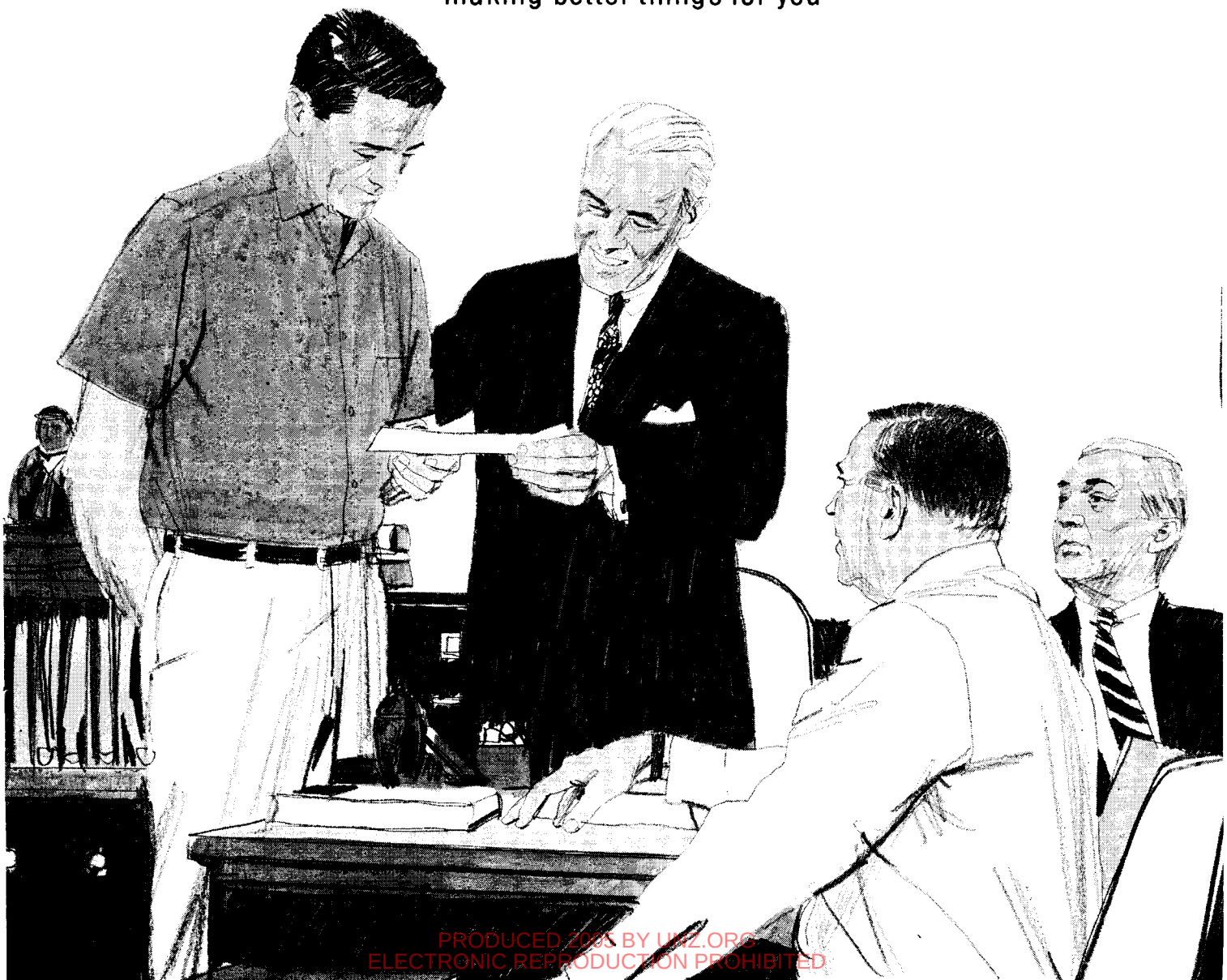

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The Heist Man Never Cometh

Edited by Martin Levin

Who Steals My Purse Lifts My Spirits

I SPENT National Burglary Prevention Week pretty much as I imagine everyone did—sitting around with my door tick-a-locked and my windows fastened, one hand on the telephone and the other nervously lighting cigarets. Hour after hour through the long days and longer nights I sat there, a man alert and ready, preventing nobody knows how many burglaries, and when it was all over, Sunday at midnight, I turned to myself and said: "Well, bud, *you* look like a wreck. Why don't you go get some sleep?"

"Was it worth it?" you ask. (Incidentally, it isn't necessary to shout.) My answer is "Well, it was and it wasn't."

The truth is, I have never once been burglarized, even in non-Burglary Prevention Weeks. I've just been putting on an act, carrying so much theft insurance, installing Fox locks, changing the combination on my wall safe, and leaving all the lights on when I go out. What I must face up to (and now you will know the real Me) is the plain fact that I don't seem to have anything that anyone wants to burgle. It's humiliating, to say the least.

My paintings, now. With all those big art thefts we've been hearing about, you'd think someone would have wanted to get hold of my paintings. It's true they're not Cezannes or Modiglianis or Picassos; but so what? I did them myself, in evening classes, and the canvas alone ought to be worth something. "Daffodils In Red Vase" represents hours and hours of effort, and those blossoms look so real you almost think you could reach right out and touch them. As a painter, was I ahead of my time (6:30 to 8:30 Wednesdays) or didn't I take enough lessons, or what?

The silver I have is just as shiny and pretty as the day it arrived. It did look heavier in the illustrations on the sides of the cereal boxes, and the handles came off the knives somewhat sooner than I had thought, but the forks and spoons are perfectly good—or would be if you took a few minutes to straighten them out. The underworld, for depraved reasons unknown to you and me, has passed my silver by.

I have numerous documents, some quite rare, including a final Palmer Method penmanship certificate, and the autograph of Lawrence Steiner, better known as "King Tiny Mite," a midget, cute as a button, who visited my home town of Toppenish, Washington, with a carnival in the summer of 1926. I might as well set these treasures out on the sidewalk for all anyone seems to care about them! The same goes for my rare books. I have never kept it a secret that I have a first edition of Gertrude Atherton's *Black Oxen*, and yet it remains secure on my shelf, as unlikely to be purloined, apparently, as the genuine gold nugget stickpin I inherited from my father. Nobody even wants my gold! And I also happen to have the first number of *Holiday* magazine ever to appear on the newsstands. Think of the magazines that have come and gone since that day.

I can understand why my wardrobe has gone unmolested; I am an odd size (and an even odder age), but there are items of historical interest there in the closet, such as the necktie Pauline Whitlock gave me when I was graduated from High School, and a *"zippered"* field jacket, of the type issued to the brave soldiers who at great personal sacrifice rose to the defense of the country back in the Forties—long before the Eisenhower-style garment was standardized. A new "zipper" would make it as good as new.

There is nothing for me to do, I suppose, but sit here among my treasures and await the day—not too far distant, as a matter of fact—when I shall be considered old and eccentric. Then all the burglars in the world will come to terrorize me in the night, rip open my mattress in search of thousand-dollar bills, and to take away everything I own. I expect the increase in my personal pride, and all that marvelous publicity, to more than offset any material loss.

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

The Daily Grind

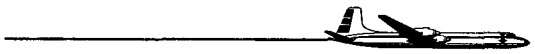
Stripteaser's workday: 9 p.m. 'til clothing. —WILL CONWAY.

Ode to the Asterisk*

THE asterisk was once a sedate piece of punctuation, which told readers that a few objectionable words had been omitted, or that an interesting footnote awaited them at the bottom of the page. Now, however, the asterisk has become an important visual symbol, used mostly to denote that a cold is coming on or that a headache is causing pain. And

Why spend it all getting there?

FLY ICELANDIC



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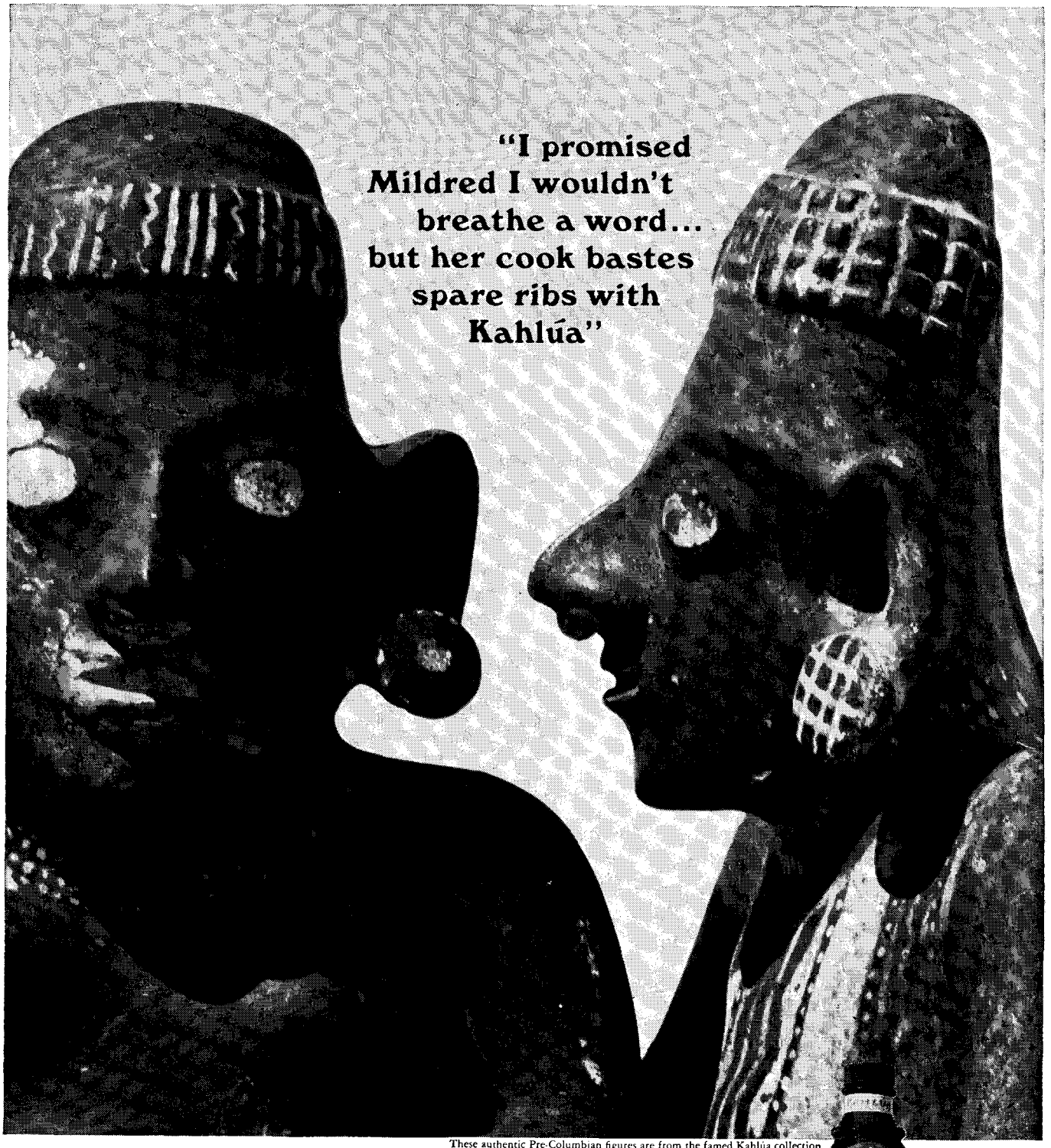
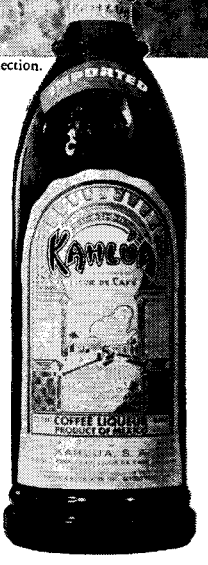


These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection.

"And that's not all, my dear. He does the same thing to hamburgers, chicken, steak, even fish! And all this time we thought she had some special recipe. Can you imagine? While Mildred goes through her dining room ritual of mixing Kahlúa sours and Black Russians, her cook is in the kitchen sneaking Kahlúa into the chocolate cake batter. Probably puts it in the brownies, and did you taste that dessert? Probably put it in that, too, and goodness knows what else. Why, it's a wonder she had enough Kahlúa left to serve with our coffee!"



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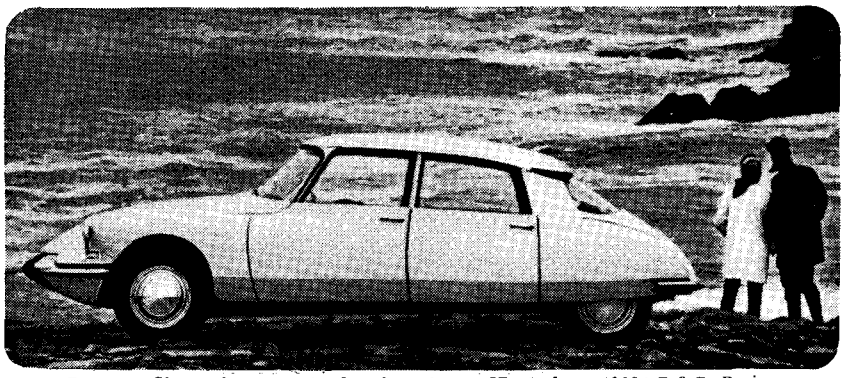

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even more recently, the * has begun to mean that teeth are whiter than ever.

The spectacle of a young lady with an * up her nose is frightening enough, but nasal injury is added to by insult when an unctuous voice inquires, "Cold coming on?" Or, "Where did your cold catch you?" The cynic might well ask, "How will Contac get that punctuation mark out of her probocis without severe injury?"

Not quite as dangerous physically is the Anacin ad which indicates its model is suffering from a headache by the use of asterisks embedded in the forehead. However, the prongs of these asterisks have been filed off, for a headache-remedy company is no doubt sensible to the sizable risk of brain damage via asterisk.

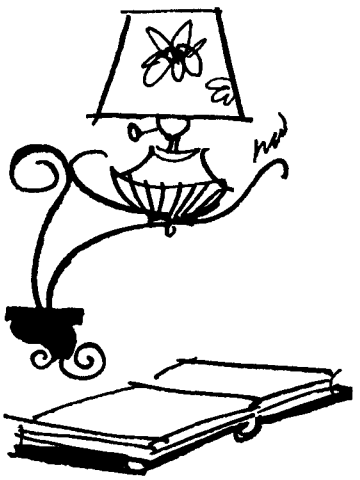
Nothing is so pathetic as seeing a small boy with a king-size asterisk in his upset stomach. But readers need not fear for this lad: pink Pepto Bismol will coat those sharp edges, thus relieving the stomach ache caused when the unfortunate child actor swallowed the *.

And the next time you kiss your wife or sweetheart, she may emit a series of asterisks—if she has just brushed her teeth with McLean's Toothpaste, a British compound designed as subtle revenge for our having won the Revolutionary War.

Yes, the * is definitely the thing in advertising. Think what sales successes a cigarette might have if it advertised that its new filter separates the bad tar-covered asterisks from the flavor-coated asterisks! Or imagine a breakfast cereal shaped like asterisks! In tandem with a bowl of alphabet soup, the educational possibilities of such a product are staggering to the imagination. Or consider a laundry soap shaped like an asterisk rather than a pellet: "to get dirt out of the tiny corners that rounded tablets can't get at."

And on it goes. . . . Now that the asterisk has served the purposes of Madison Avenue, who knows what piece of punctuation will be next?

—Rudolph Spik.



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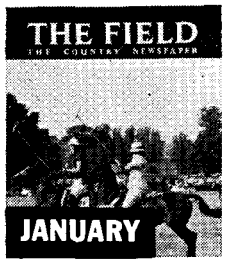

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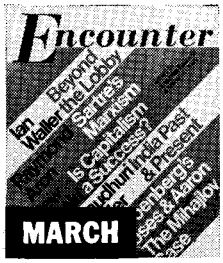

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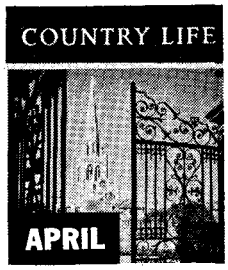

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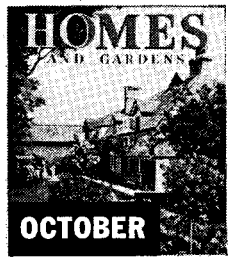

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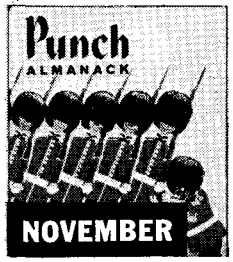

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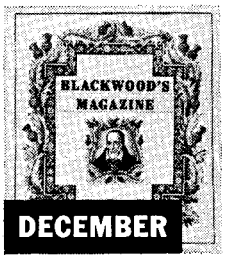

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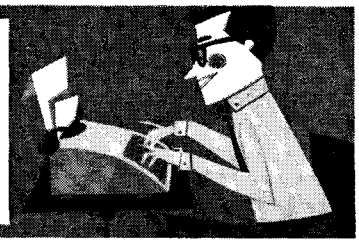
Top of My Head



How Not to Write a Book

I AM NOW WRITING a book which will be due last March. This is a sloppy way to do business, especially for a renowned publishing company like Doubleday. It was last November they called to ask me to write a book and could I have it ready by next March. Well, last November March seemed an eternity away so I said sure.

How a successful outfit like Doubleday ever gets any book published is beyond me. Not once from November to March did anybody call to ask how the book was coming along. Which it wasn't. Nor did they ask if I had started it. Which I hadn't. They seem to have assumed that my word was good. Which it isn't. They must have some people up there at Doubleday who could have kept at me. Their stationery says "and Company."

That a book ever hits the stands must be sheer luck. It is unthinkable that Hoe ever visualized his printing press would be a partner to such sleazy maneuvering in the book business. And it seems typical of all publishing houses. Let's take the great firm Simon & Schuster. But let's go back twelve years to see just how nonchalant a publisher can be about getting a book written.

It was in 1953 that a gentleman called from S & S to invite me to lunch. He asked if I had ever given consideration to writing a book. I replied I had, hadn't everybody? He asked if I would write one for his firm. I said sure.

The next day I received a check from S & S for $1,500. I called the man and asked about it. He said it was an advance. I tried to explain I wasn't sure when I'd write it, or if. He was sure I would. A year later he called to inquire. I explained I hadn't started it and did he want his check returned. He was deeply hurt. He explained the check was "thinking money." So all that day and the rest of another year I thought about "thinking money."

It was during that second year that I had a call from Doubleday. That man asked me to lunch and wondered if I would write a book for his firm. I said I might. He didn't ask nor did I volunteer the information that I was already in the process of not writing a book for Simon & Schuster. The next day I received a check from Doubleday for $2,000.

I thought briefly of returning the check but I recalled how sensitive they were about their "thinking money." Then I began visualizing that if I got "thinking money" from all the publishers I could retire without ever having written a word.

But that bubble burst when the S & S man called and said that if I hadn't started the book they would publish the pieces I had been writing for *Saturday Review*. He said he hadn't read them, so I sent him a stack of columns.

A few days later I was called in to S & S. They hung my hat and coat, served me tea, and I began to feel like an author. He liked the pieces and they would be put into book form. My "thinking money" had evidently run out.

Before the book was published there appeared a small newspaper item that S & S was publishing a book by me. For the first time since our lunch I heard from the man at Doubleday. He was deeply hurt. I explained that this was a previous commitment and I would return his check. He was deeply hurt again and said they expected my next book to be sent to them.

A few days later I received a call from Simon & Schuster; it may have been a conference call. They said they were most enthused by my *SR* pieces and wanted me to write another book on any subject I chose. I asked if there was to be some "thinking money." They said of course. I asked how much. They asked how much I wanted. I said two thousand dollars, and would they please send it to the man at Doubleday and leave me out as middle man. There was a long pause and they quietly hung up.

That was ten years ago. To bring this roundelay up to date and to demonstrate how history repeats itself, this, like Peyton Place, will have to be continued.

—Goodman Ace.

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Now the magic of the theatre comes to your home

Shown above: Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson as they appear in Society productions.

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IF YOU LOVE THE THEATRE . . . if you and your family treasure the performances of truly great dramatic artists . . . you will be delighted at this extraordinary opportunity.

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Mail the attached card today. Send no money. To receive the Society's new production of *The Glass Menagerie* for only $1 with Charter Membership, simply mail the card. If not delighted, you may return the album within 10 days, cancel your membership, and owe nothing. Theatre Recording Society, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, 10001.

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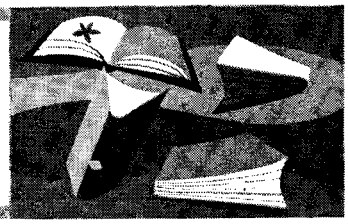
Trade Winds



In one of those huge, high-ceilinged apartments for which New York's Chelsea Hotel is noted, a young Dutchman is finishing a couple of dozen tremendous canvases which will be exhibited this week in bookstores and a gallery or

two in connection with the publication of his book. He is Jan Cremer, a twenty-five-year-old writer, painter, entrepreneur, and semi-genius whose book, *I Jan Cremer*, has made him one of the most talked about and successful young men of Holland and other parts of Europe. Now that his book is being published in English by Shorewood, we shall talk about him in this country, I am positive.

For a fellow whose short life is already replete with explosive, violent episodes and with a steady resistance to authority, Jan seemed extremely personable and trustworthy to me. The fact is that now that he is a financial success he has channeled his energies and money in more sensible directions. In Holland he owns a record company, a publicity firm, a motion picture business and something called the Dodgers Press Association.

Jan Cremer (pronounced Yahn Kramer) is half Romany Gypsy and half Dutch, a rather interesting combination. He started writing when he was six years old and by the time he was in his teens he was having stories published in Dutch magazines. He was tearing all over Europe on his motorcycle and wearing a leather jacket, of course. He became known as "King of the Nozems." A *nozem*, Jan told me, is Dutch for a sort of cross between a Teddy Boy, a beatnik, and a hoodlum. In 1957 Jan decided to break into the art world. He made a painting measuring six by two meters in size, and named it *La Guerre Japonaise*. It contained blood, action, death "and everything," Jan recalls. He sent it to a salon and put a price of one million guilders on it. *La Guerre Japonaise* then became known as "the million-guilder painting" and got an awful lot of publicity for its creator. Someone caused a stir by offering a million pennies for it, which was turned down. No one bought it.

Jan then went to Ibiza, an island in the Mediterranean, and began to make some paintings for a prospective show in Amsterdam. Of course, he was broke, so his first efforts were done in the medium of cheap house paint. In 1964 a story of his came out in a Dutch magazine that got three publishers so interested that they each cabled Jan to come home to talk about expanding it into a book. He accepted each offer, asking for transportation and receiving plane fare from each. He bummed his way to Paris and then flew the last short leg to Amsterdam, where the three publishers met him—and each other—at the airport. He made a deal with one of them and *I Jan Cremer* was the result.

Jan became even more famous when the book hit the stands. He helped promote it by engaging in all sorts of Cremer stunts. One was to drop by helicopter into the yard of a girls' school in Hengelo during recess and hand out autographed copies to his squealing fans. Another was to disguise himself

in some way and carry on a big campaign against the book. Letters were printed in newspapers; the book was denounced in pulpits and over television; Jan and his cronies stormed into more than one bookstore and demanded that the book be removed from the shelves because of its anti-social content. It sold like hotcakes. If there is any reliable measure of the splash this ex-*nozem* has made abroad, it is that a book called *He Jan Cremer* has been published containing rumors, gossip and perhaps some facts about Jan, who is now suing that publisher because of it, thus making more publicity.

In *The Beard and I*, Tommy Whitehead tells about life as the wife of the

Most lovers of liqueurs would do well to shop with an air of caution today. There are more liqueurs around than ever before, but there is an ocean of difference between them. Take Crème de Cacao...and consider what it takes to make one brand outstanding.

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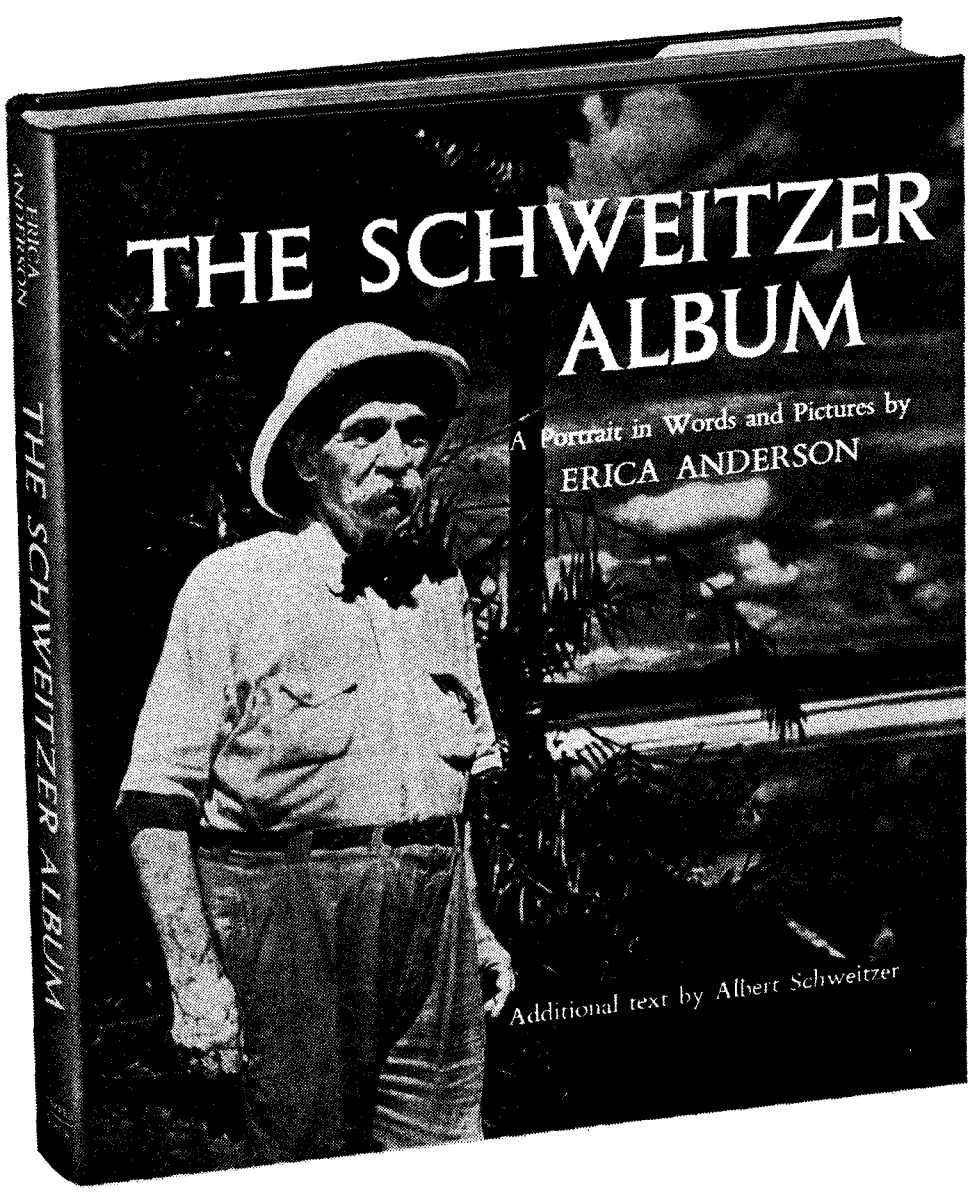

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S complex personality and life of service are portrayed in rich dimensions in this album of text and photographs — a beautiful volume which includes the only color photographs of the doctor and his jungle hospital to appear in any book.

Erica Anderson, Academy Award-winning film biographer and friend of Dr. Schweitzer, has selected the best of her collection of 33,000 Schweitzer photographs, to combine with photos from the doctor's childhood, youth, and early career.

Numerous passages by Albert Schweitzer accent this book's description of the multifaceted life of *le Grand Docteur*, his friendships with the great and the humble, and his philosophy of "reverence for all life." Never before published, these passages were recorded by Erica Anderson from interviews or translated from Dr. Schweitzer's own notes. Included also are rare memorabilia, such as Schweitzer's birth certificate, his map-sketches of the hospital, hand-written letters, and original manuscript pages.

Illuminating the earthy simplicity, the brilliant thought, and the unending compassion of its celebrated subject, here is a striking and unforgettable portrait of the true world of Albert Schweitzer.

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"The view of Dr. Schweitzer that emerges from Erica Anderson's album is the most authentic and vital portrait I have seen of the man and his work. Whether from the standpoint of photography or content, the album is in every way a magnificent memorial."

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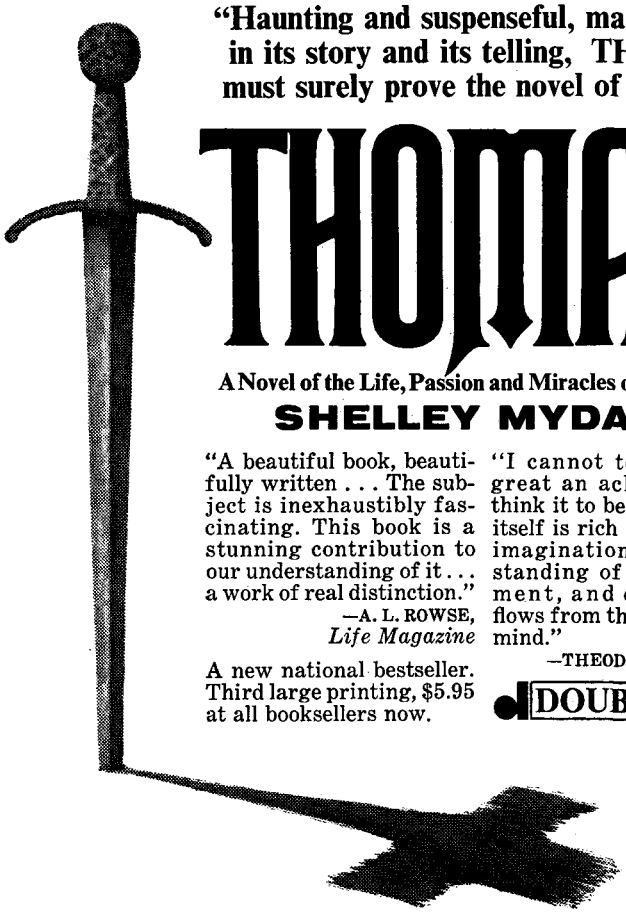

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DOUBLEDAY

*Chicago Tribune

KING CHARLES II (1630-1685) OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BURNING (The Bettman Archive)

What Burned at the Baker's Fire?

The City of London on September 2, 1666. The Great Fire started in a Pudding Lane bake shop, and thrashed its way through London, devouring everything in its path, destroying 13,000 houses and 87 churches including the great St. Paul's Cathedral. Only months after the City smoldered the House of Hedges & Butler was founded and received its first royal warrant. Since then, the House of Hedges & Butler, makers of the light scotch, the magnificent scotch, has been one of England's most famous wine and spirits merchants. Treat yourself royally. Try Hedges & Butler Royal Scotch.

100% Scotch Whiskies • 86 Proof • The Westminster Corp. New York, N.Y.

famous Commander Whitehead. After they moved to New York City from their native England, she was busy furnishing their apartment, and decided to go to an auction on Seventy-ninth Street to look for furniture. Mrs. Whitehead walked into the gallery and asked a somber looking gentleman, "Is there an exhibition today?"

"Are you a relative?" he asked.

"Relative?" she replied. "Do I have to be? I thought this was a public auction."

"Madam," the man replied, "the auction is next door. This is a funeral home."

The following notice was posted on the wall of Ben Weinberger's room in the El Rio Motel in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico:

"Regulation 1: Ladies are forbidden to visit the rooms occupied by single

men and vice versa, in case of any violation of this disposition the Management reserves the right to demand the immediate disposal of the room. To avoid any inconvenience to the guest, it is requested that visitors convene in the Main Lobby for this purpose."

Sharps and Flats: This paragraph is taken from the San Antonio *Express:* "The Porter Loring Mortuary has been a member of the National Selected Morticians since 1918. Only those firms that measure up to rigid standards in the public interest are invited to become members."

► There are many differences between a man and a dog. One principal difference, said Mark Twain, is that "if you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1645)

MURIEL SPARK:
(THE) MANDELBAUM GATE
(Suggested by Mrs. Martin Sokolow)

She had been a wild-flower gatherer who had planted a patch of her garden in clumps, marked* according to country names: bird's-foot trefoil, lady's-finger, tufted vetch, hair tare, viper's bugloss, forget-me-not, ling, small-flowered crowfoot.

* Replacing *labeled*, to get the K.

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100. HORSE. Chinese. Han Dynasty, 206 B.C.-A.D. 220. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original in bronze. Ht.: 4". **$3.50.** (Add 60¢ shipping, insurance.)

13. STATUETTE OF A CAT. Egyptian. 600-300 B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original in bronze. Ht.: 7". **$10.00.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

LW-2. WEDDING RINGS. By Peter Lipman-Wulf (American Contemporary). Replica in Alvastone; green bronze finish on marble base. Ht.: 7". **$17.50.** (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)

FM-4. SCRIBE READING. Egyptian, 1292-1205 B.C. The Louvre. Original of slate. Ht.: 6". **$12.50** pair. (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)

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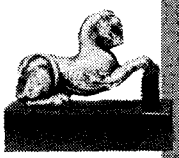
AIC-33. STATUETTE OF A CAT. By Jeanne Poupelet (French, 1878-1932). Original in bronze. Art Institute of Chicago. 4¾" high by 5½" long. Price **$10.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

1016. THE KISS. By Auguste Rodin (French, 1840-1917) National Gallery of Art. Ht.: 12½" Original reduction in bronze by Rodin **$37.50.** (Shipping—express collect.)

SM-43. DAVID. By Michelangelo. Bronze finish. Ht.. 15" **$15.00.** (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)



MFA-6. DANCING WOMAN. Etruscan, 525-500 B.C Original in bronze Museum of Fine Arts, Boston Ht.: 6" **$15.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

ST-100. MOSES. By Michelangelo. Original in bronze, after the marble statue in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome. From a private collection. Ht.: 8¾" On marble base **$12.50.** (Add $1 50 shipping, insurance.)

PR-1 PANTHER. Persia, 2nd Century B.C. Princeton University. Original in silver Replica in metal. Ht.. 2¼" **$5.00.** (Add 60¢ shipping, insurance.)

BA-6. THE THINKER. By Auguste Rodin (French, 1840-1917). Reduction from heroic size bronze original in the Balti more Museum of Art. Ht.: 12½" **$37.50.** (Shipping—express collect.)

GD-4. EMBRACE. By Gleb W. Derujinsky (American Contemporary). Original of green patina bronze. Mounted on mahogany base Length 7½", height 4½". **$15.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

BZ-1. HEAD OF A PROPHET. By Ben-Zion (American Contemporary). Gilt-bronze finish on black base. Ht.: 7½". **$15.00.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)

Brentano's authentic replicas of museum jewelry

PENDANT CROSS. Original of gold. Byzantine, 7th Century. Gold-washed.
DO-9N. Necklace— **$4.50**

MACEDONIAN COIN. On the reverse is a driver in a two-horse chariot. Below, in Greek letters, appears the name of Philip of Macedon. Original in Walters Art Gallery. Gold-washed.
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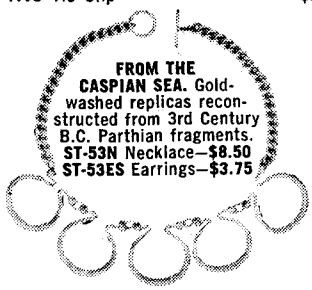

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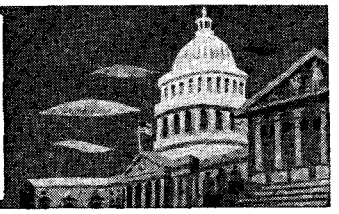


A Chance for Soviet-American Diplomacy

Moscow.

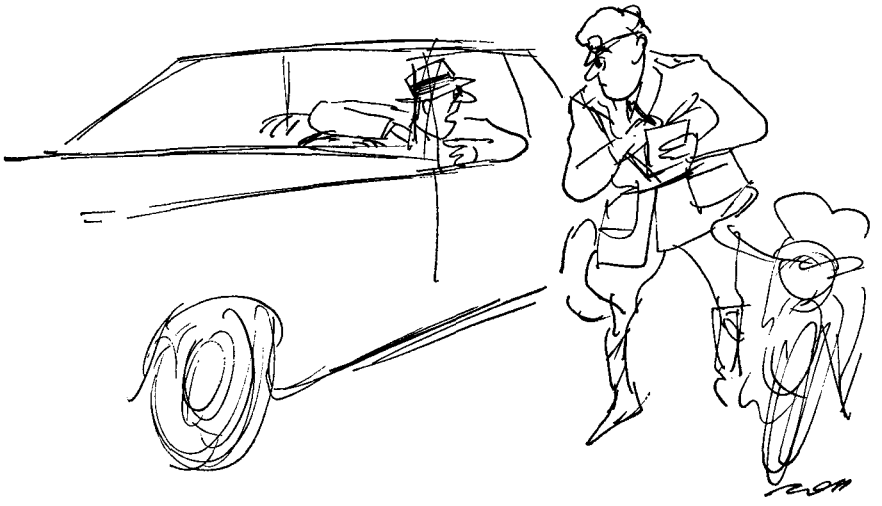
"YOU in the West are mesmerized by China, by its vast population," one informed Russian said to me. "You think she is already a great power. It will take another ten, perhaps fifteen years before this is an accomplished fact." Whether one agrees with this assessment or not, the remark nevertheless indicates the basic annoyance, even disdain for China here—an underlying warning that the West should not be led to overrate Peking's real power.

There are increasing signs that the Brezhnev-Kosygin regime, which jettisoned Mr. Khrushchev's policy of trying to ostracize China from the Communist camp, has now given up all hope of reconciliation with that country and is going to be looking less and less over its shoulder to Peking in pursuing its own policies.

Mr. Khrushchev had set his emotional heart on a conference of all Communist parties that would pass judgment on Peking's behavior. He wanted a vote of confidence in his policy of coexistence and he wanted to embarrass and humiliate the Chinese. But his Party friends were not keen to create an open split; they did not think it necessary or desirable—even if a majority did privately agree with Khrushchev's outlook. After his fall the idea of the conference was quietly dropped and nowadays it isn't mentioned at all.

Even if the assorted attempts to reach some kind of modus vivendi with Peking had failed—so went the thinking of the new Kremlin leadership—the way to win majority support among the world's Communist leaders was not by inducing them to cast a vote against China, but by quietly exposing the irrationality and the extremism of China's policies; by demonstrating that it was not the Kremlin but the Chinese who were creating a schism in the Communist world. And there are indications, one is told here, that this policy is beginning to pay off in the most disputed area, Africa—that "new world" which both the Soviet Union and China have been trying to use to "redress the balance of the old." There are signs apparently that certain African leaders are getting fed up with Chinese policy—whose militancy at first had great appeal—because they are now established leaders, not revolutionaries, and are, therefore, again turning toward the old citadel of Communism—the Kremlin.

Mr. Kosygin and consortium may not be very vocal, but the policies pursued by them in Vietnam and the India-Pakistan conflict show how carefully they are weighed. In Vietnam the Soviet Union feels obliged to prove itself a friend and ally of any Communist regime, even if it doesn't cherish any deeper commitment in Southeast Asia. In the India-Pakistan conflict, with neither country belonging to the Communist camp, the Soviet Union has an opportunity to demonstrate its desire for stability and to expose Chinese aggressiveness. It was able not only to demon-



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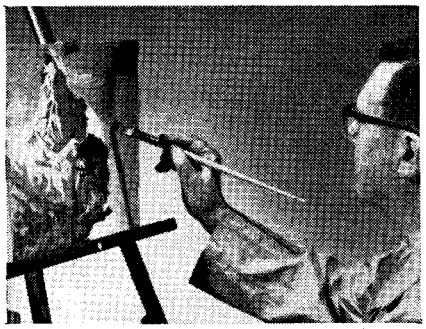

New, Home Course by Famous Artist Paul Hartley GUARANTEES you will paint pictures skillfully . . . or you pay nothing!

Here at last is a complete learn-at-home program that teaches you, step by step, how to paint in oils. "The Hartley Course in Oil Painting" starts you painting canvases right away. And, in 24 days or less, you may do oil paintings you'll be proud to display in your own home or give as gifts to friends. You don't need talent—just the urge to paint.

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This is NOT merely a book, not a paint-by-the-numbers game. It is a home course of instruction that uses the proven methods developed at Paul Hartley's school where scores of men and women — many with little or no "talent" — discovered the thrill and satisfaction of oil painting in a matter of days!

YOU START PAINTING AT ONCE

The best way to learn to paint *is to paint* — under the direction of a competent artist who shows you step by step what to do. With the Hartley Course, there is no dry period of monotonous, colorless exercises. You waste no time plowing through "theory" or boring mumbo jumbo. You use brush and paint right from the start—begin painting immediately with the very first lesson.

COMPLETE COURSE—ALL THE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS YOU NEED TO GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY

"The Hartley Course in Oil Painting" is created especially for men and women who want to learn to paint in oils, but who have neither the time nor desire to attend a full-time course of instruction. The methods you follow are meant to be absorbed on a part-time basis! You develop your skills as quickly as your own time permits.

Here's how the Course works:

You turn to the first of the 24 large model illustrations which are included with the Course. Then turn to the first instruction manual and read what Paul Hartley has to say in Lesson One, which deals specifically with that particular illustration. Follow the directions on what brush to use, how to hold the brush, how to paint your darks, lights and middle-tones, etc. By the time you finish Lesson One, you will be able to achieve — on your own canvas, and in your own style — your pictorial reproduction of the first large model illustration. Then you proceed to the second large model illustration, and read Lesson Two in the instruction manual. And so on. Wherever color is used, the model illustration shows exactly the color effect to be created — and the instruction manual explains just what you should do to make the drawing and mix and apply the desired colors. You just follow the directions and you find yourself painting in oils faster and better than you ever dreamed possible! Everything you need to know is told you *so simply and so clearly* — just as if you had Paul Hartley right there at your elbow, telling you what to do next.

HOW TO PAINT IN OILS—EVEN IF YOU "CAN'T DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE"!

Because of his reputation as a fine painter, Paul Hartley was constantly approached by many beginners who wanted to learn how to paint. Most of these people had never held a brush in their hands, yet in no time at all they were painting beautiful pictures.

Paul Hartley worked with these men and women and helped them start with "first things first" — exactly as in the Course you get. From this experience of working with beginners over many years, Paul Hartley developed "The Hartley Course in Oil Painting" — a specialized self-instruction course especially designed for beginning painters.

LEARN IN SPARE TIME—

The time required to complete the course depends entirely on the pace you wish to set and the time you feel you can devote to it. You can spend a few hours a day and finish in just 24 days! If you have the time and wish to proceed more rapidly you can complete the course more quickly. Either way, your instruction will be comprehensive and continually fascinating. You'll find release from daily tensions while enjoying a most rewarding form of creative expression!

You Learn . . .

- How to hold the brush for both broad strokes and delicate work
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- How to make and use a "color wheel"
- How to mix your own colors to duplicate any color in nature
- How and when to use "advancing" and "receding" colors
- How to create the four basic forms
- Secrets of form painting and perspective
- How to handle highlights, shadows, special effects
- How to paint still-lifes
- How to sketch outdoors for indoor painting
- Elements of design, sketching, landscape painting
- What basic materials you need and how to use them
- How to set up your work area (you need no more space than that taken up by a table or desk!)
- How to develop a style of your own . . . and much, much more!

OUR UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER

No if's, and's, or but's: You *must* be painting in oils in just 24 days or you may return the course and it will have cost you nothing! The complete "Hartley Course in Oil Painting" can be in your home in just a few days, ready to start you on the rewarding path to the world's most enjoyable hobby. The entire course consists of a set of full-color and monochrome study-guide plates together with simplified instruction manuals that tell you step by step what to do, from the first elementary brush strokes to the more advanced full-color paintings. The full cost is only $29.95 complete — and you can pay this in three easy installments.

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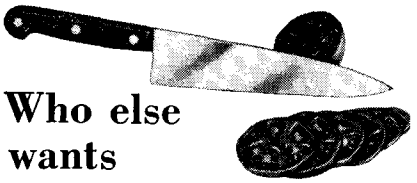

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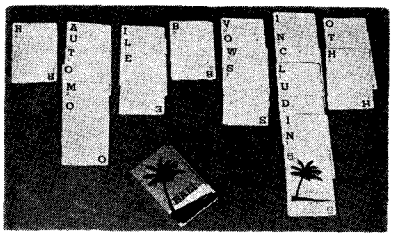

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strate its non-involvement in the conflict but also its interest along that border. For some time it has been clear that Soviet interest in that area coincided at least in a basic sense with that of the United States: blocking Chinese expansion. In the past the Soviet Union has not been able to afford the political luxury of siding with the United States, but the circumstances of the war between India and Pakistan have made this possible. It turned China's ultimatum to India with its subsequent quick withdrawal into a comedy and could not have enhanced China's prestige abroad.

This does not mean, however, that there can be a common policy between the U.S. and the Soviet Union except as it concerns opposition to Chinese expansionism—and, perhaps, in the attempt to find a solution for Kashmir. (For it is impossible to conceive that Pakistan or India between themselves could reach a lasting agreement. One would have to be imposed on them from the outside.)

It may be too much to hope that the Soviet Union and the United States can somehow pursue a policy of aid to the two having similar and not competing aims. Although one Soviet official remarked to me: "Where did American and Soviet and British aid policy in India and Pakistan lead to? Soviet MIG 21's opposed American F 104's and American tanks faced British ones."

The Soviet Union has certain political and geographical advantages to claiming the Indian sub-continent as her sphere of influence. And the United States has an interest at least in not opposing it. American and Soviet cooperation in that area could, for instance, lead to the kind of security guarantee India seeks against China, the absence of which has been whetting India's appetite for nuclear weapons. It would also contribute to the peace in that part of the world if the United States and the Soviet Union could coordinate their military and economic aid. So much of both given in the past has now gone down the drain. The economic consequences of the war are bound to assert themselves soon and to force both Washington and Moscow to give the question new thought.

The complexities of American-Soviet cooperation in the sub-continent are, of course, that the United States is opposed not only to Chinese Communist expansion, but to Communism generally, while the Soviet Union is anxious merely to prevent the first. Nevertheless, on geopolitical grounds, closer coordination of American and Soviet policies would be logical and would make much sense; unfortunately, ideology is the obstacle.

Still, here is an opportunity for basic common interests to rise above ideological differences on both sides—a splendid chance for Soviet-American diplomacy.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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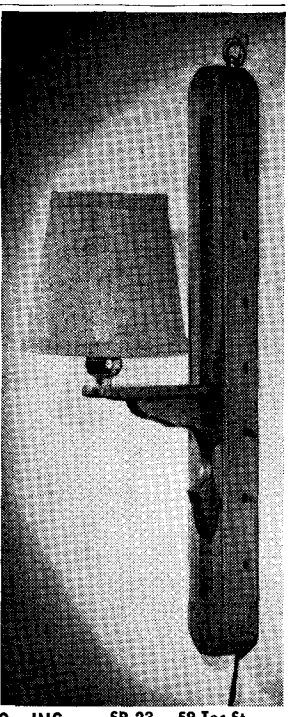

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art, Architecture

AJANTA. By Madanjeet Singh. Macmillan. $19.95.

BAROQUE SCULPTURE. By Harald Busch and Bernd Lohse. Macmillan. $14.95.

CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE. By Auguste Rodin. Translated by Elisabeth C. Geissbuhler. Beacon. $17.50.

DAWN OF ART: Paintings and Sculpture of the Australian Aborigines. By Karel Kupka. Viking. $10.

DRAWINGS OF MICHELANGELO. Edited by Charles de Tolnay. Braziller. $65 to Christmas; $75 thereafter.

A GUIDE TO THE COLLECTION AND CARE OF ORIGINAL PRINTS. By Carl Zigrosser and Christa M. Gaehde. Crown. $3.

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Edited by René Huyghe. Putnam. $15.95 to January 1; $20 thereafter.

THE VANGUARD ARTIST. By Bernard Rosenberg and Norris Fliegel. Quadrangle. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE GAME OF X. By Robert Sheckley. Delacorte. $3.95.

GRAVE DANGER. By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

MASTERS OF MAYHEM: 1965 Mystery Writers of America Anthology. Morrow. $3.95.

MURDER, LONDON-AUSTRALIA. By John Creasey. Scribners. $3.50.

MURDER INTERNATIONAL. By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

711—OFFICER NEEDS HELP. By Whit Masterson. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE SINGING DIAMONDS. By Helen McCloy. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

SPIES WHO NEVER WERE. By Colonel Vernon Hinchley. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

STORIES NOT FOR THE NERVOUS. By Alfred Hitchcock. Random House. $5.95.

A WREATH OF ROSES. By John Blackburn. Morrow. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICA: Purpose and Power. Edited by Gene M. Lyons. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $7.95. Paperback, $2.95.

THE CITIES AND THE FEDERAL SYSTEM. By Roscoe C. Martin. Atherton. $6.95.

THE CITY IS THE FRONTIER. By Charles Abrams. Harper & Row. $6.50.

CONGO KITABU. By Jean-Pierre Hallet. Random House. $7.95.

FARMERS, WORKERS AND MACHINES: Technological and Social Change in Farm Industries of Arizona. By Harland Padfield and William E. Martin. Univ. of Arizona Press. $7.50.

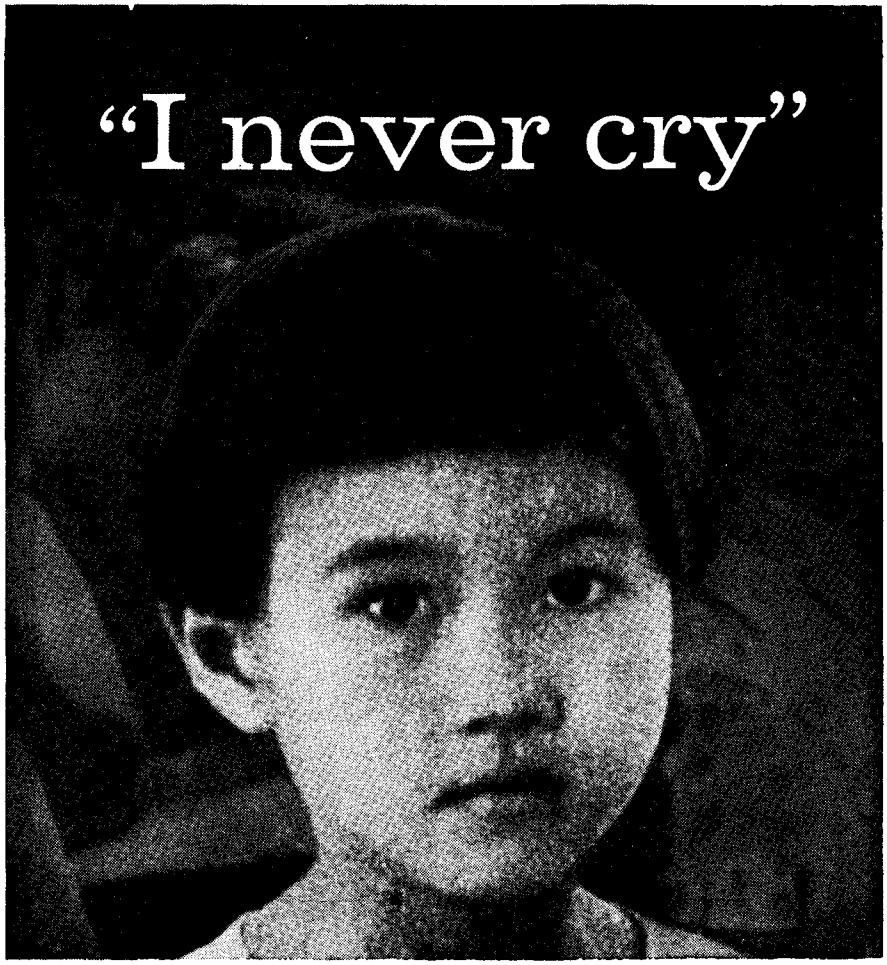
HIGH DAM AT ASWAN. By Tom Little. John Day. $5.95.

THE POLITICAL VOCATION. Edited by Paul Tillett. Basic. $8.50.

PROPAGANDA. By Jacques Ellul. Knopf. $7.50.

THE RIGHT TO VOTE: Politics and Passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. By William Gillette. Johns Hopkins. $4.50.

(*Continued on page* 71)



YOU'LL never hear Mai Li Po cry, never hear her complain. Only her eyes give her away—those great dark wounded eyes staring in hurt at a world she cannot understand.

Hunger is normal for this pitiful six-year-old. She has no home she can call her own, no loving heart to which she can lay claim. She cannot even remember her parents—her father, shot to death in a Red Chinese prison; her mother, whereabouts unknown. All her short life she has been shunted from family to family.

We have seen Mai Li Po, and thousands of other little girls and boys like her. They live on the fringes of the Communist world. Their terrible plight is a shocking reproach to the conscience of man . . . *and yet, it is far from hopeless.* There are homes where these children are welcome—where hands wait eagerly to help!

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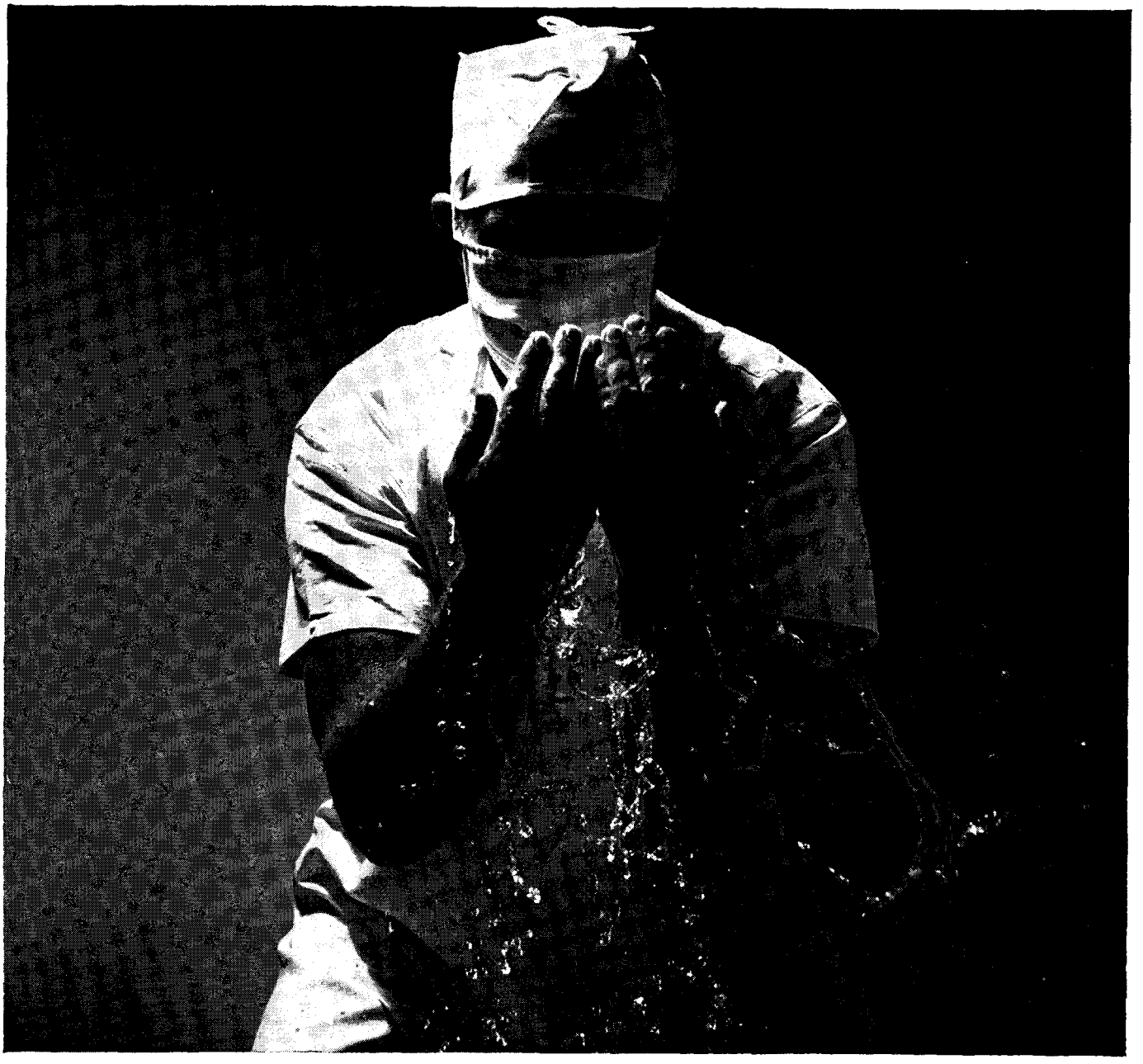

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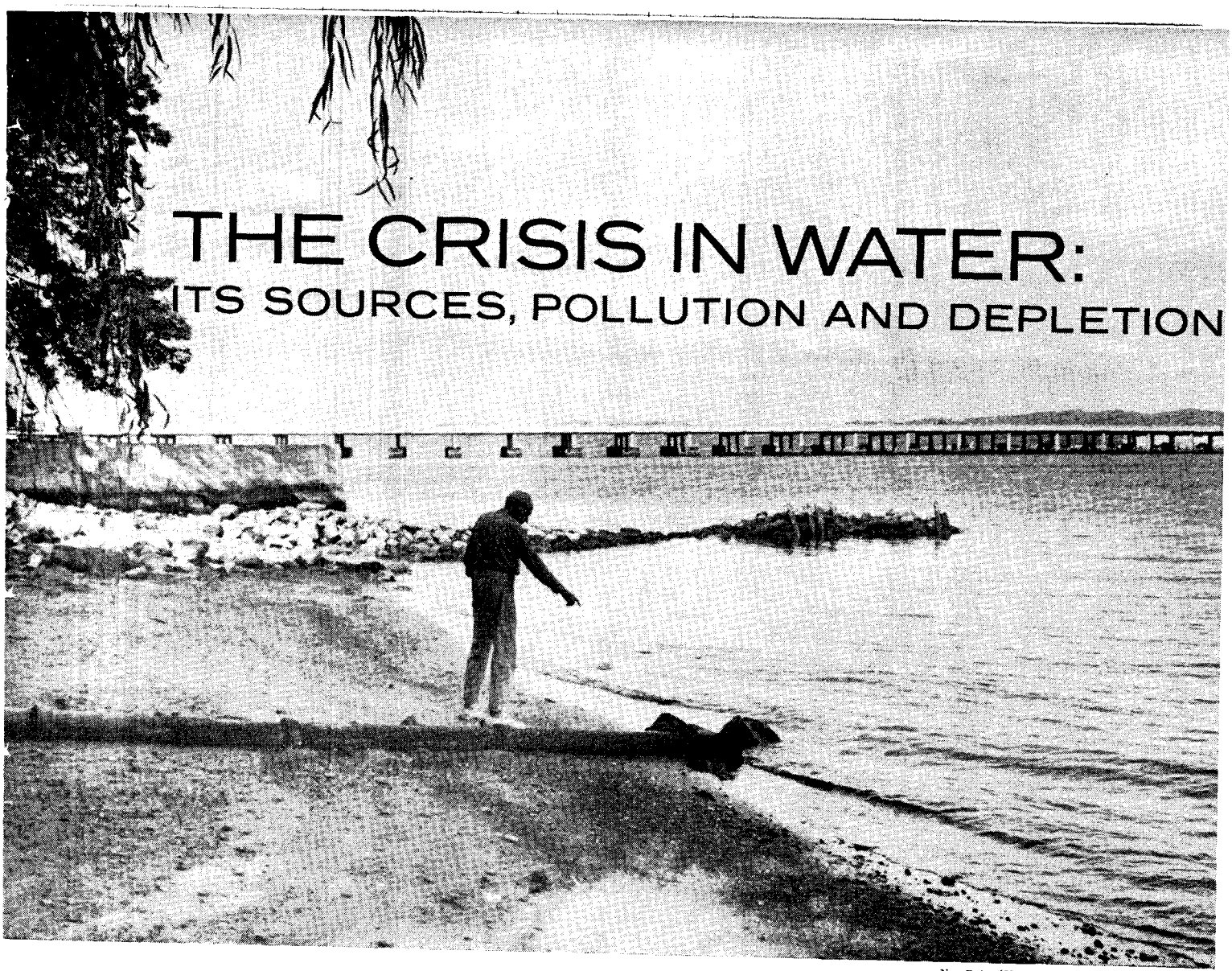
THE CRISIS IN WATER:
ITS SOURCES, POLLUTION AND DEPLETION



—Nat Fein (N.Y. Herald Tribune).

Sewage pours into the Hudson from pipes alongside the Tappan Zee Bridge near Grand View, New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In New York City the beautiful fountains are stilled and many residents, fearful of the rusty water that comes from their taps, are drinking bottled water. In parts of the country where there is no actual shortage of water, public health scientists are beginning to suspect that water pollution may be responsible for diseases now being encountered at sub-epidemic level. In some few cities carefully worked out plans are slowly improving the situation, but in more, responsible officials have not even officially recognized the water plight.

In this issue, *SR* presents a nation-wide evaluation of the problem. It includes an editorial by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall and three articles and eight regional reports. Science editor John Lear gives factual reasons why he believes it necessary for man to relinquish the concept of science conquering nature in favor of striking a bargain with her—which would mean each man paying for the water he uses. The novelist Wallace Stegner discusses the pros and cons of dam building, citing specific results of Western projects. And Gladwin Hill of the *New York Times* describes the pollution of the Great Lakes.

The eight special regional reports come from Peter Bart, a Los Angeles-based writer for the *New York Times;* Charles G. Bennett, the *Times*'s New York City water specialist; Ross Cunningham of the Seattle *Times;* Irving Dilliard, former Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial writer of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch;* Bob Glass of Chicago's *American*; Wilson Hicks of the University of Miami; Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the Cleveland *Press,* and Bill Werley of the Phoenix *Gazette.*

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WHAT BROUGHT IT ON?

Perhaps It Was Man's Abuse of Nature and His Lack of Foresight

By JOHN LEAR

MAN CANNOT LIVE without water. But he also needs food, clothing, and shelter. And his existence would be extinguished most quickly of all if he had no air.

Why, then, is there such loud and persistent talk of a water shortage when no one talks of an air shortage?

Why, especially, when water—like air—is indestructible and in plentiful supply on planet Earth?

The water in the oceans would, if poured evenly over a dry land surface enclosing the globe, bury the land everywhere 800 feet deep.

This water is salty, true. But the sun boils off billions of tons of it each day, leaving the salt behind in the sea and lifting the sweet water vapor into the sky, where the cooler air condenses it into clouds of ice crystals, which grow with time and multiply until the pull of gravity draws them to Earth again as raindrops, snowflakes, or icy pellets of hail and sleet.

The snow that falls in the mountains may remain there for months or years before melting. The ice that packs into glaciers may stay frozen for centuries. The rain that seeps through the ground into basins of underground rock may flow back and forth over hundreds of miles for thousands of years. Ultimately, however, the fall from the clouds all returns to replenish the oceans.

Day and night this great natural pumping system works uninterrupted, yet never empties or even much depletes the enormous reservoirs of sea. Aware of the potential of this eternally cycling engine, a mind guided by scientific principles cannot take the idea of water shortage, as an absolute, seriously.

Could the whole concept be mythical, unconsciously perpetuated because it hides less excusable truths?

Five consecutive years of drought certainly have parched the northeastern seaboard of the United States to the extent that limited water rationing has been imposed on New York City.

But is New York's crisis due to a shortage of water or to a surplus of partisan politics?

The western half of the country needs water if irrigation is to be extended. But is that a matter of water shortage or water wastage?

The population explosion in Southern California demands water. But is that a case of water shortage or of refusal to accept the limits of geography?

Qualified social scientists who have examined these problems exhaustively agree that whatever shortage exists is not a shortage of water but a shortage of human foresight.

Only a small fraction of the rain that falls in the United States (7 per cent) is managed with any degree of precision. And that management is done on a level of imagination that already was slanting downhill thousands of years ago. The worship of bigness that left colossal but useless pyramids standing in the African desert still dominates the scene. Even the laws governing man's use of water today are fitted to the days of Hammurabi, who lived about the eighteenth century B.C.

So, rather than further a debate over an unreal shortage, the report that follows will attempt to remove some of the frothy thought that obscures the presence of water ample for many years to come.

Beginning, then, with genuine physical need—

How much water does an adult human require for normal functioning?

Three quarts a day.

But—

The man or woman who lives in a modern city (where most of Earth's inhabitants are living nowadays) actually uses and claims to need 720 quarts.

These needs of the city-dweller include such refined and elaborated comforts as daily baths, flush toilets, air-coolers, automatic clothes-washers, and dish-washing machines.

How much water does it take to clean a designated batch of clothes or a stated number of dinner dishes?

—*Pennsylvania State University.*

Detergent pollution of a mountain stream.

If anything like precise figures are available, they cannot be found in the scientific papers of specialists concerned with study of the environment—not even in the reports now being drafted at Johns Hopkins University for guidance of the Federal Housing Administration in approving design for new homes.

Though industry depends on water as a factor in profit-and-loss calculations, hence might be expected to maintain standards of economy in it as in other resources, industrial data on water usage is bewilderingly variable. A kilowatt-hour of electricity generated by steam-powered turbines takes as little as 1.32 gallons of water and as much as 170 gallons. The refining of a gallon of crude petroleum takes anywhere from 1.73 to 44.5 gallons. The finishing of a ton of steel: 1,400 to 65,000 gallons. The making of a pound of soap: 1.57 to 7.5 gallons. A pound of carbon black: .25 to 14 gallons. A pound of natural rubber: 2.54 to 6 gallons. A pound of artificial rubber: 13 to 305 gallons. A pound of aluminum: 1.24 to 36.33 gallons. A ton of glass bottles: 118 to 667 gallons. An automobile: 12,000 to 16,000 gallons. A truck or bus: 15,000 to 20,000 gallons.

With real needs for water so hazily identified, it is evident that any statement about shortage of water supply must be misleading to an unpredictable extent.

The law, being a code of accumulated wisdom, acts most of the time to clarify confusion. Water law in the United States unfortunately acts the other way and adds to the uncertainty. There is, in fact, no one law that can be appealed to. There are two conflicting doctrines: one of *riparian rights*, the other of *appropriative rights*.

Riparian rights, traditional to the eastern coast, link water use to ownership of the land along or through which the water flows. Holders of *riparian rights* can use the water associated with their land subject only to "reasonable"

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consideration of the landowners downstream. *Riparian rights* may be exercised or not as the landowner prefers. Either way, they remain in force (always subject to the "reasonable" needs of third parties) and are freely transferrable with the land ownership.

Appropriative rights are traditional to the West. They do not arise from ownership of the land on a watercourse but from actual use of the water. The first user has preference over other users who come later. *Appropriative rights* must be exercised continuously. Otherwise, they lapse. They cannot be transferred with transfer of land ownership because they are not related to the land title. To keep *appropriative rights* to a given amount of water, the right-holder must use the water whether he needs it or not.

Now in the seventeen westernmost states of the country, where water law is dominated by the doctrine of *appropriative rights,* the greatest use of water is for irrigation of cropland. Half of the small proportion of annual rainfall that man thus far has contrived to capture and manipulate for his chosen purposes (half, that is, of the 7 per cent referred to earlier as subject to crude forms of managed use) goes into irrigation. In the course of spilling this water on their fields through ditches and sprinklers, the dry-land farmers of the West lose twice as much water in evaporation to the air as is taken from streams and wells and springs for distribution to all the public waterworks of the country. How much of this waste might be saved if the laws were revised to encourage rational use of water no one knows; the subject is rarely discussed outside textbooks and the professional meetings of economists.

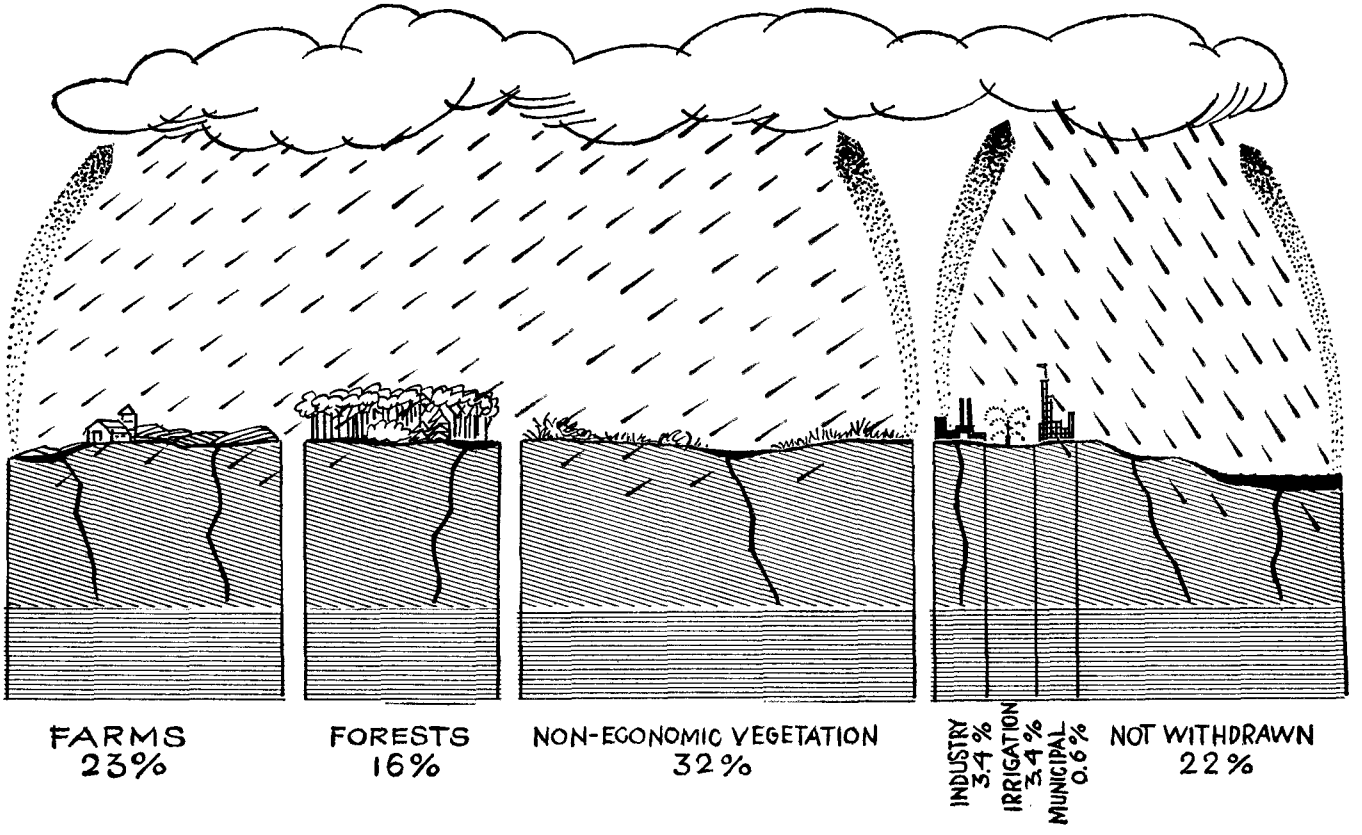
Ordinarily the American solution for social issues of such scope is appeal to the U.S. Constitution. Water is not specifically mentioned in the Constitution. Laws concerning water use therefore fall within the jurisdiction of the several states, except for powers that the Congress and the courts have inferred from two broad constitutional clauses: one covering regulation of commerce, the other concerned with appropriation of public lands.

The commerce clause has been interpreted to allow dredging of streams and building of levees and dams to improve navigation, the appropriation clause to stimulate land settlement through irrigation of arid acreage. With these interlocking sources of authority (abetted by the treaty-making power, the power to legislate for the general welfare, the power to decide controversies among the states, and the power to approve interstate compacts) the federal government during the first half of the twentieth century settled the West at the expense of the rest of the country. Grandiosely advertised irrigation and power-generating projects have not supported themselves financially, despite the promises of their promoters, and a lengthening shadow of doubt has fallen in recent years on the true effects of flood-control schemes—even those that encompass entire river basins.

THE fundamental problem has been, as fundamental problems are likely to be, one of philosophy. The U.S. Corps of Engineers and the U.S. Reclamation Bureau both have proceeded on the assumption that man can and must conquer nature. Many scientists have encouraged this view, and millions of nonscientifically trained people have accepted it. As dams and levees have been placed to contain temperamental waters, home builders have moved out onto the flood plains, provoking men like geography professor Gilbert White of the University of Chicago to say that after spending $4 billion ostensibly for flood control the people are in greater danger of disaster from flood than ever before.

The apparent paradox has been simply explained by University of Michigan economist Kenneth Boulding:

> The truth is that what we call "flood control" means the eradication of little disasters every ten years or so at the cost of a really big disaster every fifty or 100 years in any given flood plain. No flood-control program is able to protect a flood plain against the 100-



—*Doug Anderson.*

Earth's hydrologic cycle is illustrated above. Unmanaged 71 pct. of rainfall is evapotranspirated back into the sky from farming lands and forests. Only 7 pct. of remainder is manipulated by man.

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year flood. After all, that is why the flood plain is there!

When, however, we build dams and levees, we give people the illusion that the problem has been conquered whereas, in fact, it has merely changed from a benign to a very dangerous form. The danger of flood increases despite flood control because people have confidence in the works themselves, which leads them to build out over the flood plain. It is because flood control is *not* linked in any sense with social policy nor especially with the growth of urban areas that the more flood control we have the more damage we are likely to have from floods.

It is particularly striking to visit a city such as Sacramento in California, where the old houses have long stone stairs leading up to the first floors, where the ground floor is devoted merely to storage and life begins at fifteen feet. In the old days when there was a flood the family went upstairs and waited till the flood went down.

Now, with dams and levees constructed, everybody builds low ranch-type houses on the flood plain. It may be next year or it may not be for 100 years or for 200 years, but one of these days the really big flood is going to come, the levees are going to break, and the dead will be counted in tens of thousands, and the water will be several feet over the rooftops of most of the new housing developments. The same story could be repeated in flood plain cities all over the country.

Professor Boulding suggests that the time has come for adoption of "an entirely new philosophy for flood control, which may involve treating the river not as an enemy to be conquered but as a rather dangerous friend with whom one has to learn to live. It is perfectly possible to design cities on the flood plain to *accommodate* floods instead of taking on the impossible task of trying to prevent them. There is no reason, for instance, why we should not build our flood plain cities on stilts; there is much to be said for this architecturally and from the whole point of view of city design. It would provide parking spaces under the buildings and would enable a separation of levels of traffic."

Chicago geographer White concurs with economist Boulding's main line of thought, but tends to favor flood plain zoning to discourage intensive settlement of low-lying land close to the river. As Professor White sees the situation, it needs swift and timely communication of scientific knowledge to land appraisers and mortgage estimators who control the flow of money invested in housing.

BUT hasn't this discussion of flood—an excess of water—brought us rather far from the water shortage which this special *SR* report is committed to analyze? On the contrary, it has enabled the real water problem to be seen in all of its dimensions.

The behavior of Earth's hydrosphere (the oceans and the atmosphere working together to water the land) is such that appearance of drought in some regions of the planet is almost always accompanied by appearance of heavy rainfall elsewhere. Earth travels around the sun at such an angle that most of the sun's energy is captured in the neighborhood of the equator. Convection cells in the atmosphere cycle this energy toward the poles, where cooling occurs in absence of direct sunlight. If the Earth were stationary, the convection cells would transfer the energy in a direct sweep. But because the Earth is rotating, the air veers to the right as it moves northward. And, in response to the continued turning of the planet, the air stream breaks into an undulating planetary wave. Like a serpent thousands of feet thick, this wave writhes alternately north and south about midway in each hemisphere, spanning 1,000 to 1,500 miles, west to east, in a single coiling.

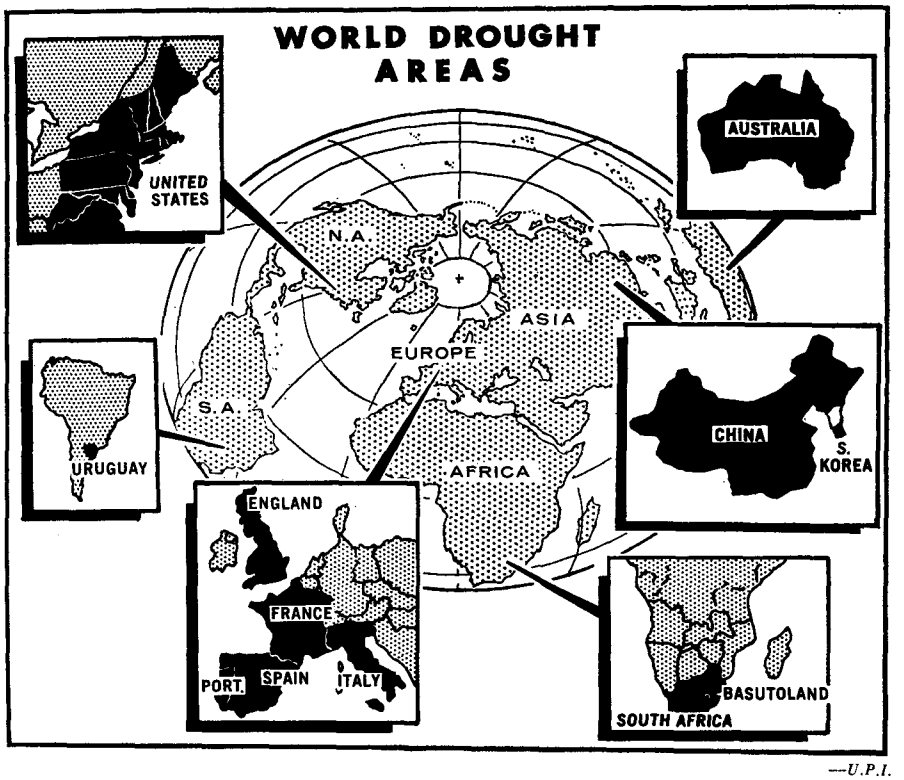
Operation of the solar pump described earlier evaporates water from the Pacific Ocean, where prevailing winds pick it up and move it eastward while other water evaporated from the Gulf of Mexico is moved northward over the Mississippi and Ohio River systems. Where the vapor rides the rising warm air of a northbound planetary wave loop, the cooling effect condenses the vapor and rain falls. Where the planetary loop is going southward, however, the sinking cool air is dry.

USUALLY, the planetary wave pattern is such that a northbound loop of the wave passes over the eastern seacoast of the United States. For reasons not well understood, the pattern has shifted eastward in recent years, carrying the normal seacoast rain out over the Atlantic.

This year, the planetary wave pattern has brought floods to the Midwestern United States, drought to the Northeastern United States, heavy rains to Central Europe, and drought to Australia.

The dangerous reality behind the "man is conquering nature" illusion is nowhere clearer than in the atmosphere. "Weather control" has been a tenet of American national science policy for half a decade, but the thirty inches of rain that falls on the country annually is distributed as irregularly as ever: one-third west of the Mississippi, two-thirds east of the Mississippi; 140 inches in the Far Northwest, five inches in the Mojave Desert; most of the west coast's share of it in the winter; most of the Deep South's share of it in the summer; any month of the year likely to be wet as any other along the eastern seaboard.

A simple description of the disposition of water in its various forms in Earth's hydrologic cycle ought to be enough to end all talk of rain-making as a means of resolving the current water crisis. For the vapor removed from the sea surface by the sun is deposited approximately as follows: in polar ice and glaciers, 75 per cent; in underground reservoirs (aquifers) within 2,500 feet of Earth's surface, 11 per cent; in aquifers between



—U.P.I.

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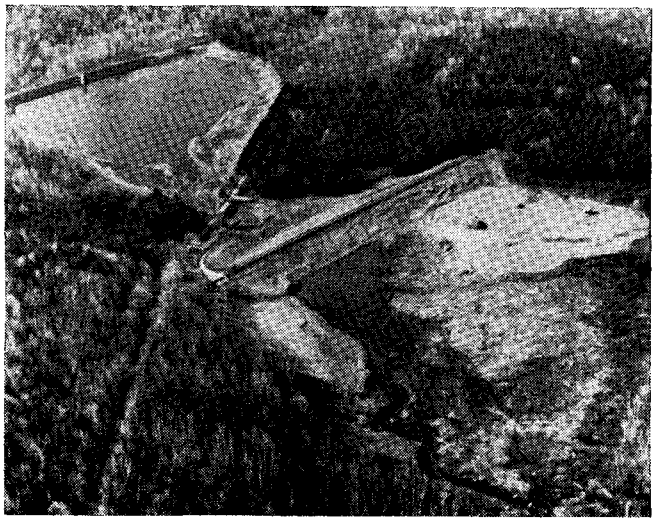

—*Wide World.*

In Massachusetts, an empty reservoir.

—*Wide World.*

In Minnesota, a river at the door.

2,500 and 12,500 feet below Earth's surface, 14 per cent; in lakes on Earth's surface, .3 per cent; in rivers coursing over the land, .03 per cent; in moisture trapped in soil particles, .06 per cent; and in the atmosphere, .035 per cent.

Take a long look at that last statistic. Only .035 per cent of the water outside the oceans (which hold 97 per cent of the planet's whole supply) is in the atmosphere at any given time. But that tiny percentage is always in transit. It accounts for a yearly rainfall on land thirty times as great as its own momentary burden over the land.

How decisive the seemingly minuscule can be in the delicate balance of life! A gram of water in the vapor state holds 540 calories more heat than a gram of liquid water at the same temperature. So that fleeting fraction of vapor in the air, precisely because it is always elusive, holds from the Earth's surface heat shocks capable of destroying all life.

Despite its multitude of complexities, however, the make-up of weather is not beyond the compass of modern mathematics, high-speed computers having been enlisted to handle millions of repetitious details. It is now possible to formulate equations bringing together the masses of data that are available. Reasonably accurate predictions for three days in advance have become commonplace. These could be extended to two weeks, on a day-by-day basis, if observations were possible at regular intervals all over the globe and if the transfer of energy from the sea to the atmosphere could be incorporated into the observing pattern.

Today only 20 per cent of the Earth's surface is regularly reported from in terms of temperature and air pressure, and interactions of moisture and friction between the sea and the air are just beginning to be sampled in the Gulf Stream, the Mexican Gulf, and the Great Lakes. But a new Environmental Science Services Administration has come into being outside Washington, D.C., under the direction of meteorological expert Dr. Robert M. White. There professional watchers of the sea (U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey), the atmosphere (U.S. Weather Bureau), and the space between the outer edge of the atmosphere and the surface of the sun (Central Radio Propagation Laboratory of the U.S. Bureau of Standards) are being brought together for interdisciplinary work. Dr. White's plans call for global fleets of sounding balloons, ocean buoys, and platforms floating on the sea—all to be interrogated regularly by artificial satellites of Earth as a means of warning man against "the severe hazards of nature."

Luckily for the American people, Dr. White does not belong to the "man is conquering nature" school. Years of studying Earth's water cycle have left him humbly satisfied to achieve some reasonable balance between man's wishes for comfort and the inexorable demands of earthly environment. Far worse could happen than to have his attitude percolate through the upper echelons of federal government, where a drive to popularize atomic power has confused

—*U.P.I.*

There was no rain in Spain . . .

—*Pictorial Parade.*

. . . when a tenth of Italy was under water.

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public thinking on another aspect of the current water problem.

Man really would be conquering nature in the grand manner if he were able to duplicate the sun's feat of evaporating fresh water from the brine of the oceans. Scientific experiments to such an end have been going on for many years. The problem, of course, is to apply heat on some scale comparable to solar energy. Past efforts have snagged on the fact that the more salts are to be removed, the higher the heat required. Very large atomic furnaces generate enormous heat while producing electric power at low cost. This fortuitous combination has turned the atomic furnace into a wondrous sea-water desalting machine practically overnight — in the newspaper headlines.

UNDERSTANDING is improved if the atom is taken out of the story at once. For the atomic furnaces that would be most economical for the purpose are extremely large ones still in the design stage. Furthermore, the atomic origin of heat has no fundamental bearing on the desalting process. Any kind of heat will do as well, provided only that it be intense. One experimental desalting machine uses garbage for fuel.

There are, in fact, not one but four methods of removing salt from water. The one for which atomic furnaces are being advertised depends on flash evaporation. The other three rely on reverse osmosis (in which air pressure is applied to a column of salt water on one side of a membrane, causing the water to move through the membrane and leave the salt behind), ion exchange (in which positive and negative electrodes are applied on opposite sides of a column of salt water causing positively charged mineral particles to move out of the water on one side and negatively charged particles on the other side, leaving fresh water between), and freezing (in which crystals of fresh-water ice form in brine, leaving the salt particles on the outer surfaces of the crystals). Theoretically, the freezing process takes less energy, hence should be cheaper when the technical problem of washing the salt off the crystals is solved.

Flash evaporation and ion exchange (sometimes called electrolysis) are presently in use in water-desalting systems at several places. But costs of the process, though reduced many times over in the last decade, are still high in comparison to costs of water available in other ways. New York City, for example, could pipe water from as far off as the St. Lawrence River Valley more cheaply than it could obtain water from the proposed atom-powered desalter at Riverhead, Long Island. Even when the price of desalted water is fully competitive, use of the method seems bound to be limited. Mountains of salt will have to be disposed of. Since the desalting is done at sea level, transportation of the water over any appreciable distance cannot depend on gravity. Small inland communities will be out of reach of fresh water from this source until the desalting devices are brought down in size and made applicable to brackish water pools that lie underground in many parts of the American continent. Two little towns where practical experience is now being accumulated for future comparison are Buckeye, Arizona, (with a 650,000 gallon-a-day desalting system) and Port Mansfield, Texas, (250,000 gallons-a-day).

THE saddest of all the cruel deceptions man has practiced upon himself in pursuit of the "we are conquering nature" philosophy lies in his abuse of the nation's rivers, creeks, and brooks. Of that 7 per cent of the rainfall he has succeeded in diverting to his own purposes, almost half flows through factories to facilitate manufacturing processes. Most of it flows back into the streams hotter than when it left, and, to the degree of temperature change, destructive to life because of its appetite for life-giving oxygen. That would be bad enough if it were all; but the water returning to the rivers is laden with acids and other poisons, stinking residue of animal and plant life, and infectious parasites which many public health scientists are beginning to suspect may be responsible for diseases now being encountered at a sub-epidemic level.

Because this last noted threat has not yet erupted into headlines, and because it bears upon public attitudes toward fluoridation of drinking water, a quotation from a recent *Resources for the Future* report may be apt here:

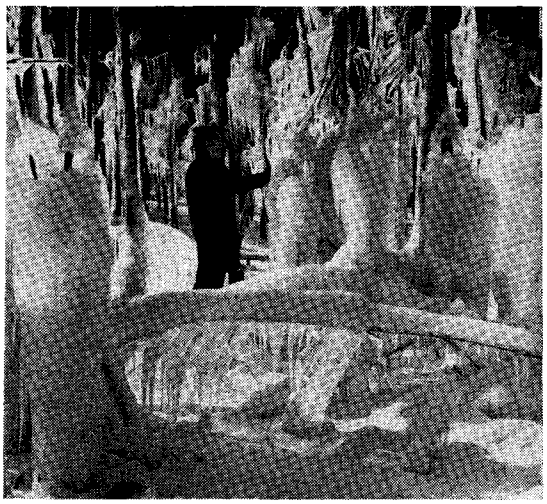
> We are almost completely ignorant of the chronic physiological effects caused by absorption of minute amounts of chemical substances in drinking water. Because chemical production and use are increasing much faster than population and economic activity, we should devote more of our resources to finding ways of dealing with the problem.
>
> Few, if any, sophisticated studies of the physiological aspects of water quality have ever been made.

Three of the topmost brain centers in Washington are now buzzing over drafts of three separate reports on the problem of water quality: the President's Science Advisory Committee, the National Academy of Sciences, and the White House Council of Economic Advisors. The atmosphere is heavy with tension; for the Federal Council for Science and Technology, the interdepartmental offshoot of PSAC that Congress originally had looked to for an integrated study of water resources, fumbled the assignment over a sufficiently long period to invite appointment of a Water Resources Council headed by Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior. The Udall designation gives one Cabinet department chief an opportunity to ride herd on other departments, in violation of federal practice. However, the reality of the opportunity is in doubt to the degree that President Lyndon B. Johnson (whose home state of Texas is struggling with problems of water distribution) relies on the advice of his new Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Dr. John W. Gardner, and to the degree to which Dr. Gardner prefers to assert his own departmental jurisdiction. A major provocation behind creation of the Water Resources Council was failure of existing scientific administrative mechanisms to prod the United States Public Health Service into effective action. USPHS is one of the agencies responsible to Dr. Gardner, who has just received authority under the Water Quality Act of 1965 to stimulate abatement of water pollution as a means of enhancing the nation's water supply.

The bickering over New York City's water crisis may in part be accountable to this behind-the-scenes struggle for power. The Hudson River is at least an illuminating example of the proliferating consequences of stream pollution. The Hudson is a big river, with a long-established record for dependable flow. It is the natural source of water supply for a city of great size. Its use was recommended to the city by several teams of experts on separate occasions in years past. Had these advices been accepted at the time they were offered, no crisis in water supply would have arisen.

It was, of course, recognized that pollution would have to be abated in order to bring the Hudson's water within safe limits for city consumption. A choice

(*Continued on page* 78)



—*Pennsylvania State University.*

Winter sculptures sewage waste water.

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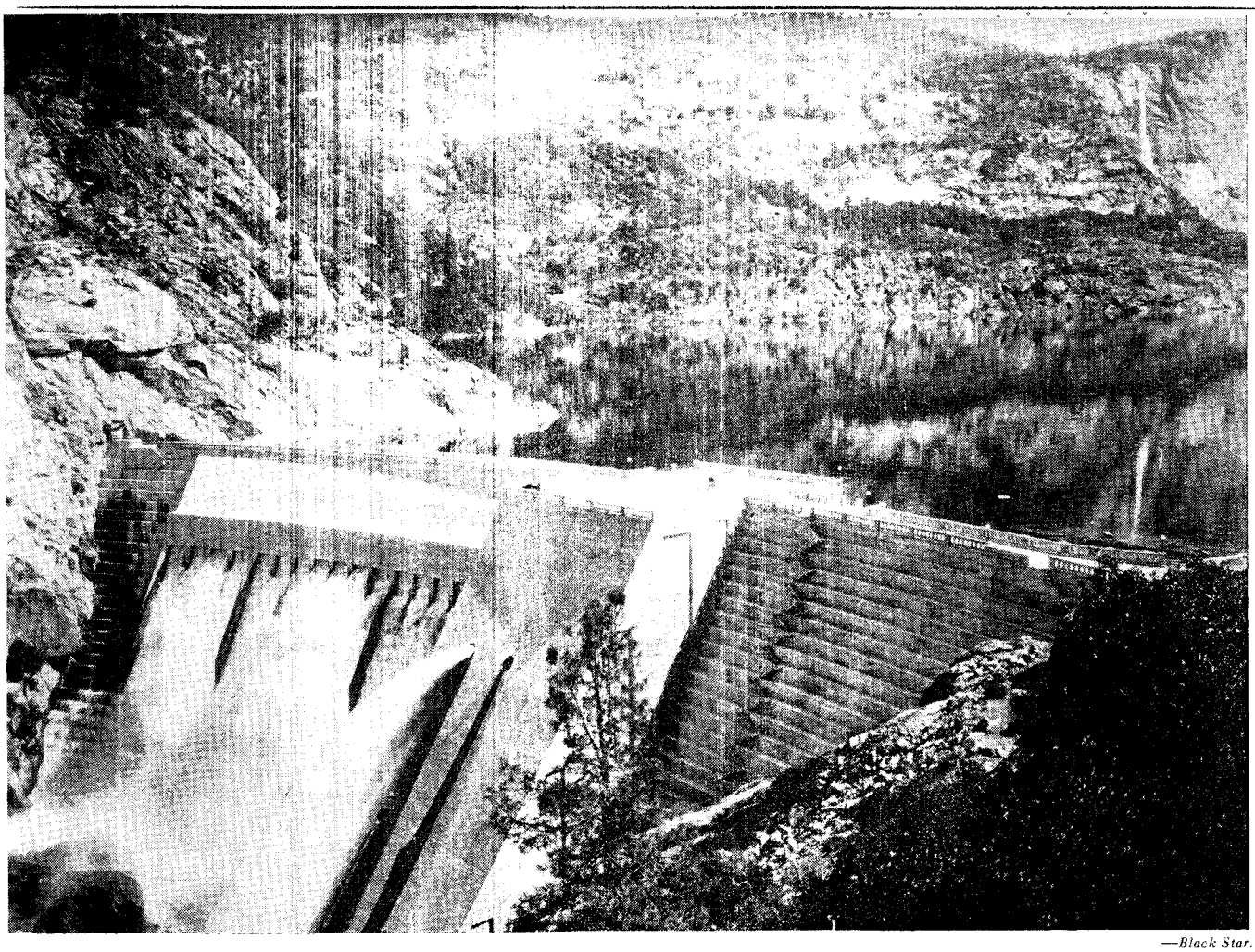

—*Black Star.*

Hetch Hetchy Dam—"built over conservationist protests."

THE CRISIS IN WATER

MYTHS OF THE WESTERN DAM

The Disadvantages Often Outweigh the Benefits

By WALLACE STEGNER

"WHAT'S the matter with dams?" someone asks at a dinner party. "Why are you conservationists always bucking them? Isn't it a good thing to conserve water?"

At a time when the waiter won't bring you a glass unless you demand it, it is a good question in New York. It has always been a good question in the West, which the late Walter Webb described as a semi-desert with a desert heart, and in which the need for water grows in proportion to the exploding population of its oasis cities.

A fair question, but not one that can be answered during one dinner party or in one brief article. In the first place, relatively few dams have been opposed, or the West could never have attained its present population and productivity. But certain projects, notably Hetch Hetchy in the Sierra Nevada, Echo Park on the Green River, Glen Canyon, Marble Canyon, and Bridge Canyon on the Colorado, and Rampart on the Yukon have been or are being strongly fought. Hetch Hetchy was built over conservationist protests a half-century ago and still supplies a major part of San Francisco's water. Glen Canyon's gates were closed in 1963. Echo Park, which would have flooded the heart of Dinosaur National Monument, was killed by conservation pressure in 1956, and Bridge Canyon, though authorized, has been stalled by the Bureau of the Budget's request for further study of its economics. Marble Canyon, also authorized, may get an appropriation this session or next, though opposition to it is warm. Rampart, the biggest project of all, is in a condition of flaming controversy.

Just as the record of successful opposition is mixed, so the reasons for opposition vary with different projects. In simplest terms, they boil down to concern for natural scenery and wildlife, and to a growing doubt of the formula, once efficient and workable, by which the costs for irrigation and flood control dams are paid out through sale of hydro power.

Water, once paramount, has become secondary. The questionable dams are never simple water holes. What dictates the damsite is as often as not the power head: efficient generation of power calls for a higher dam, and hence a bigger lake, than a simple waterhole does.

When the dam is high, the reservoir large in area, and the country arid, dams may waste as much water as they save. Marble and Bridge canyons, if they are built, would certainly do so, for there are already dams enough on the Colorado to hold its total flow (some say more than its total flow), and additional spreading of the water surface in a country where the evaporation may reach six feet annually can only result in waste. Glen Canyon, though it or some equivalent may have been necessary for control

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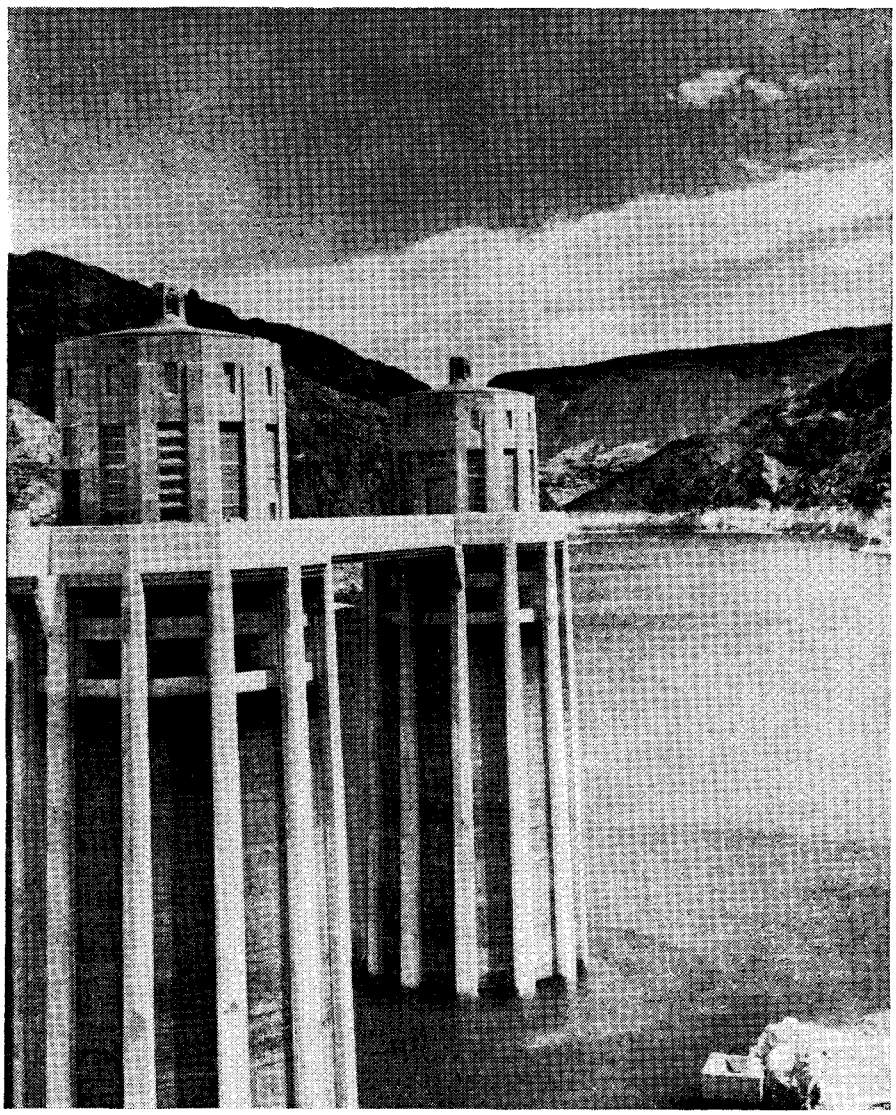
of the river, has an additional source of waste: "bank storage," absorption of water into the porous rock of the shores. The engineers estimated it at 15 per cent. In January 1965 it was reported at 25 per cent. Any reservoir, moreover, steadily loses efficiency either through slumping of talus slopes and friable strata, or through silting, both of which decrease the volume of water stored in proportion to its surface area.

The two great dam-building bureaus of the federal government are the Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Engineers. (A third, the Soil Conservation Service, is relatively unimportant.) The first was authorized by the Newlands Act of 1902, to impound and distribute irrigation water for the reclamation of arid land. The second "just growed," transferring its activities from military to civilian works, principally flood control, as the West was pacified. Some people think the Engineers should have been out of business in the West when the last Indians entered reservations. Some think the Bureau of Reclamation has done all its essential work and should dissolve.

But no bureau, once established, has ever dissolved, and none has willingly dwindled. Both the Engineers and Reclamation are still immensely powerful, and they remain competitive. Though the one technically deals in flood control dams and the other in irrigation dams, both in practice build multipurpose dams whose costs are largely paid out over the years by the sale of hydro power. It is of the essence that neither is authorized by law to build any kind of power plant but a hydro plant incidental to a dam. To survive, both must build dams. To persuade Congress to authorize dams they must guarantee economic and saleable hydro power. To guarantee maximum power efficiency they must plan higher dams, and since the easiest and most logical sites have already been built on, the new projects grow more and more grandiose, involving main-stem rivers and even whole river systems. And while this enlargement goes on, the irrigated fields produce larger surpluses and the price subsidies grow. One is reminded of George Santayana's definition of a fanatic: One who redoubles his efforts as he loses sight of his aim.



—*Herbert Lanks (Black Star).*

Hoover Dam on the Colorado River—"there are already enough dams on the Colorado to hold its total flow . . ."

Not unnaturally, critics of any dam proposal scrutinize it for optimistic figuring of cost-benefit ratios and power sales probabilities and hidden write-offs, and they suspect that, in the circumstances, bureaus forced by law to solve every water and power problem by a dam with a maximum power capacity may overlook alternative solutions to the problem as well as public values that compete with water and power. Pure power dams, like the defunct Echo Park and the proposed Bridge Canyon, always stimulate private power companies to offer to produce power at a competitive price from local coal or gas reserves, at no cost to the taxpayer. Rampart Dam, which it is estimated would cost a billion and a third dollars (and these estimates are characteristically low) would produce enormous amounts of power a long way from markets and of dubious saleability, at the cost of displacing some Indians, drowning out the breeding ground of millions of migratory wildfowl, and destroying the salmon run of the Yukon system above the damsite. Opponents say Alaska's power needs could be amply supplied from Alaskan coal and natural gas. Bridge Canyon, designed to produce power to pump water from Lake Havasu into the fields of Maricopa and Pinal counties, Arizona, to produce further cotton surpluses, is by the arguments of conservationists absolutely unnecessary, since the consortium of private power companies known as WEST has offered to produce competitive power from local coal.

IN none of these projects has water been a consideration. Echo Park would have provided none, Bridge Canyon would provide none, both would have wasted some by spreading it out. And the last thing Alaskans need is more water. So if a dam produces no water, and if the power can be produced in other ways, it begins to seem a needless desecration to inundate superb scenery, especially scenery that, as in the Echo Park and Bridge Canyon proposals, is part of the National Park System, guaranteed by Congress against any sort of "impairment."

In defense of their projects, the bureaus emphasize the outdoor recreation and the beauty that their reservoirs create. Floyd Dominy, commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, recently took to aggressive public relations in defense of Lake Powell, created by the Glen Canyon Dam, and in a glossy brochure cele-

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brated the "peace" and the "oneness with the world and God" that the lake makes possible. "I know," he said. "I was there." Mr. Dominy does not say in which role he was there. But I have been there, too, and I was there a good deal before the lake flooded out Glen Canyon and its fantastic tributary gulches, and though Lake Powell is indeed beautiful, it will not be half so beautiful once the drawdown has left the gulches and walls slimed with silt and quicksand; and it is not nearly so beautiful as it was before the water filled it. Any drawdown reservoir may be handsome enough when full; it is invariably uglified when low, for nothing grows below high-water mark, and the shores are mudflats or stained cliffs. Fishing, yes; motor boating, yes; waterskiing, yes. Many would find these less peaceful, and less close to God, than the untouched canyons.

Conservation opposition to dam projects has become one of the essential elements of our random planning. Bureaus loaded with know-how are short on know-*whether*, and competitive boondoggling and the pork barrel hardly substitute for intelligent examination of the highest public interest. Yet projects begun in narrow engineering terms, or devised by politicians and handed to one or the other bureau for feasibility studies, are subsequently defended, sometimes angrily, against the scrutiny and revision that might improve them or if necessary eliminate them. A dam may be of inestimable value to a region. But so may a free-running river, so may a Grand Canyon or a Glen Canyon, so may a wildfowl habitat as extensive as the Yukon Flats. The difficult problem is to determine what is the greatest good, and whether the several goods are compatible or whether one will destroy others. And the only way the values of wilderness, environmental science, wildlife, natural beauty, and outdoor recreation other than resort water-sports get injected into the planning of dams is by the conservationists' forcing them there in public hearings and publicity campaigns.

WATER is the least of it. There is real doubt that additional water storage should be looked upon as the answer to our manifestly acute water needs, especially in the Southwest. We have already apportioned among Upper Basin, Lower Basin, and Mexico more water than the Colorado is likely to provide. Future water needs will very probably have to be met, as William Bowen pointed out in a *Fortune* article in April 1965, by desalinization of sea water and especially by retreatment and depollution of the water supplies we already have. The cost of water is certain to go up steeply, but it is doubtful that much of the cost will be attributable to dams, unless the monumentally grandiose plan called the North American Water and Power Alliance (NAWAPA), which would store Alaska, Yukon, and British Columbia water in the 900-mile Rocky Mountain trench in Canada and deliver it from the Great Lakes to California and from Oregon to Texas, should come about. But that one won't happen tomorrow—and when it comes up it had better be plentifully scrutinized, for this would be a boondoggle visible from Mars, a project to make Rampart Dam look like something constructed in a sandbox. At least it will have water as its principal objective.

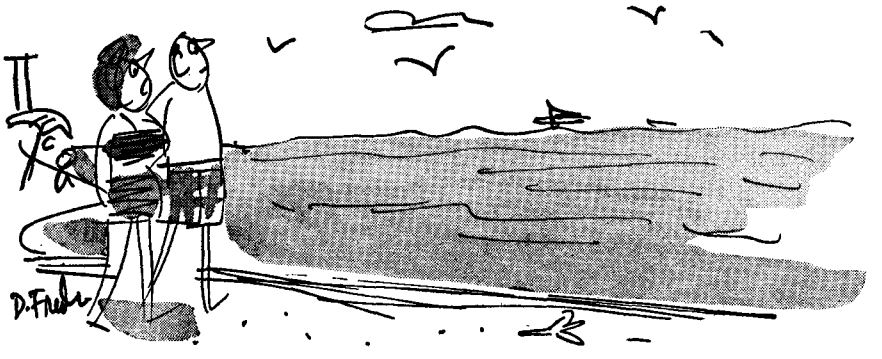
If "water shortage is a frame of mind," as Mr. Bowen and others assert, then dams as a solution of water shortage are a delusion. A law of diminishing returns accompanies the law of increasing size and complexity, and the need for some sort of planning other than competitive engineering and political opportunism is overobvious. One move in that direction, too recent to have been much discussed or to be clear in all its implications, is S. 2435, introduced on August 19, 1965, by Senator Frank Moss of Utah. It is breathtakingly simple. In one move it would attempt to eliminate rivalries as old as the bureaus that indulge in them, and consolidate activities that by trial, error, compromise, mitosis, Parkinson's Law, and plain inefficiency have got distributed through a dozen agencies and three or four departments of government.

S. 2435 would substitute for the present Department of the Interior a Department of Natural Resources and charge it with all the land and water management functions of the federal government. This would mean transfer to the new department of the National Forest Service, now in Agriculture, and the presumed removal of the bones of contention between Forest Service and National Park Service. It would mean transfer of the functions of the Corps of Engineers, now in the Department of the Army, to Natural Resources—in effect merging the Corps with the Bureau of Reclamation. It would mean other transfers: the Federal Power Commission, now in Commerce; the Tennessee Valley Authority, now a public corporation; and the water-pollution control activities that are now in Health, Education, and Welfare. The Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Office of Territories, now in Interior, would be moved over into HEW.

IT would be gratifying to see Senator Moss's bill get the serious consideration it deserves; it might well be salutary if it could be passed. But one remembers the tenacity of bureaucratic identity, one recalls the dust that gathered quickly over the report of the Second Hoover Commission, many points of which the Moss bill repeats. Efficient as it would be to get into one package all the water-management functions now spread over literally dozens of offices, with interagency commissions to coordinate them, it will not be politically easy to do so. S. 2435, designed to eliminate inefficiencies and take politics out of resource planning and development, seems likely to create some lively political squabbles, if indeed it ever gets out where it can be aired. And one of its most vital provisions, which charges the Secretary of Natural Resources with developing an over-all plan for our land and water, presumably taking in *all* considerations that together constitute the public interest, will depend on the fate of the bill as a whole.

So at least in the immediate future, the dam-building bureaus will go on planning in the old way, and conservationists will be testifying at public hearings and campaigning in the press, using as their theme song a paraphrase of Robert Frost's "Mending Wall":

Before I built a dam I'd ask to know
What I was damming up or drowning out,
And to whom I was like to give offense . . .



"After all the salt water has been converted to fresh water and been drunk, then what?"

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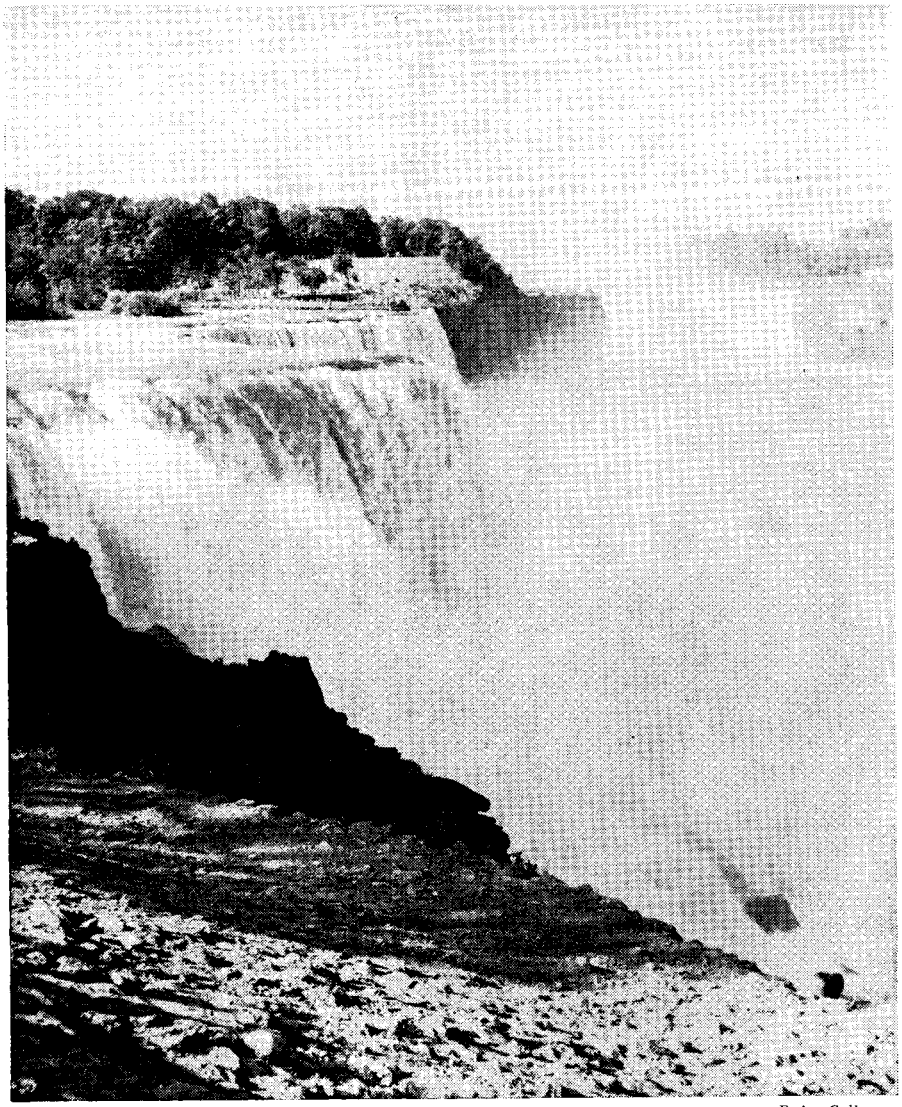
THE GREAT AND DIRTY LAKES

How Pollution and Depletion Have Ruined A Great Water Resource



—*Ewing Galloway.*

Niagara Falls—"the funnel through which the water from four of the Great Lakes passes . . ."

By GLADWIN HILL

WHATEVER a honeymoon visit to Niagara Falls was like in the days when Blondin was crossing on his tightwire, it's different now. Something new and unpleasant has been added. Sightseers boarding the famous *Maid of the Mist* excursion boat are likely to find themselves shrouded in a miasma that smells like sewage. That's what it is—coming over the American falls in the Niagara River and gushing out of a great eight-foot culvert beneath the Honeymoon Bridge. As the little boat plows through the swirling currents to a landing on the Canadian side, it has to navigate an expanse of viscous brown foam—paper-mill waste out of the culvert—that collects in a huge eddy across the river.

While esthetically shocking, this annoyance is hardly factually surprising. The falls in effect are the funnel through which the water from four of the Great Lakes passes on the final leg of its trip to Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and the sea.

And the Great Lakes now harbor some of the dirtiest waters in a nation in which water pollution has become epidemic.

This has gravely alarmed conservationists, sanitarians and scientists alike, as well as a good many of the 25,000,000 inhabitants of eight Great Lakes Basin states.

The Great Lakes constitute the largest reservoir in the world, containing about 20 per cent of the fresh water on the face of the earth. They are the principal water source for one of the nation's largest concentrations of population and industry. If their waters became corrupted, it would be a calamity of unprecedented magnitude. And it would involve not one but two nations, for the Canadian boundary bisects all the lakes except Lake Michigan.

If you stand on the shore at Duluth, Minnesota, and look out over the endless expanse of Lake Superior, it seems impossible that such a vast body of water could ever become tainted. Yet the flow of industrial pollutants alone from Lake Superior into Lake Huron has been measured by the International Joint Commission in hundreds of millions of gallons a year. The contamination gets rapidly worse as you move eastward along the chain of lakes to Michigan and Erie.

The United States Public Health Service is now in the final months of a six-year study of all the Great Lakes, to find out just what the pollution amounts to. Meanwhile, aggravated situations have focused special attention on Lake Michigan and Lake Erie.

Chicago, at the southern tip of Lake Michigan, has spent more than a half-century and billions of dollars developing a good water system. The city draws a billion gallons a day from the lake, to serve 4,400,000 people. Its sewage, treated to remove most of the pollutants, is channeled southward into tributaries of the Mississippi, so that it does not affect the lake.

But around Chicago, extending past the Indiana line only ten miles to the southeast, is a network of small, sluggish waterways—the Grand Calumet River, the Little Calumet River, Wolf Lake, and various canals—that serve as a drainage system for a dense industrial complex sprawling for more than twenty miles along the shore, from Chicago through Hammond, Whiting, and Gary, Indiana. The complex includes ten steel mills, five oil refineries, and dozens of

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other plants ranging from paper mills to soap factories. Six major plants discharge a billion gallons of waste a day that includes 35,000 pounds of ammonia nitrogen, 3,500 pounds of phenols, 3,000 pounds of cyanide, and 50 tons of oil. A good deal of this finds its way into Lake Michigan. There it has spoiled some of Chicago's best beaches, exterminated much aquatic life, and recently defied city water officials' best efforts to provide a supply free of objectionable tastes and odors.

Reporting on a typical incident, Chicago alderman Leon Despres said: "In December 1964 we found millions of mysterious polyethylene pellets washed up on our two miles of breakwater. We learned that they represented just one flushing from a chemical plant, and that on the Michigan shore part of the same flushing made up thirty or forty miles of windrows."

"The southern tip of Lake Michigan," comments Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson, "is turning into a cesspool." He is concerned because similar troubles are developing 100 miles up the west shore of the lake at Milwaukee.

One chauvinistic Milwaukeean, John Martinek, wades into the lake once a week and ceremoniously drinks a glass of water to dramatize his contention that there's really nothing wrong. But most of his fellow citizens, including the city's health experts, are more fastidious. Two hundred and fifty-two sewer outfalls discharge into three rivers a short distance from Milwaukee's harbor. Ever since 1959 the city's four beaches have been closed intermittently because of excessive filth.

Last March the Department of Health, Education and Welfare initiated, as it had in thirty-four previous major pollution situations across the country, a formal abatement proceeding for the Chicago area, with Illinois and Indiana as parties. In conference with representatives of the Public Health Service, officials of the two states agreed to a corrective program based on detailed studies and recommendations of federal investigators. The program, which is enforceable by federal court action, prescribed waste treatment methods and standards to be instituted within a year.

Pollution from the western Great Lakes is augmented to a repulsive level as their waters come down through the Detroit River—actually an inter-lake strait—and flow into Lake Erie.

"These waters," the Public Health Service summarizes, "are polluted bacteriologically, chemically, physically and biologically, and contain excessive coliform (intestinal bacteria) densities as well as excessive quantities of phenols, iron, ammonia, suspended solids, settleable solids, chlorides, nitrogen compounds, and phosphates."

Michigan has prided itself on enforcement of its pollution regulations throughout most of its 11,000 lakes and 36,000 miles of streams. But Detroit, with its great industrial complex and a surprising horse-and-buggy municipal sewage system, has long been a stumper.

Apart from relatively minor contributions from Canadian communities just across the strait, the Detroit area dumps 20,000,000 pounds of contaminant materials into Lake Erie every day, in a waste flow totaling 1.6 billion gallons.

ABOUT two-thirds of this is from industry and one-third is municipal sewage. Detroit gives the sewage of 3,000,000 people only "primary" treatment, which means just the settling-out of grosser solids; standard sewage treatment today includes a "secondary" stage of chemical and biological neutralization of up to 90 per cent of the contaminants.

Late in 1961 Michigan asked for federal help in cleaning up the Detroit situation. The Public Health Service spent two years on an exhaustive investigation of pollution sources. The report named some of the nation's leading automobile, chemical, and paper companies as major offenders. A cleanup program similar to the Chicago one was arrived at in hearings this spring.

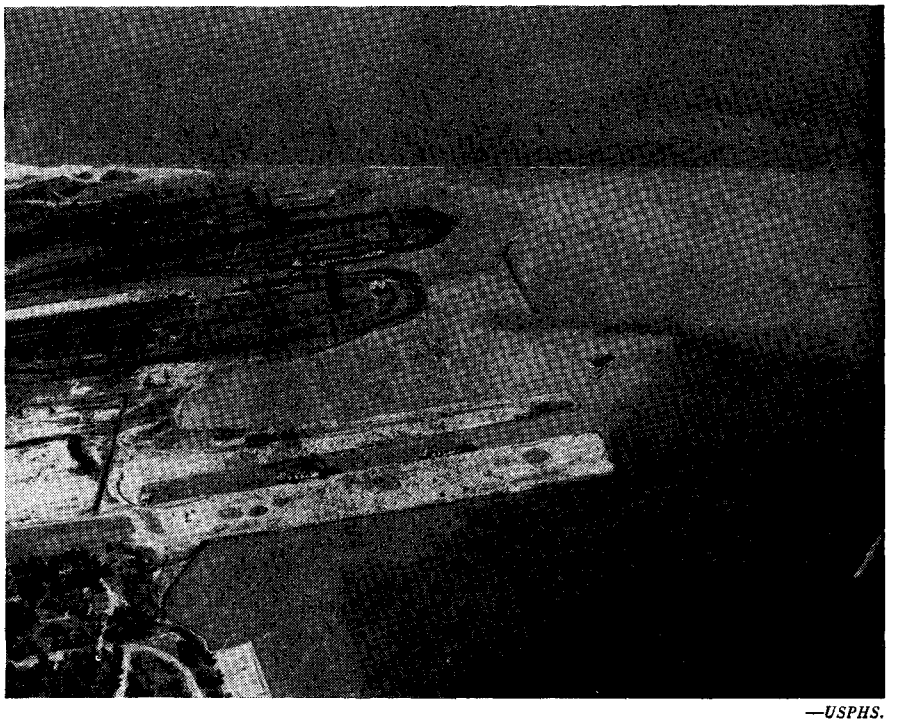
Michigan waters account for only about 1 per cent of Lake Erie's surface area. Conditions like Detroit's are repeated in various degrees at Toledo, Cleveland, Erie, and Buffalo. No one knows the total amount of pollution pouring into the lake. But there is plenty of other evidence, both visual and scientific, that the aggregate pollution has long since passed the danger point. It has transformed the 240-mile-long lake, Senator Nelson remarked, "from a body of water into a chemical tank."

"All major tributaries of Lake Erie," says Charles Northington, director of the Erie section of the current federal study, "are grossly polluted."

Because documenting interstate pollution, as the basis for involuntary federal intervention, is laborious, the Public Health Service had resigned itself to proceeding from one metropolis to another in voluntary intrastate actions, as with Detroit. But by this spring public disgust at the lake's deterioration had reached the overflow point. A one-man crusade by David Blaushild, a Cleveland automobile dealer, alone elicited hundreds of thousands of signatures of Ohio citizens on protest petitions.

FEELING the heat, Ohio's Governor James Rhodes in June formally requested the federal government to initiate an interstate abatement action. This automatically involved Michigan, Ohio, Indiana (which contributes pollution via the Maumee River, running through Ohio), Pennsylvania, and New York. Two weeks of federal hearings in Cleveland and Buffalo last August laid the groundwork for a cleanup program. It will cost upward of $100 million just to bring Detroit's sewage system up to standard. The outlay confronting industry there for adequate waste treatment facilities is probably several times that. Along the whole lakeshore, comprehensive remedial measures will probably run into the billions.

These programs, under federal law,



—USPHS.

Discoloration reveals pollution in the harbor of Ashtabula, Ohio, on Lake Erie.

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are not just pious declarations of intent. The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is empowered both to prescribe performance schedules and to reconvene the parties, customarily at six-month intervals, to review progress. At these sessions the Public Health Service regularly gets impressive moral and technical support from other federal agencies, such as the Fish and Wildlife Service, and from militant lay organizations such as the Izaak Walton League and the League of Women Voters, which has made water pollution reform one of its major national projects.

There are those who gainsay the severity of Lake Erie's pollution. Mainly they are state and local water and health officials parrying implicit criticism of their activities and defending their areas against stigma. Life would be simpler for everybody if their position were substantial. But it is negative. They are arguing matters of degree. They can't and don't contend that conditions are getting any *better* or that there's any prospect, without action, of their getting anything but worse. Their argument against corrective steps is that "we have no assurance of what they'll accomplish." This is rather like arguing against transferring from a sinking ship to a lifeboat on the ground that one doesn't know where the lifeboat is going.

Pollution abatement officials concede that they cannot tell to what extent remedial measures can restore Lake Erie to its pristine cleanliness. The accumulation of contaminants down the years has disrupted its biological metabolism to the point where it has the limnological equivalent of cancer. Oxygen-absorbing chemicals have so sapped its supply of free oxygen, essential to the normal plant-fish-insect life cycle, that there is a 2,600-square-mile patch in the middle of the lake, equal to more than one quarter of its area, where the water for up to ten feet from the bottom is devoid of oxygen. The lake's general oxygen deficiency has set in motion a devolution of fish life from desirable species toward primeval anerobic sludgeworms and fingernail clams. Whitefish and pike, once the basis of a multimillion-dollar fishing industry, have vanished; in their place are inferior species such as carp that require less oxygen.

The disruption of normal processes has been aggravated by a runaway growth of algae, the plant life that in a healthy lake is microscopic; in Lake Erie it grows like seaweed, in great swatches up to 50 feet long. The dominant type is *cladaphora*, a coarse growth that looks as if it had dripped off the Ancient Mariner and smells terrible.

Algae growth is promoted by phosphates, which come particularly from municipal sewage. Detergents are composed up to 70 per cent of phosphates. Millions of pounds of waste detergent pour into the lake every year. Each pound will propagate 700 pounds of algae. The algae absorbs more oxygen. When it dies, it sinks to the bottom as silt and releases the phosphate to grow another crop of algae. Copper sulfate will kill algae in a small volume of water, such as a pool. But biologists know of no chemical that can exterminate it on a scale such as is found in Lake Erie.

Even if the flow of pollution into Lake Erie were stopped entirely tomorrow, the reversal of this accelerating deteriorative cycle would be problematical. "All we can do," the scientists say, "is try."

Lake Erie contracted this disease rapidly because it is quite shallow. Its maximum depth of 210 feet is only one-eighth that of Superior, the deepest of the lakes. But Erie's fate obviously is simply a preview of what awaits all the lakes if pollution is not stemmed.

As Erie's turbid waters flow into the Niagara River, they pick up a final spate of pollution from around Buffalo. The Buffalo River is another industrial and municipal sewer, so polluted that it will not even support anerobic creatures: slime samples pulled up from the bottom are lifeless. The coliform intestinal-bacteria count recurrently exceeds 1,500,000 per 100 milliliters—1,500 times the safe level for human contact.

The conspicuous streaks that visitors a few miles away see in the water as it pours over Niagara Falls are described by Public Health investigators as "high phenol concentrations, oils, and high coliform counts [in a] polluted zone which extends about 400 feet from Bird's Island in the vicinity of Buffalo's sewage treatment plant, and widens to about one-third of the river's width near Strawberry Island."

THE specifics of pollution in Lake Ontario, the easternmost of the chain, remain to be delineated in the federal study nearing completion, but some observers foresee that it will become a problem like Lake Erie.

Laymen aware of the Great Lakes' pollution, and their binational status, are often moved to suggest a massive international attack on the problem. This has logic but is impractical. Most of the pollution comes from the American side. The International Joint Commission, which deals with boundary problems, is inherently cumbersome and slow. Its basic function is to advise the foreign affairs divisions of the two governments, and it can only take up matters formally referred to it after lengthy consideration on both sides. It took eight years of prodding by New York governors for the Lake Erie-Lake Ontario situation to be referred to the commission, and another two years before commission committees formally went to work on the matter last spring. Meanwhile, Canadian provincial authorities have been pursuing pollution abatement programs roughly paralleling United States efforts.

"The crux of pollution abatement," observes Murray Stein, the Health, Education and Welfare Department's enforcement director, "is establishing individual pollution sources, defining corrective steps, and then following through to see that they're carried out. The Great Lakes situation is the biggest problem we've ever tackled. But the important thing is that it has now been tackled, and with reasonable cooperation it should be possible to clean it up. In the meantime, we've just got to hope for scientific advances that will make possible the undoing of the damage that's been done already."

—UPI.

A suds area—300 feet long and twelve inches deep—appears on a beach near Erie, Pennsylvania, as a result of detergents washing into Lake Erie.

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NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK

1. Chicago: Keeping It Clean

IN THE days when many Chicagoans could not afford a modern refrigerator, milk was kept cool by running cold water on the bottles in the bathtub. Nobody seemed to care about water conservation because Chicagoans were drawing their water from an apparently inexhaustible body of water—Lake Michigan. Today Chicagoans still draw their water from the lake, but a goodly number of public officials are giving the whole subject of water conservation a close hard look. And it isn't the drought plaguing the northeastern U.S. that is causing the concern. It is water pollution, and a pending case in the U.S. Supreme Court concerning the controversial lake-diversion litigation.

Indirectly, a second U.S. Supreme Court case, also pending, could eventually affect all the Great Lakes states. The case involves a petition by three West Chicago suburbs that have been trying to build a pipeline from Lake Michigan to draw water. If they are successful, some experts predict that hundreds of communities will make similar requests.

Experts generally agree that Chicagoans enjoy unusually good drinking water. A $100 million filtration plant was put into operation last fall to serve more than 2,000,000 persons. The entire operation, according to Vinton Bacon, general superintendent of the Metropolitan Sanitary District of greater Chicago, "produces even safer water than before, which was excellent."

To men like Bacon and Robert Schneider, acting regional director of the U.S. Public Health Service for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Chicago will never lose its source of water unless the water quality is subjected to excessive pollution. This excessive pollution has been curtailed because the effluent or waste accumulated has not been poured back into the lake. Instead, the sanitary district discharges waste into a canal that ends up in the Illinois River. (Only three downstream communities draw water from the Illinois River.)

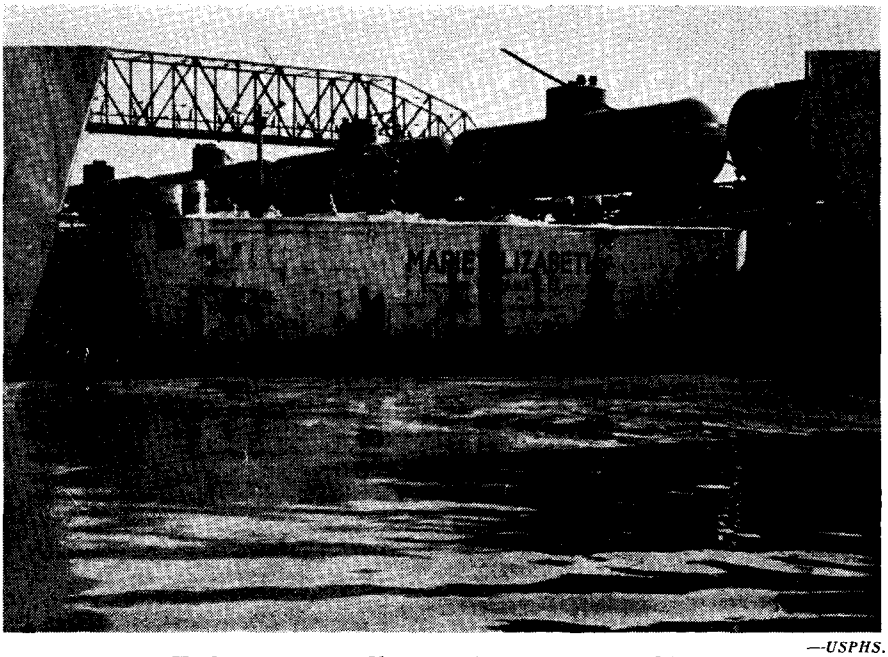
Chicagoans, however, are warily waiting until sometime next year, when the U.S. Supreme Court is expected to deliver its opinion on the now famous lake-diversion case. Six Great Lakes states would like to see the water Chicago now diverts from the lake returned as unprocessed waste. Local officials fear that the entire south end of Lake Michigan would become polluted in the event the court rules against Chicago. This would greatly affect the drinking water supply and would certainly close beaches, according to government officials here.

Chicago's water problems have been under close scrutiny since as long ago as 1895, the year the Illinois State Water Survey was created. William C. Ackerman, chief of the operation today, mans a huge staff on the campus of the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, where continual research attacks water problems. Many of these problems now face Chicago suburbs, which draw water either from deep sandstone wells or from ground water sources. Many wells are overtaxed and are dropping from ten to twenty feet each year.

Ackerman says, in fact, that there are few localities in northeastern Illinois that have not been overtaxed, both by greater water use and by greater water waste.

If some of Chicago's suburbs that are now having problems could do what Peoria did, the situation would, however, be improved, Ackerman points out. Peoria's original water supply came from ground-water sources. Overpumping in the 1940s caused a critical shortage in the 1950s, forcing Peoria officials and the Illinois State Water Survey to take action. Instead of relying on ground-water sources, Peoria turned to the Illinois River. A recharging process was developed whereby the water was purified and pumped into huge open reservoirs.

Another possibility of interest to cities like Chicago is five proposals made re-



—USPHS.

Harbor scene in Chicago—". . . water problems have been under close scrutiny since . . . 1895 . . ."

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cently by Albert J. Meserow, a Chicago attorney and the chairman of the Great Lakes Commission of Illinois. It has been Meserow's dream for several years to create an international agency to control the levels and water resources of the Great Lakes. The proposals cited by Meserow are:

1. Construction of reservoirs to trap flood waters along the Fox River in Wisconsin, the Des Plaines River in Illinois, and the Kankakee River in Illinois and Indiana. This excess would be diverted into Lake Michigan instead of flowing, as it does now, into the Mississippi River.

2. Erection of rivers in the Albany watershed, north of Lake Superior in Canada, to make the water flow into that lake.

3. Erection of underwater dams in the St. Clair River near Detroit to regulate the levels of Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Erie.

4. Reversal of the Harricanaw River in Canada to flow into Lake Huron.

5. A program for bringing water into the Great Lakes from Alaska and the Yukon territory (states bordering the Great Lakes would pay Canada for the water).

Some progress has apparently been made. The Canadian Parliament last month voted to permit reversal of the Harricinaw. Nobody should assume, however, that these problems will be relieved in the immediate future, Meserow says.

But the great need now, however stubborn the problems are, is for action. For it is obvious that increased water usage and water waste will take a disastrous toll if not checked.

—Bob Glass.

2. Cleveland: Saving Lake Erie

LAKE ERIE'S water is the life blood that feeds the industrial complexes of Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, and intermediate points. Without it, the economy of the lake basin, with its more than 25,000,000 people, would wither and die.

Ohio's stake in Lake Erie's future is incalculable. Each day 4.7 billion gallons of water are drawn from Lake Erie for industrial use. Ohio industries account for almost half of that total. Another 619 million gallons daily are used by 3,200,000 people who depend on the lake for their water supply. The Ohio portion of the basin accounts for about two-thirds of that use.

On the shores of Erie and its tributaries are located the heart of this country's automotive empire. Within Ohio alone are some of the U.S.'s major steel, chemical, petroleum refining, and manufacturing plants. They are there because the water is there. They therefore have an inherent responsibility to protect those waters. Yet Lake Erie, the fourth largest of the five Great Lakes, ranks first in suffering the effects of pollution. This oldest, southernmost, and warmest of the Great Lakes is especially susceptible to the ravages of man-made pollution because it also is the most shallow of the lakes that make up the greatest supply of fresh water in the world.

After decades of passive acceptance, however, it finally appears that action is going to be taken to halt the galloping deterioration of Lake Erie. Recently officials of the five Lake Erie states and the federal government agreed it is time to act, time to end the wanton flow of wastes. A program to preserve Lake Erie has been formulated. It will be up to the five states to implement it or face further federal action in what traditionally has been a state and local matter.

Two hundred thousand Ohioans have signed petitions circulated by Cleveland clean water crusader David Blaushild. Citizens and civic groups including the League of Women Voters, Izaak Walton League, Kiwanis, Academy of Medicine, and garden clubs are demanding that elected officials get on with the job of cleaning up the lake and its tributaries. Moreover, pollution may well become an issue in this fall's Cleveland elections.

The demands of the public—and of the Cleveland *Press*, which for the past year has campaigned vigorously to "Save Lake Erie Now"—are in large measure responsible for the decision of Ohio Governor James A. Rhodes to call on the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to convene a federal enforcement conference on the pollution of Lake Erie. It was that conference (the first stage of a federal enforcement action), held in two sessions in Cleveland and Buffalo, that brought together for the first time officials from Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York, and the U.S. Government to develop a coordinated abatement program. After two weeks of overwhelming testimony the conclusion reached by these men was inevitable: "The main body of the lake has deteriorated in quality at a rate many times greater than its normal aging processes due to imputs of wastes resulting from the activities of man."

After two years of analyzing the chemistry and biology of the lake, U.S. scientists have determined that overfertilization is Erie's major ailment. They've fingered phosphate—fertilizer friend of the farmer—as the villain of lake pollution that is triggering excessive growths of algae. In the long run, it is the phosphates that are responsible for low levels of oxygen found in the lake and the undesirable changes occurring in the biology of the lake. Mayflies that once fed high-grade species of fish are no more. They've been replaced on the lake's bottom by pollution-tolerant sludgeworms, bloodworms, and fingernail clams. Severe depletions of oxygen have been measured in as much as 25 per cent of the lake. Excessive algal blooms result in smelly collections of dying vegetation on beaches, clog water intake pipes, interfere with fishing, and produce smell and odor problems in water supplies. It's no wonder that the state and federal experts have said that

(*Continued on page* 41)

Industrial wastes pour into Lake Erie from the Cleveland harbor.

—*USPHS.*

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We thought we'd done everything. Then we did Viña del Mar.

A funny thing happened to our third trip to Europe. A well-traveled lawyer friend talked us into doing South America instead.

"If you go in for old-world charm, you'll go head-over-heels for Viña del Mar," he said, thereby winning his case.

Three weeks later to the day, a Panagra Jet carried us away to Santiago. From there, a limousine zipped us to Viña del Mar.

Viña del Mar is a twentieth-century wonder, with carefully preserved castles, chalets and gardens, cloudless skies, Pacific surf and an unforgettable casino.

The casino looks like a national capitol—pure white, Greek-columned, and large enough for eight thousand people to place their bets all at once. And you can have dinner, a floor show and an all-night *boite*—all under one roof.

It makes for long nights and lazy days. And lazy you can be. Viña del Mar moves to the clip-clop pace of Victorian horse-drawn carriages. And, if you feel peppier, there's always golfing, boating and horse-racing.

Obviously, the last place to go after a week of such living is home. We didn't. And we trust you won't, either. Instead, head south to the magnificent Chilean-Argentine lake country, where you can swim in the middle of January.

From there, you can take a boat ride through the lakes on the way to Buenos Aires (which is very much like Paris, except the streets are wider and the opera house larger).

And, after Buenos Aires, you can let Pan Am take you to Rio (where Bossa Nova is the real article), on up to Brasilia (the modern city carved out of a jungle), Caracas (South America's biggest boom town), and home—if you can tear yourself away.

Telling words from two airlines: Nobody knows South America like Panagra-Pan Am. We're the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. You can do it for less than you've ever dreamed. Our new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent is just $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

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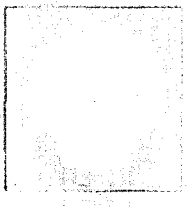
How the scallop shell expresses a company's dedication

The ancients, exploring beyond known horizons, chose the scallop to symbolize their quest. Today Shell scientists and engineers pursue this challenging conquest of the unknown to bring tomorrow closer. Wherever you see the Shell sign, it represents this constant search, this pursuit of excellence, of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better.

Shell... dedicated to the pursuit of excellence



Silver basket. 18th Century, designed by Paul de Lamerie. Brooklyn Museum, collection of Donald S. and Pearl Morrison.

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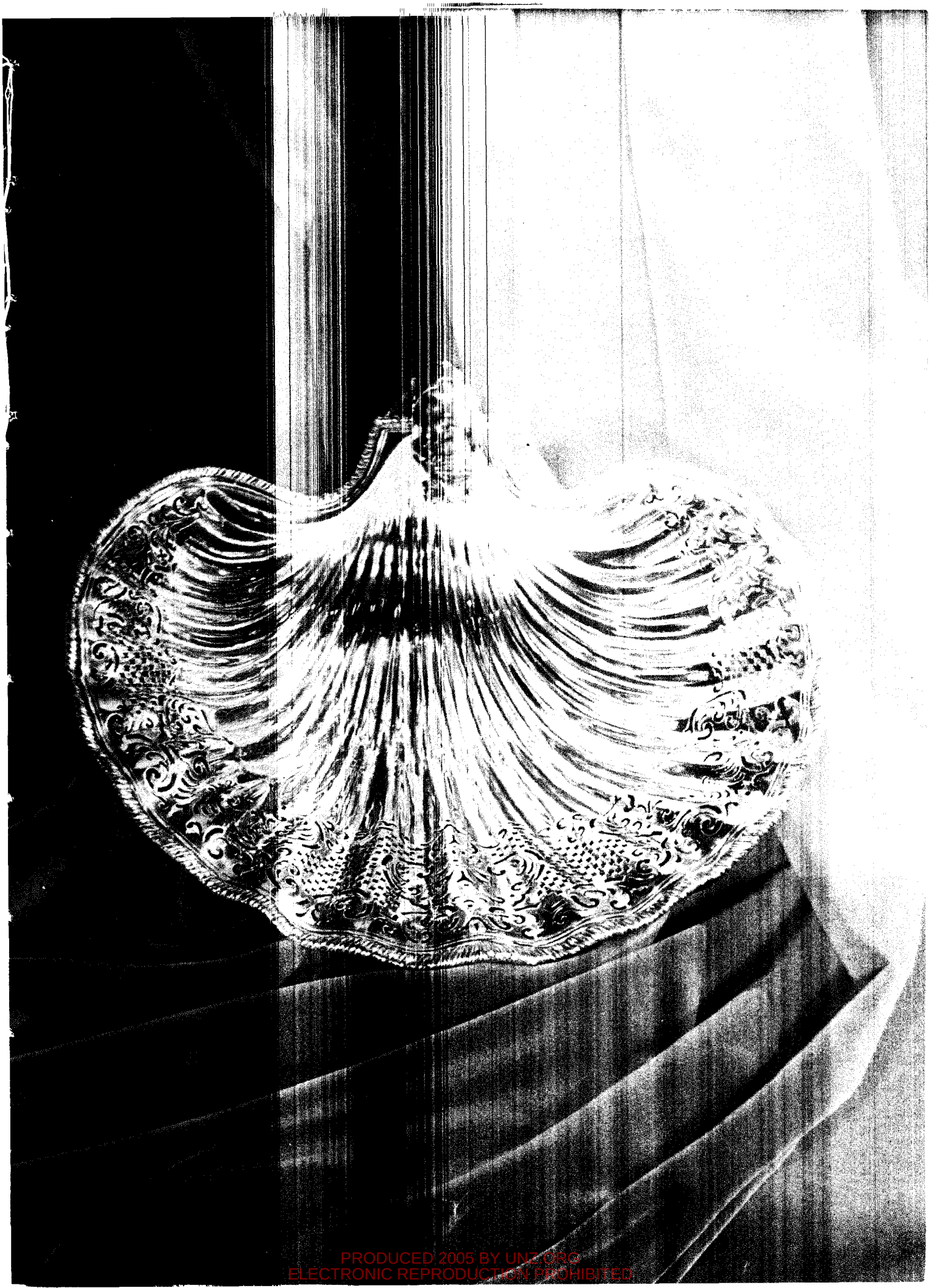

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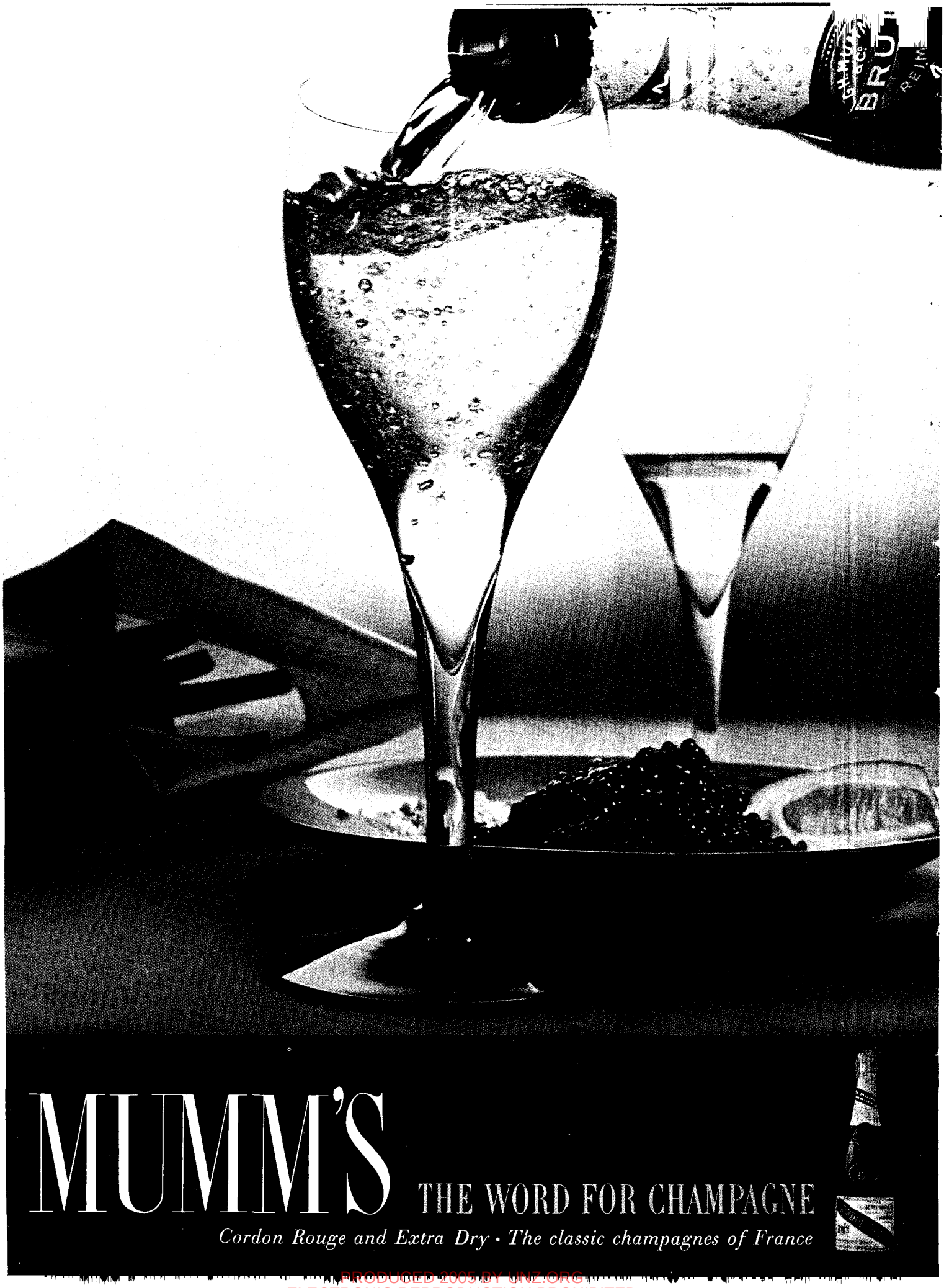

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Cleveland

Continued from page 36

"pollution in Lake Erie and many of its tributaries causes significant damage to recreation, commercial fishing, sport fishing navigation, water supply, and esthetic values."

The most dramatic evidence of damage is shown by the dwindling supply of desirable fish, which the scientists blame on pollution. Blue pike production was down from 6,855,000 pounds worth $1,316,000 in 1956 to 200 pounds worth $120 in 1963. The walleye catch was down from 5,035,000 pounds worth $1,357,000 in 1957 to 433,200 pounds worth $186,000 in 1962, according to the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries.

In Ohio, pollution abatement officials have chosen to deal with polluters by gentle persuasion. No one can deny that some progress has been made, but the rivers and lakes are pointed testimony to the fact it has not been nearly enough. Within the state, the Maumee, Sandusky, Black, Rocky and Cuyahoga Rivers have all been tagged "grossly polluted" after scientific investigation. Any citizen can make the same determination on the dirtied waters simply by looking and smelling.

The public uproar over pollution already has had its effect on the Ohio Water Pollution Control Board, which issues permits to industries and municipalities to discharge wastes into public waters. For the first time in the board's thirteen-year history, Cleveland's three steel companies were called to appear before it in June to tell of their abatement plans. They promised to end by 1969 the discharge of pickling acid into the Cuyahoga River.

The Ohio Board has exerted its greatest pressures on the city of Cleveland. A $300,000 city study is now underway to devise a master plan for pollution control in Cleveland. The problems are basic: An overloaded and antiquated combined sewer system, one plant that gives 32,000,000 gallons of sewage each day only primary or partial treatment and two secondary treatment plants that will have to increase removal of phosphates to meet the U.S. five-state recommendations.

THESE problems are not peculiar to Cleveland. They exist in every major Lake Erie city. The answers will call for expenditure of millions of dollars to improve municipal waste treatment. Millions more will have to be spent by industry to treat its own wastes. Already the mayor of Cleveland and governor of Ohio have called for more financial help from Washington.

No one knows yet what the eventual cost will be. But no matter what the final bill is, it will have to be paid. No longer can we countenance the pouring of municipal and industrial filth into our precious waterways. If we are to assure that future generations will be able to enjoy the esthetic and economic advantages of this invaluable heritage, it will be up to the present generation to end its wanton destruction. The alternative would spell disaster for not only the Lake Erie states but for the rest of the nation as well. —LOUIS B. SELTZER.

3. *Los Angeles: Second-Hand Water*

IN A SUBURB of San Diego called Santee, children now swim in lakes filled with reclaimed sewage. The lakes are part of a remarkable water reclamation experiment that in a sense epitomizes Southern California's relatively enlightened approach to the water problem. It is an approach worth examining, for while some water-rich parts of the nation this year were embroiled in desperate shortages, arid Southern California not only escaped that sort of ordeal but also has managed to ward off many of the East's water pollution problems.

Paradoxically, the Santee case is an example of what might be called deliberate pollution. The purpose of the experiment was to find out whether it would be possible to purify and reuse ordinary sewage to create a chain of small artificial lakes. Such an achievement would clearly be of benefit to a place like Santee which, like so many communities in Southern California, must bring in its water from great distances, and must also go to great expense to dispose of its sewage. Santee gets most of its water from the Colorado River.

After extensive research and construction of a plant to treat the effluent, Santee's first lake was opened in 1961. Cautious health officials, however, barred swimming or fishing. After extensive tests, fishing was permitted but no one was allowed to take the fish home. Finally, last summer, scientists agreed that the lakes were sufficiently safe to permit normal fishing and swimming, and the children took to them with enthusiasm.

The Santee experiment has not gone unnoticed by its massive neighbor to the north. Water officials in Los Angeles have started work on a similar project, and they hope to open their first recreation lakes within two years. As in Santee, the sewage water will be chemically treated, then injected underground to permit natural filtration by the soil.

Of all the cities in Southern California, Los Angeles obviously has the worst water problem. The city brings in most of its water from sources hundreds of miles to the east, and it has to fight for it. For generations, California has waged a bitter battle with its neighboring states, especially Arizona and Colorado, over water resources, and the fight will continue.

Though largely dependent on other states for water, however, Southern California officials are also exploring resources within their area. Next summer voters will act on a bond issue that would provide $850,000,000 for the construction of a vast tunnel and pipeline system to distribute water from Northern California to the arid southern sections. Studies also are afoot to build what would become the world's largest sea water desalinization plant—a $300,000,000 nuclear-powered operation that could supply 150,000,000 gallons daily, enough perhaps for a population of 750,000. In addition, millions of gallons of waste water and sewage each day are being purified and channeled underground, where it mixes with natural water and filters up into wells.

In addition to obtaining water, Southern California has also been highly successful in protecting its extensive beaches from the threat of pollution. To be sure, the public had to learn about the dangers of pollution the hard way. As recently as fifteen years ago several major beaches in Southern California were closed as a result of pollution arising from faulty sewage disposal. The pollution stemmed not only from inadequate treatment of effluent but also from massive leaks in the pipeline system carrying effluent into the ocean. In recent years treatment has been vastly improved and the sewage pipelines have been replaced and extended in some areas as far as five miles out to sea.

Water officials in this area, with all their achievements, were badly jarred recently by the bizarre incident in Riverside in which some 18,000 people were stricken with severe digestive disorders. After considerable investigation it was concluded that the disorders were caused by the water supply—the nation's biggest water-borne epidemic in twenty-five years. Riverside gets most of its water from thirty deep wells that produce water so pure that the city does not see fit to chlorinate it. To this date no one knows for sure how the disease-carrying organisms, salmonella typhimurium, penetrated the water sup-

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ply, but some theorize that a sewage leak will eventually emerge as the cause. Not all of Riverside's homes are connected to the city sewage system.

SOUTHERN California has never had to worry much about pollution of its rivers and streams for the simple reason that it has so few of them. Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear have traditionally been guarded with zealous attention by state officials. On the other hand, Lake Tahoe to the north, some 200 miles from San Francisco, has become the victim of appalling pollution. Once renowned for its pure azure water, Lake Tahoe today is rapidly losing its extraordinary clarity as its seventy-mile shoreline becomes lined with hotels and gambling casinos.

In an effort to save Lake Tahoe, California and Nevada recently initiated a cooperative effort to build a new sewage treatment plant capable of refining municipal waste into water of virtually drinkable quality. This effluent will then be pumped out of the Tahoe basin into adjacent Nevada—perhaps the first case of interstate "export" of treated sewage. The experiment is being underwritten in part by the U.S. Public Health Service, which is interested in its applicability to other parts of the country.

Despite this program, however, some skeptics fear that Tahoe, once ranked with Oregon's Crater Lake and Lake Baikal in the Soviet Union for its remarkable purity, will eventually be transformed into just another muddy basin. —PETER BART.

4. Miami: Too Much Too Soon

NATURE WAS bounteous in providing Florida with fresh water. The state has 30,000 named lakes, the largest of which, Okeechobee, measuring thirty-five miles each way, is a natural reservoir. There are several rivers of size, and numerous smaller ones. Of seventeen first-magnitude springs, one is Rainbow, near Ocala, a city about a fifth of the way down the center of the peninsula. About Rainbow, John Pennekamp, associate editor of the Miami *Herald*, has written: "[It] gushes forth five times as much fresh water daily as Miami uses: enough to supply all the industries and municipalities of the state or the drinking requirements of all the people of the world."

And Rainbow is uncontrolled.

Beneath Florida's surface are two massive water deposits known as aquifers. Powered wells reaching down as little as twenty feet bring up potable water from the shallower Biscayne Aquifer, which serves southeastern Florida. Drilling into the deeper Floridan Aquifer produces artesian, or "self-powered," wells. Near Ocala, artesian water can be struck at seventy-five feet, near Miami at 1,000 feet. The Floridan water is sweet at the lesser depths, salty at the greater. This aquifer's depth is as much as 3,400 feet at Miami, which is eight feet above sea level; Ocala is at 300 feet. The gradient causes the artesian flow. The Biscayne Aquifer is recharged by rainfall and a flood control system, the Floridan Aquifer mainly by rainfall in the state's central highlands.

Florida has thousands of artesian wells. Lee County alone, on the Gulf coast, has a thousand such wells. A geologist estimates that the uncontrolled ones squander enough water daily to supply Fort Myers's 22,500 population for seventy-seven days. Less than five days' waste could keep the city in water for a year.

To the supply aspect of Florida's water problem only one more fact need be added: the state's average annual rainfall of approximately 57 inches is twice the national average.

In view of all this abundance, one might ask: why worry? The fact is that Floridians do not worry—not enough anyhow—about what is happening to their water supply. Besides the wanton waste, many fresh water sources have been polluted, are being polluted or are in danger of becoming polluted. Pollution factors are as follows, not in order of importance: sewage, industrial chemicals and debris, fertilizers, pesticides and insecticides, citrus waste, boats, detergents, salt.

Consider, first, sewage.

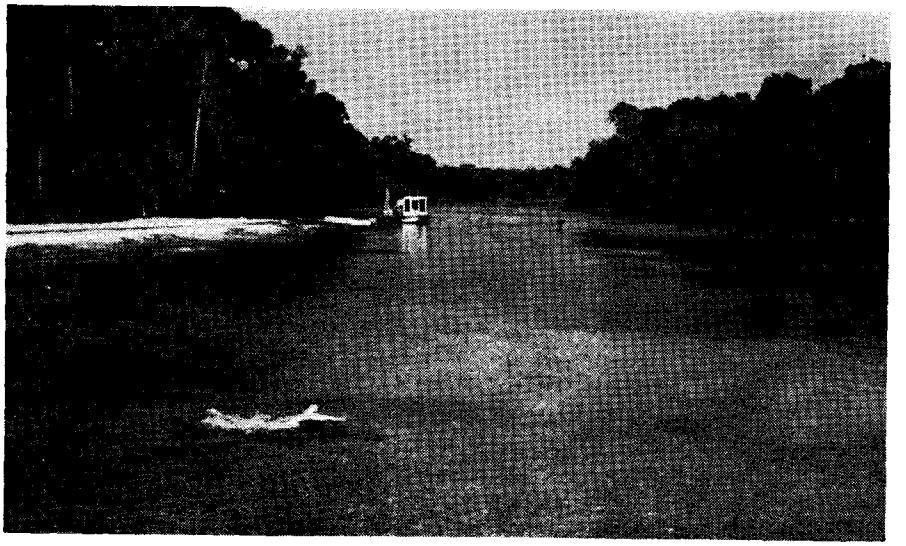
"Most of the counties of Florida," says Robert Ingle, director of research for the state Board of Conservation, "have some pollution from industrial waste or sewage. I know of no community on the coast, including Miami, that has an adequate treatment plant."

Twenty years ago, when Florida's population was not yet 2,000,000, treatment plants numbered fifty; a year ago, with the population at 5,500,000, they numbered 1,000. A dozen municipalities still discharge untreated sewage into fresh-water streams. The inland condition is not much better than the coastal.

Dade County (principal city: Miami) does not have a county-wide sewage system. Fifty-five per cent of Dade's homes have septic tanks, an equally grave danger, since drainage from them may poison underground waters. Broward County (principal city: Fort Lauderdale) has 100,000 septic tanks, and some areas are nearing the saturation point from seepage. Broward's sixty treatment plants serve only 36 per cent of its people. The sewage is 95 per cent treated; the other five per cent contains chemicals and hepatitis and dysentery germs. In few of Broward's thousand miles of inland waterways may one swim in safety.

As to industrial chemicals and debris, a single example may be cited. On the shore of Florida's panhandle the Fenholloway River empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Once it was a clear and beautiful stream, but twenty years ago Taylor County, through which it passes, induced the state legislature to declare it an industrial river. Now it is known as Black Fen. It has been made so by waste from a cellulose factory.

Fertilizers and insecticides, some containing harmful chemicals, reach bodies of fresh water in rain runoffs. Citrus waste in some areas is dumped into lakes,



—*Florida State News Bureau.*

Alexander Springs, in Ocala National Forest —one of seventeen first-magnitude springs.

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streams, or canals, as is the sludge removed from septic tanks. Boats at dock or in passage in fresh waters release human and other wastes. Detergents have been known to creep through the porous limestone of Florida a thousand feet and put a soapy head on a glass of well water. Hard detergents are giving way legally, now, to soft; in the campaign to bring about this change Florida played a leading role.

WHERE salt is concerned, salination of fresh water, rather than desalination of sea water, is in continuing process in Florida. In ten counties at the southern end of the peninsula, salt has invaded the Biscayne Aquifer. Above these counties, along the Gulf, salt water has entered a coastal strip to affect three counties, and on the Atlantic coast six more are affected. In these areas, water having a sodium chloride content of more than 100 parts per million is reached at moderate depths. One thousand parts per million is considered contamination.

Some salination of the aquifers always occurs where the underground fresh water meets the sea. This mixing action increases when aquifer level drops in winter, the dry season, or from use. In places a few feet above sea level, tidal pressure forces salt into rivers, streams, and canals. Canals were dug at the turn of the century to drain the then soggy Everglades, thereby creating farmlands. Overdrainage and salt intrusion followed.

Now one-third completed is a water-control system of canals, dams, locks, levees, and pumping stations designed to remove flood water in the wet season and conserve it in storage marshes for the dry season. The system includes salt intrusion dams. The primary purpose today of this intricate network of facilities, which are being built by the Army Corps of Engineers for the Florida Flood Control District, is conservation. Prior to 1948, the year of the district's inception, excess water was allowed to drain into the Atlantic or Gulf. The system covers the central and southern parts of the state, in which live 80 per cent of its people, and the cost so far approaches $200 million, more than half of which is federal money.

Florida's fresh water problem is critical. State and local leaders cry out constantly against it. "Progress by crisis is certainly the most expensive form of economy," says one. "Wells may have to be closed if a statewide sewage system is not built," says another. There is a growing awareness among water-conscious leaders that even the most bounteous supply can be destroyed by the demands of civilization. Florida's waters must be protected not only *for* the people, but *from* the people as well.

—WILSON HICKS.

5. *New York: Engineers vs Politicians*

A MOUNTING WATER CRISIS in New York City is compounded by a rift between the engineers and the political management of the city's operating Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity.

This is the team, experience has shown, that must work together if the public is to be accurately and adequately informed of a developing water emergency, and if public support and cooperation are to be calmly and effectively harnessed to meet it.

Superficially, this division came to light late in August when rank-and-file water engineers became openly critical of Armand D'Angelo, the Water Commissioner, because, instead of backing them, he blamed them for policies executed from City Hall for many years—often against the advice of engineers.

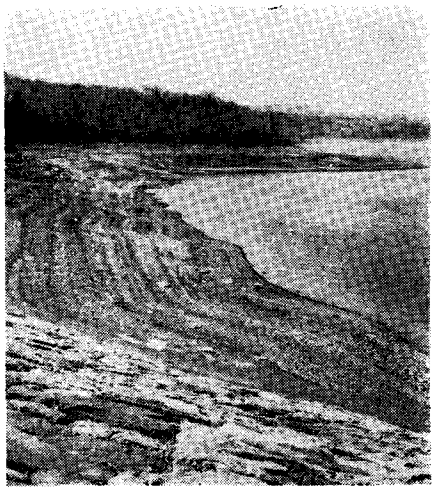
But—more deeply—engineers in the department from the top echelon down have advised the commissioner since the early stages of the present four-year drought to take the public into his confidence, urge intelligent restraint in water use, beef up the effort to curb leaks and waste, and begin to think about what steps to take to meet emergencies.

Mr. D'Angelo, much to the distress of many of those around him, took a more relaxed view, not apparently through lack of confidence in his engineers, but simply because, as a genial and friendly man, he was loath to tell the public anything unpleasant.

While for a time in 1963, when water levels went down precipitately, D'Angelo, backed by City Hall, called for reduced water use, the following winter he seemed reassured by snow and rainfall and withdrew the appeal. As recently as October 1964, D'Angelo reported to Mayor Robert F. Wagner: "I do not at present see any danger of a water shortage in New York City."

The distress of the engineers is understandable. They were the mainstay of a superb public cooperation drive, eight months long, that carried the city safely through the severe shortage of 1949-50 when total water storage, at capacity, was far less than it is now. In the present crisis, the engineers have had little to say about how the public shall be kept informed and its cooperation sought. Some have even been told not to talk to reporters.

And so the city staggers through a



—*Wide World.*

Neversink Reservoir in New York's Catskills—nearly dry.

devastating, and perhaps ultimately chaotic, water shortage under the stinging indictment by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall that New York has "one of the leakiest and most loosely managed" of city water systems.

As Mr. Udall saw it back in mid-August, New York and drought-affected areas nearby were "walking on the edge of disaster." In mid-September Udall sternly warned that New York's failure to adopt what the Secretary considered adequate water reforms could cost the city federal aid.

If there is a prolonged freeze this winter, the Secretary said further, New York City may actually run out of water for a fifteen-to-thirty-day period beginning in February. "We think we've bridged that gap, but we're not certain," was Mr. Udall's laconic comment.

The "leakiest city" indictment was considerably softened in early September when a four-man panel of national water experts headed by Professor Abel Wolman of Johns Hopkins University congratulated the city's leak-detection force for obtaining "commendable results, though somewhat handicapped by budgetary restraints and manpower diversions." Dr. Wolman added his individual view that leakage in the city was not excessive.

As to its basic approach to the problem of over-all water supply, New York City has always relied on the "dependable yield" of its 476.5 billion-gallon capacity system. The city's standard of dependable yield has been the supply the watershed would yield in the two severest consecutive dry years on record. The base has been spread over 1929, 1930, and 1931.

The dependable yield is just another facet of the law of averages. In this case it is the assumption that because up to recently the longest dry spell has been two consecutive dry years, there never will be a longer one.

But now the former law is in discard.

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The present dry spell has already lasted for about four years, and the end is not in sight. New standards must be adopted by the bewildered water policy-makers. Such as it is—or was—the law of the dependable yield, in its relationship to the law of averages, is the same one that keeps a poker player in the game even when he is losing heavily. There's always a chance he'll win the next hand.

The poker players here, always with the backing of the Mayor, have been the heads of the public water agencies and their advisers. Now the chief poker player is D'Angelo.

True, D'Angelo, as head of the city's operating water system since 1957, inherited the complex, with all of its virtues and faults; he did not invent it. But this summer, when both the weather and the criticism waxed hot, the commissioner panicked and wrathfully suspended two of his experienced engineers for allegedly concealing from him a small leak in a reservoir. His charges failed and, after a hearing, the men were reinstated.

And so the four-year drought has knocked out fifty-year-old measurement standards that have been used by the Board of Water Supply, which plans and builds the city's system, and by the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity.

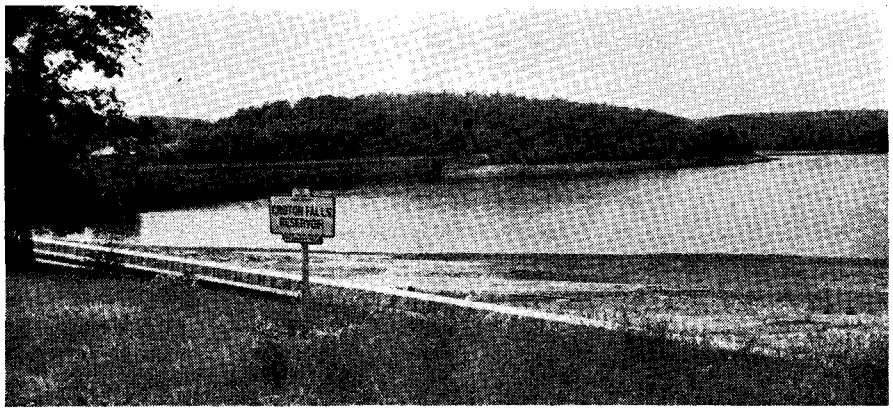
Recommendations for drawing water from the adjoining Hudson River (called an "open sewer" by city authorities up to now), a "new look" at universal water metering (still emphatically rejected by Mayor Wagner, who considers water a "natural resource" that should be available to everyone), and an intensive search for leaks in an ancient municipal system of water mains—these were some of the immediate results of the belated realization that New York faced real water trouble.

Daily use of the city's water in normal times is reckoned as averaging 1.25 billion gallons, including some furnished to Westchester, Putnam, and Ulster counties. The conservation drive is credited with reducing average daily consumption of water to a billion gallons, or a little less.

As the city's water reserves plunged to less than 180 billion gallons—under 40 per cent of capacity—city engineers estimated, with much hope and even more finger-crossing, that water supplies would hold out until late winter or early next spring, when precipitation will presumably come to the rescue.

Basically, the city now draws its water from three main systems: the Croton, the Catskill, and the Delaware. In addition, a new reservoir at Cannonsville, New York, will soon be opened. All of these represent the city's policy of developing "upland" sources.

Figures show that rainfall over the city's watersheds has declined from 47 inches in 1960, just about the long-term average, to 40.5, 38, 37.8, and 32 in the ensuing years. This year so far is also considerably below normal.



—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).

Croton Falls reservoir, one of the major sources of water for New York—down to less than 40 percent of capacity.

If the city's reservoirs run dry, as some experts feel it likely they will, studies have recently revealed that available underground water sources in the five boroughs, principally wells, could supply 24.4 gallons a person daily. Normal domestic use has been variously estimated at 60 to 90 gallons a person daily.

In 1951, a panel of the Mayor's Committee on Management Survey recommended tapping the Hudson River as the next major source of water supply, installation of universal water metering to reduce consumption by an estimated 150,000,000 gallons a day, and development of a more efficient setup to repair water leaks. The panel's recommendations were promptly pigeonholed.

In mid-September the city engaged Pitometer Associates, a private engineering concern, to make an independent water-waste survey covering the next twelve months.

One objective of the survey will be to determine whether the waste here is as low as the city thinks—up to 30,000,000 gallons a day; or as high as the severest critics assert—100,000,000 to 200,000,000 gallons a day.

BUT leakage in the water supply system is nothing new. Over the past decade breaks in the water mains have averaged almost one a day. More than 100 miles of the city's 5,300 miles of water mains are more than fifty years old. A main in Brooklyn that broke in late August was built in 1878. City officials nevertheless have argued against a modernization program to replace the old water mains, claiming that it would cost $100,000,000 and that there would be no guarantee against some further breakage.

Some water experts say there will apparently be one benefit from the present situation, if the city manages to muddle through without an actual disaster: New York is being forced to review its fundamental water policies and there is at least a likelihood that some long-needed changes will be made.

—Charles G. Bennett.

6. *Phoenix: Drought Underground*

THE SPRAWLING giant that is metropolitan Phoenix sits astride an arid valley where drought is not a sometimes visitor but a permanent resident. The lack of water is as near as the dusty desert.

Arizona's water problems threaten the entire economy, and more especially the $500 million-a-year income from agriculture. Crop irrigation made Arizona flourish and grow, and ironically it also may wash away the bright economic future through depletion of groundwater reserves.

There has been such a long legal hassle over Colorado River water rights that many Arizonans have either forgotten, or never knew, that underground reservoirs are the chief sources of water in the state. Almost 70 per cent of all water used in Arizona comes from beneath the surface, and this ground water is being depleted twice as fast as it is being replaced—dropping at a rate of almost 2,500,000 acre-feet annually. Tucson, a bustling, growing city of 350,000, is entirely dependent on water pumped from wells to slake its mighty thirst—and yet water users there and elsewhere in the state are using up the underground reserves much faster than nature can replace them.

Private, federal, and state agencies

(*Continued on page* 76)

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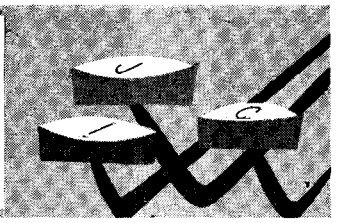
Manner of Speaking



Who writes the contract? The college year is once more on its way and the faculty and the students are once more engaged in the contest to decide what a college is for. There will be shadings of the issues—there will always be good boys siding with the faculty and faculty mavericks siding with the students—but in the nature of things the two groups will inevitably tug in opposite directions.

College, as some students are sure to argue year after year, is an important social experience for which they are paying. They aren't, of course, or they are paying no more than a sliver of the whole budgetary pie, but the college budget is not likely to mean anything to an undergraduate. He has it in his head that his (or Dad's) money is running the place, and why, therefore, should he not be free to decide what he gets for his cash? His is the simple and simple-minded argument that the customer is always right (and what right has the faculty to decide what courses a man should take, or to make all those rules about how he shall behave even outside the classroom?).

I am, of course, talking about liberal arts students. Or perhaps I am only talking about non-students who are in the liberal arts college to dodge the draft or to get a social degree on the way to becoming advertising salesmen or to taking over the family insurance agency. Engineers, medical students, law students, and all such technical and professional candidates come to school prepared for a hard scrubbing because they know that the faculty is their one chance of establishing professional or technical competence. The same freshman who will argue a dangling construction with his English section-man will keep his mouth respectfully shut when his calculus instructor cites him for error.

In part, let it be noted, the confusion of the liberal arts student is inseparable from the confusing but essential fact that the liberal arts college has no real notion of what it is supposed to be or of what it is supposed to accomplish. The faculty can, at times, summon some fine rhetoric toward a definition of its purpose. Always, however, the rhetoric turns out to be a paraphrase of the idea that an educated man should "see life steadily and see it whole." Nor is anyone justified in holding that idea in contempt. The trouble is that students are thinking about *their* lives in what they like to believe are specific and real terms (they never are), whereas the faculty is thinking about the life of *man* as a continuing experience. It is thinking that the college is one of the central memory banks of that continuity, and that a man can be educated (as distinguished from being "trained") only as he takes into himself some significant part of that memory.

And the faculty is, of course, right. But with the proliferation of the curriculum into hundreds, and even into thousands, of new courses, it does become harder for the faculty, as for the students, to see what paths run where through the thickets. The students are left to take some of the faculty's total purpose on faith, but between them and full faith lies a barrier of suspicion: the students are not at all sure the faculty is in touch with any reality they can accept as persuasive.

During most of the Eisenhower years, for example, I was trying to teach undergraduates some sense of the American-English usage appropriate to formal writing as exemplified by that puberty ritual called "the weekly theme." I was, therefore, required to red-line many a construction that was obviously acceptable to the President but not to me. Several students made a regular thing of bringing in newspaper transcripts of the President's latest stylistic flourishes as proof that I was an incompetent. And given his choice between the authority of the President of the United States and that of an unknown pedant, what student will fail to have his own sense of rightness and his own endorsement of illiteracy?

I am suggesting, as a further difficulty, that our society (though it is beginning to pay passing tribute to the liberal arts) is not really much interested in the liberalness of the liberal arts. If the American father is willing enough to work his son's way through college, that father is certainly not "making sacrifices" because he is eager to have his boy study poetry, Plato, or the history of art. What the old man wants at the degree-end of the four years is a solidly employed son signed on to a pension plan that can certify a marina in Florida for the sunshine years. And though the hope of this world may finally lie in the resilience with which each generation manages to escape from its parents, the boys, often enough, see it as Dad does. The professors are sad prunes wizened from every memory of the juice of life, and if Prune Hall won't submit to (student) reality, let Prune Hall be picketed. It's a free country, isn't it?

Among those who do not think the country—or at least the campus—is quite as free as some students would like it to be is President Wilson H. Elkins of the University of Maryland, who, according to the Washington *Daily News*, greeted the parents of incoming students with a warning that Maryland would not welcome students who meant to "take matters in [let me believe he meant "into"] their own inexperienced hands."

Since the *Daily News* did not give the full context of President Elkins's remarks, I am not sure what he had in mind. If he was thinking of such things as student picketing for social causes, I could wish his statement had been softened a bit. If he was thinking that he was not going to put up with the sort of foolishness that used to go into panty raids, I could wish the statement had been stronger. But if he was thinking that the faculty and the administration determine the curriculum and academic standards, and that it is up to the students to meet those standards or to get out, then I can wish for nothing but prolonged applause for Prexy.

For before the students get around to deciding for themselves what will constitute their education, let them be reminded that on entering college they submit themselves as candidates for a degree the requirements of which are at the discretion of the faculty, and the grant of which is faculty certification that the student has met not his but its requirements. Even if the liberal arts college cannot define all of its own purposes (primarily because it has too many), it still has as firm a duty as has the school of medicine or of engineering to establish the terms of the contract under which its degrees will be granted.

The terms of that contract are set forth in the college catalogue. In it, every incoming student is free to read them for himself. If he does not like the contract as offered (denominational colleges, for example, have a right to impose doctrinal and moral restrictions that might be intolerable in a public institution), he is not required to sign. He is free to contract with another school if he can, or to go on about his own business. He is not free, however, to violate a contract to which he has committed himself.

I do not mean, and I cannot believe that President Elkins means, that our colleges will welcome only an intellectually stunted generation of conformists. Troglodytes there may be in the strata of tenure, but it simply is not the nature of a liberal arts faculty to hate

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Ending the Water Crisis

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, written for this week's special study of the water crisis, is by the Secretary of the Interior.*

OVER THE PAST CENTURY we have had conservation scandals that centered on our forests, wildlife, and soil. In each case the American people reacted against plunder and waste. Farsighted conservation plans were evolved to halt the erosion of vital national resources.

Water is the conservation scandal of our generation. Industries and cities contaminate our waterways, while silt from stripped land, acid mine water, pesticides, and chemicals diminish the usefulness of our available water.

At the turn of this century the American people were forced by the facts—and by the forceful leadership of men like Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot—to put forest management on a planned, sustained-yield basis. Similar water action is needed now. The Northeast drought has made it painfully apparent that water planning and water conservation must be the order of the day even in the "wet" regions of our country.

From the Hudson to the Great Lakes to the Colorado most of our water crises are man-caused. It is not that existing, finite supplies aren't, in most areas, adequate. It's rather a case of infinitely poor management of these supplies.

The answer—as always in conservation crises—is the employment of foresight that puts the future first. Long-range regional planning must be substituted for short-range local solutions; recycling must replace discharge; reclamation must supplement recovery; and research and technology must make new and dramatic contributions toward these ends.

However, we need water for more than municipal and industrial purposes. The quality of our over-all environment is also at stake.

Not long ago I made a day-long cruise on the Connecticut River in the company of Governor John Dempsey and Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Like most of our rivers, the Connecticut is in trouble. Scenically, its lower stretch from Hartford to the sea is surprisingly unspoiled. Its salt marshes, coves, and creeks make it one of the East's most attractive riverscapes. But its appeal stops at the river's edge. One nauseated native recently called it "the world's most beautifully landscaped cesspool." Predictably, metropolitan Hartford (like New York City) looks to the back country for its water supply, for the river at its doorstep is unfit for municipal uses.

Thus, the country over, the very streams that should provide fresh water and outdoor recreation for all flow sullenly by our cities and emit odors that cause a river-loving people to turn away from them with distaste. Fresh-flowing rivers, as Mark Twain taught us, can be the delight and part-time home of humankind, but not if the qualities that make them salubrious are missing.

The unprecedented Northeastern drought has put water on the front pages. It has also caused many Americans in the water-rich East to ponder the importance of water and to contemplate the meaning of conservation. When fountains sit silent and swimming pools remain unfilled, even the indifferent householder begins to think seriously about a resource he has taken for granted.

What are the lessons to be learned? And will they be remembered when the rains return? First we must learn to respect water. We must recognize that it is an indispensable element of our daily lives. We must increasingly treat water as we do our minerals—as a resource to be sought, recovered, processed, utilized, reclaimed, and re-utilized at the expense of the consuming public.

Secondly, our "effluent society" (to use Justice Douglas's phrase) must learn how, and then act, to clean up our rivers, to combat pollution at its source, to reuse and manage our water on the philosophical premise that it is a resource to be used for the common benefit.

With such a premise, we will accept the idea that the intangible values of a wild river can be planned for as well as the tangible values of flood protection; that the amenities of a trout stream, or of a brook from which the hiker may drink unafraid, can also be afforded. Acting on this premise, communities and industries will hopefully adopt the conservation principle that those who use water owe a paramount public duty of returning it to the ground, river, or estuary in as near its original condition as possible.

Third, we must accelerate research and develop activities that will enable us to augment existing supplies. In some arid areas the oceans around us can provide supplementary fresh water by proven desalination methods at costs that will soon be competitive. The clouds that pass over our nation release only a portion of their moisture in the form of precipitation. A forward-looking research and engineering program will ultimately enable us to control and use this reservoir in the sky.

Finally, our public planning must achieve new heights if the protection of our watershed and watercourses becomes an essential element of public policy. We cannot fully realize the promise of America until concerted federal, state, and local action enables us to plan wisely, adopt new standards of water management, and plan the optimum conservation of each watershed.

We have, for far too long, robbed ourselves and our fellow citizens downstream by literally floating our garbage to their doorsteps.

By his strong emphasis on the conservation approach, President Johnson has already sensed the national mood and affirmed the national will. We can make that will meaningful in terms of tomorrow only if we are willing to demand the laws and budgets and plans that will fulfil the high goals he has set before us.

—STEWART L. UDALL.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Statistics and Common Sense

I CONSIDER Morton Fried's article on race, "A Four-Letter Word that Hurts," [*SR*, Oct. 2] to be a most enlightened and intelligent discussion of the four-letter word problem, and one of the best I've read.

The rub is this: What shameful waste there is when scholars and academicians must spend their time citing statistics and scientific theory in an effort to convince us of what we should casually assume to be 'just good common sense."

INA GILLERS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Uses of Art Criticism

SINCE KATHARINE KUH joined the *SR* staff, her articles on art have shown constant improvement in their ability to communicate the meaning of painting to the layman. They have become high spots in our favorite "general" magazine. The article, "The Many Sides of Cubism" [*SR*, Aug. 28] is so good we felt we must write in praise of it. Calling these magnificent paintings to our attention would have been service enough, but Mrs. Kuh has done much more. She gave us, in two pages of clear, beautifully apt prose, the results of her own careful, appreciative, and penetrating study of four great works, enabling those of us with less time for art, and narrower experience, to appreciate them in a way we never could otherwise. The Delaunay is stunning in black and white; if it truly "loses much of its meaning" thus, it must be overwhelming in color!

RICHARD W. MACOMBER.

Evanston, Ill.

A New Student Protest

I WAS SHOCKED by the most unfortunate article by Sherman B. Chickering, "Where Have All the Young Writers Gone?" [*SR*, Oct. 9], which was a report on *SR*'s 1965 contest for student literary magazines.

As the editor of a college literary magazine I must question Mr. Chickering's statement that creative writing is not a suitable art form for our generation. If most of the good material being written is not being submitted to us, it is because many students don't respect their campus publications enough to bother. Building the necessary confidence among writers and subscribers alike is a difficult problem, which becomes even more difficult when a magazine like *SR*, which is widely read and respected on campus, states that we can't possibly write well because creative writing is not suited to our generation, or compares the first-prize magazine to a "periodic encyclical from a Southern California think factory."

Benna Brecher,
Editor,
Vassar Review.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Schweitzer's Influence

YOUR ISSUE devoted to Albert Schweitzer [Sept. 25] is a wonderful keepsake and I shall keep it always in my "Biography" file. N.C.'s editorial appreciation is the finest thing I've ever read on the meaning of Schweitzer and his philosophy. It shows deep insight and has a vital message for modern man.

Schweitzer has long been a hero of mine. Thank you for all you've done to make the man known. He will have an immortal influence on human life.

WILFRED PETERSON.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

I SELDOM WRITE to any magazine, but I must express my appreciation of your issue devoted to Albert Schweitzer. Winston Churchill has been called "the Man of the Century"; may I submit that Albert Schweitzer is one of the men of the century.

The moving tributes to him in *SR* are to be treasured. I especially wish to commend N.C. for his splendid editorial. My sincere thanks for bringing your readers the story of this man who served God and man with all his might. How tragic there are not many more like him in this world!

HOWARD COCHRAN.

Cheyenne, Wyo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets that in the foreword to an excerpt from Erica Anderson's book, "The Schweitzer Album," which appeared in the issue of September 25 mention was not made that the publisher is Harper & Row. The book appeared October 22.*

"Never mind, boys. We found the leak up here in the kitchen."

New Way to Prevent War

CAM NE IS ONE of a long line of mistakes of warring factions. Some of history's most prized arts have succumbed to man's lack of reason.

Before a war ever starts why not sit down and reason for at least one day. Let us assume China and the U.S. are on the brink of war. Today war is refined to the point where it is possible to say how many casualties each side will suffer—give or take a million or so. Since the cost of war is going up each year, it now costs about $150,000 to kill a man in combat. (World War II and Korea ran $100,000 and $110,000 respectively.) The cost of labor is higher here than in China so it will cost more to kill one of them. Let China and U.S. figure out how many each side would kill or wound. When they reach an accord, subtract China's cost from our cost. Send the money left over to China in the form of machinery and fertilizer to produce food. In this manner millions of lives will be spared and millions more people can live better. If the resources of the

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world are employed and such things as food taboos overcome, starvation will be whipped. Let us find out about our home here on earth before we go in to space.

CLYDE CHAPMAN.

Gardena, Calif.

Rebuilding Cam Ne (Cont'd.)

THANK YOU SO MUCH for making it possible for many of us to do something about rebuilding the village of Cam Ne. It is so often impossible to put our love into deeds and to make it real.

We are more than grateful to *SR* for making it possible now.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT C. SHOEMAKER.

Holden, Mass.

I AM VERY HAPPY to find that at least some of my countrymen allow justice to transcend ideology. If this attitude were more generally accepted perhaps we would indeed see the end of war.

Enclosed please find a small contribution for the rebuilding of Cam Ne.

DANIEL KLEIN.

Somerville, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As this issue went to press, *SR* readers had contributed $17,200.16 toward the rebuilding of Cam Ne, the South Vietnamese village destroyed by U.S. Marines in reprisal for a burst of sniper fire. Recent contributors include Mr. and Mrs. John K. Mizoue, Annandale, Va.; Aileen C. Bishop, Roanoke, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Silver, Jr., Huron, O.; Darrell R. Cook, Cleveland, O.; Marion A. Fishlock, Newport, R.I.; Donald V. Graham, M.D., Halifax, Nova Scotia; Walter Hartmann, Hammond, Ind.; T. Ezell Tindall, Spartanburg, S.C.; John B. Isom, Des Moines, Iowa; Esther Hottenstein, M.D., Millersburg, Pa.; Mrs. Bertha Daniel, Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. Nan Cox Hare, Johnson City, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Murray, Newark, Del.; Mrs. R. C. Sharp, Santa Barbara, Calif.; John W. Ross, Jr., Miami, Fla.; Elizabeth E. Reed, Locust, N.J.; Joseph J. Connolly, Fresno, Calif.; Dr. and Mrs. O'Neil Dillon, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. Paul Teryl, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mrs. Wallace W. 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(*Continued on page* 53)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

POETS PLAGIARIZED

The stanzas printed here (with apologies to John Ciardi) were compiled by Edward Staebler of Los Angeles from the first lines of poems by the poets listed alphabetically at the right. But which poet wrote which line? Answers on page 68.

( ) Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there
( ) Along a riverside, I know not where.
( ) Under a spreading chestnut-tree
( ) One ought not to have to care.

( ) The shadows grow and deepen round me
( ) With little here to do or see.
( ) Weep with me, all you that read,
( ) When I have fears that I may cease to be.

( ) A day! Help! Help! Another day!
( ) Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay:
( ) Death stands above me, whispering low—
( ) Remember me when I am gone away.

1. Bryant
2. Emily Dickinson
3. Frost
4. Hood
5. Jonson
6. Keats
7. Longfellow
8. James Russell Lowell
9. Christina Rossetti
10. Shakespeare
11. Whittier
12. Wordsworth

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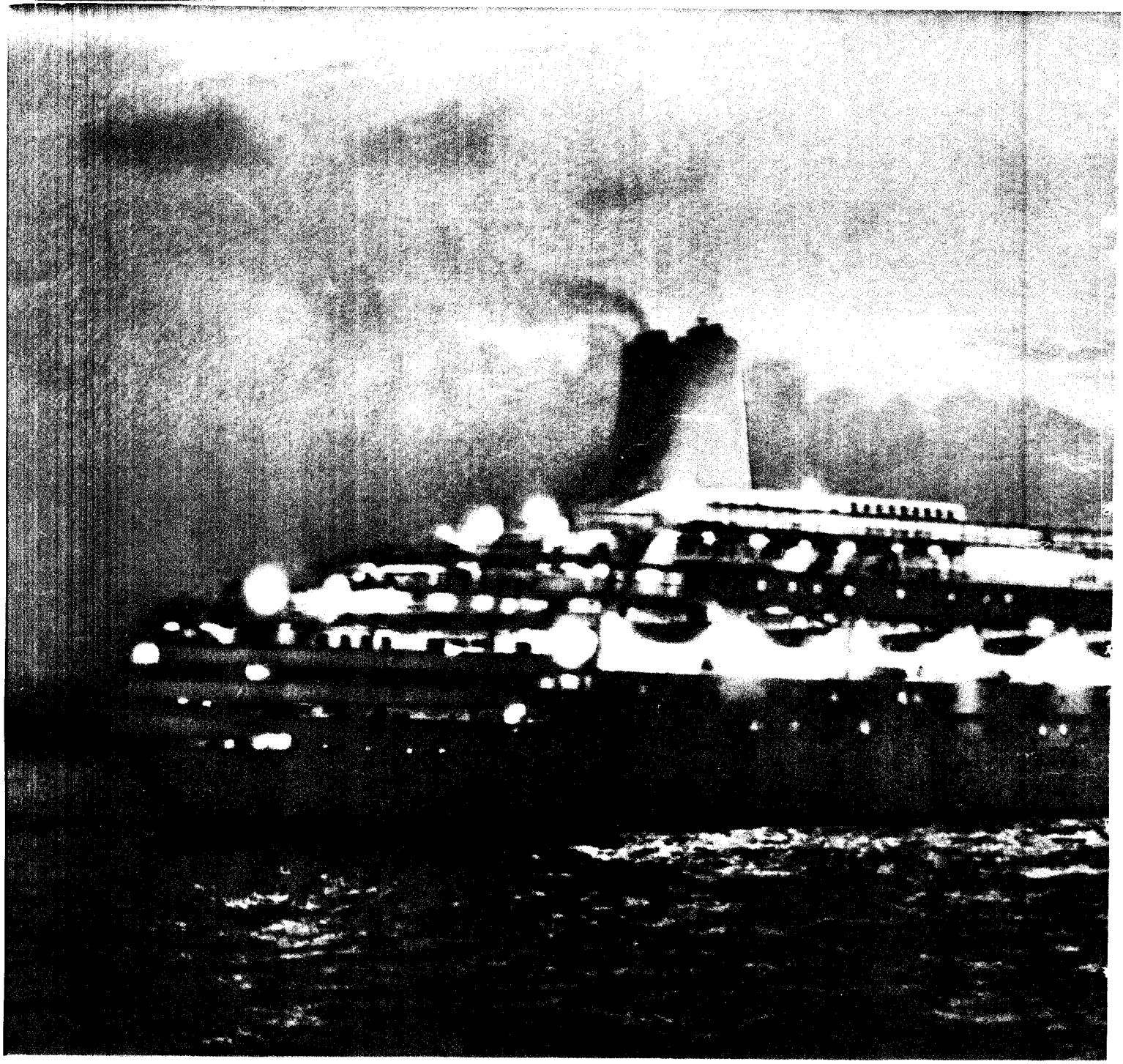

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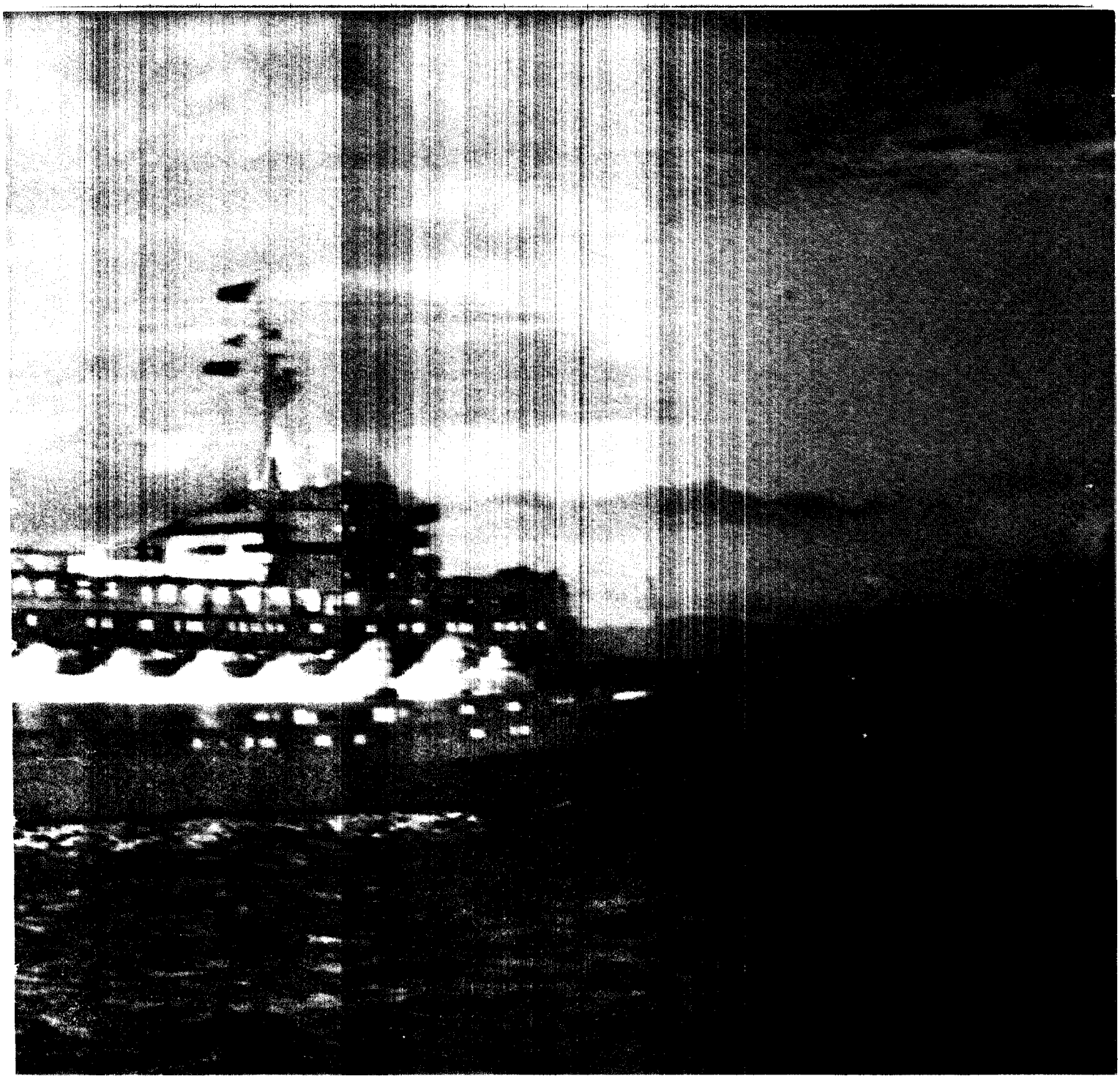

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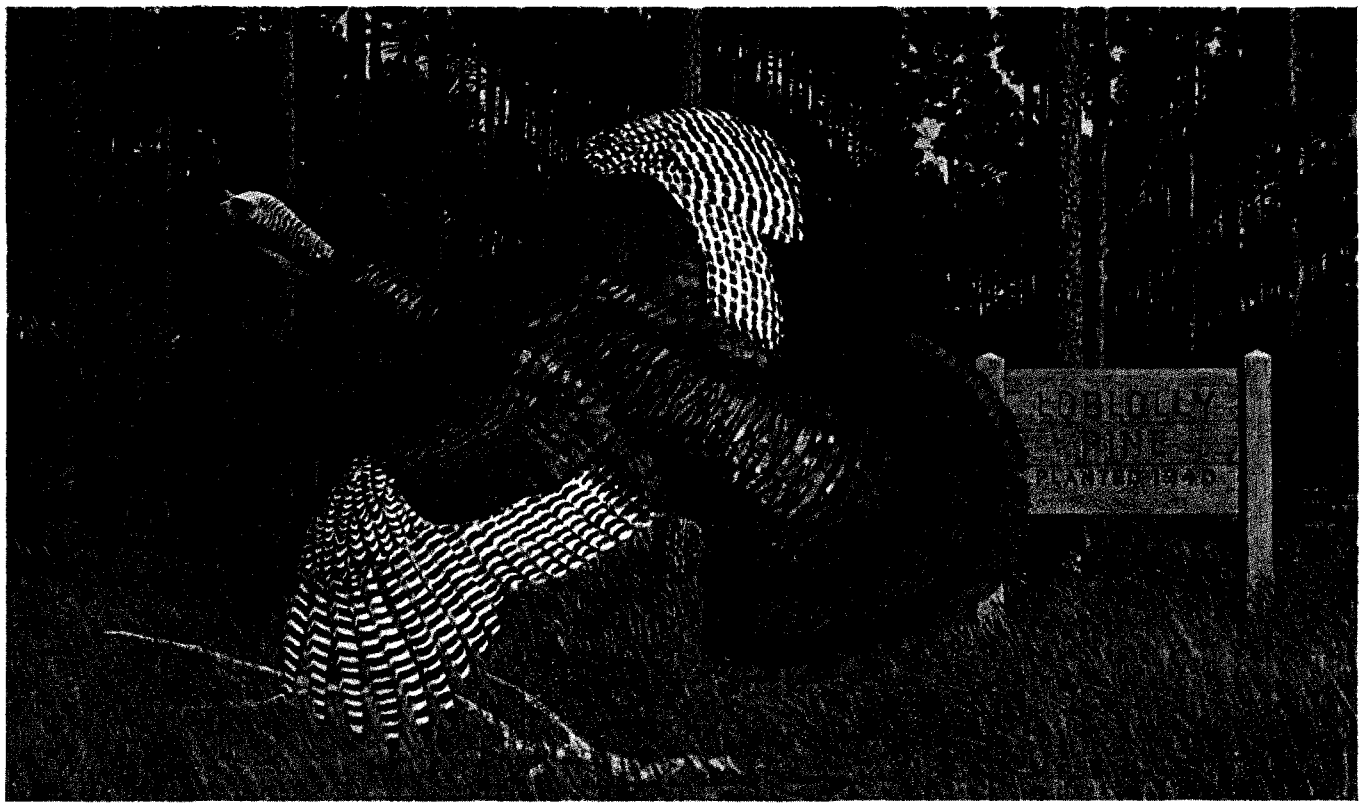

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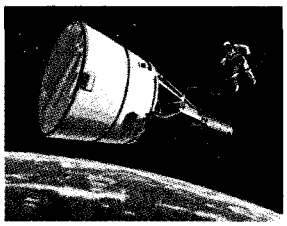

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Continued from page 48

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TV AND RADIO

Getting Away from It All

THREE things recently illustrated some irrational aspects of America's handling of its broadcasting resources—the opening of the new television season, the German national elections, and a project by National Educational Radio. The simultaneous unveiling of fall schedules on the three networks represented millions of dollars of our country's wealth expended for a shocking proportion of absurdly juvenile entertainment. Imitation witches, proliferating secret agents, and uncute children pushed the reasonable limits of popular culture to incredible extremes.

Meanwhile, on the last day of the opening television week, the German national elections were carried live on more than seventy NER stations, members of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. The total cost for the three-hour broadcast was $12,000, including telephone lines linking the stations and the transatlantic cable that brought the returns from Radio Deutsche Welle (Voice of Germany) in Cologne and Bonn. TV-radio editors had plenty of notice of the unprecedented coverage (it was the first time in this country's broadcasting history that educational radio stations were tied together in a live network), yet the event was not even listed in leading Eastern papers.

Radio New York Worldwide, a short-wave organization, participated in the live coverage. Its Vice President for Operations, Mitchell Krauss, and NER Executive Director, Jerrold Sandler organized the imaginative enterprise and served as its anchor men in a specially built studio in the German Information Center in New York. Correspondents in London and Paris contributed commentary, and a small group of foreign affairs specialists analyzed the returns. The result was a highly professional, fast-moving, attractive listening experience. German politics, for most of us, are remote, but the more you listened to this coverage, the more you learned and the deeper your involvement became. My sixteen-year-old daughter, Diana, who is a high-school junior, said she had learned more about modern Germany than she had ever learned in school.

No doubt many Americans, assured that the Federal Republic is safe in the Western camp, are not interested in the subject, but a great many people are curious about the German experiment in Western democracy. For these people, the profound irony is that they never would have had the opportunity to listen to the recent broadcast if the German government hadn't paid for it. The event was originally suggested by Radio New York Worldwide, which interested NER as the American distributing network, but efforts to raise the $12,000 were unsuccessful. Finally, the German Information Center offered to pick up the tab. For years, educational radio people have dreamed of the day when they might have their own live network to serve the nation with a brand of radio not otherwise provided. Mr. Sandler immediately asked his member stations if they would agree to carry the event.

The response was enthusiastic. With the funds provided by the German Information Center in New York, Mr. Krauss and Mr. Sandler made hurried trips to Germany and other European countries to plan the coverage. Mr. Sandler sent back taped reports of the German political campaign, including interviews with the leading candidates, Ludwig Erhard and Willy Brandt. The tapes were played on the NER network in advance of the three-hour election coverage, to promote interest and attract audiences. From the moment the program signed on the air, there was a feeling of verve, excitement, and professionalism that had not been known in educational radio. The voices of top *New York Times* and New York *Herald Tribune* reporters who participated contributed to the tone of "big time" broadcasting. The three major commercial radio networks asked for "feeds" from Radio New York Worldwide.

The NER people were thus able to realize their long dream. With the lift of the adventure behind them, the educational radio broadcasters have new confidence and hope. Seven European nations have indicated willingness to cooperate with NER in future international broadcasting, provided there is a live American network available to furnish immediacy of impact.

Radio New York Worldwide is prepared to lend its facilities. The original question remains, however: Who will pay for it? Even if a way is found to finance occasional international broadcasts, the whole point of NER's enterprising coverage of the German elections will be lost, unless there is a successful drive to create a permanent, national, live, educational radio network. The cost would be a pittance compared to the millions spent by the big networks. The contribution would be incalculable.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Don Carlo with Schippers and Bumbry

VERDI'S *Don Carlo* is such an uncommonly grand opera that its recurrence after a lapse of time tends to rouse mingled feelings of hope for the best and fear for the worst (which is to have it treated like just another commonly "grand" opera). What is best about it, however, is strongly in ascendance at its current reappearance in Metropolitan Opera's repertory, thanks to a fruitful combination of old and new singers, but in even larger part to the fresh influence of Thomas Schippers as conductor. It may, before he is through with it, mark his best accomplishment at the Metropolitan to date.

A portent of things to come was provided by the moody, well-balanced sound of the horn passage in the brief prelude to the first scene. It testified both to the conductor's awareness of the importance Verdi attached to this little curtain-raiser and the consequential part that orchestral color plays in the drama as a whole. Without such awareness, a performance of *Don Carlo* is restricted to consideration of who sang what how well. With it the special kind of drama in this score is within range, at least, of realization.

Not all the links in the chain were equally strong, but the best of them were present and tautly drawn in the great scene of Act III in which Jerome Hines as King Philip II poured out his woes as a father and husband, Justino Diaz as the Grand Inquisitor drew the firm line beyond which even the power of a king could not pass, and Raina Kabaivanska as the Queen and Grace Bumbry as her rival-in-affection, Eboli, clashed in a bitter contest of wills and aspirations. This is the kind of human condition that stirred Verdi most deeply and the performance made it glow with the fervor he poured into it.

Bumbry's performance, in her debut, was a provocative part of the result, if neither as important or as special as the attention lavished on her by at least a part of the audience. In addition to a spacious voice, which accommodated itself comfortably to both extremes of the role (and to the size of the theater as well), she has the even more important gift of temperament. Her Eboli is infused with individuality from the start, which is partially an outgrowth of the manner in which she conceives the character's place in the drama, but also, one suspects, something within her that she cannot very well keep out of whatever she does. She sang the "Veil Song" beautifully with a light coloration not easy for mezzos to come by, but she also had the full range of stops to make "O don fatale" an experience in musical drama rather than merely an exercise in vocal agility. Like most of her sister mezzos, she tends to bear down a little heavily on the dark "chest" tones, but her assurance, self-possession, and character projection are the kind from which a substantial career can be made.

Hardly less important to the total effect, if not so compulsive in its impact, was the appealing Elizabeth of Kabaivanska, a much-improved singer since she was last heard. By some standards this is an "ungrateful" part (no real aria until nearly the last scene) but the performer who makes it as credible a part of the drama as Kabaivanska did earns thanks for artistry. Diaz has the grand supply of sound to match the magnitude of the music Verdi wrote for the Grand Inquisitor: what one may hope for (he is still in his twenties) is the inner tension to build the part to the stature of such performers as Hotter, Schoeffler, and Uhde, who did not sing the music nearly as well as he does. Hines could be put in the special class of the Inquisitor of size who can also sing it well, but he has now made such a strong study of Philip II that it is difficult to think of him exchanging roles in this scene. Now and then he inclines to take on the manner of the superhuman Wotan rather than the merely human Spanish king, but in the great soliloquy of Act III, he was completely in character.

Lest it be supposed this is the odd kind of Verdi opera without a tenor and baritone, *Don Carlo* has them, in two key roles, but they tended to be accessories after the fact on this occasion. As Don Carlo, Bruno Prevedi seemed to be obsessed with a kind of monologue, in which he looked at no one, whether the person opposite was one he loved or hated, or—as in the case of the conductor—merely tolerated. What he has to offer vocally is close enough to distinction to merit a real effort at acting, hard as it may come. Ettore Bastianini was closer to the kind of sense a Marquis of Posa should make, though the lovely rich sound of old is rather dryer, harder for him to produce than it used to be. Given a small infusion of Tucker and Merrill, this *Don Carlo* could come close to the grand ones the Metropolitan has offered in recent years, assuming (which is more than a little) that the best of this cast is retained.

For a Polish violinist to give the first New York performance of a concerto by a Mexican argues something special about either the Polish violinist or the Mexican concerto. In the current case it is both, for the violinist is Henryk Szeryng, who now makes his home in Mexico, and the concerto is the work of that country's composer laureate, Carlos Chavez. Violinists as a group not being notably enterprising, it should not be surprising to learn that the work has waited fifteen years for this exposition, and probably would not have had it yet had Bernstein not set himself the two-season task of investigating "Symphonic Forms in the Twentieth Century." Though the current phase with the Philharmonic is only two weeks old, it has now produced at least one rewarding experience.

This is not to say that the Chavez concerto will take the place of the Mendelssohn or Tchaikovsky at the next international competition. But it has a considerable quantity of provocative music in it, it treats the instrument as a means of musical expression rather than either a prima donna or an acrobat, and it fits exactly the trend of thought Bernstein is pursuing.

In a way, Chavez could be credited with creating a Double Concerto for a Single Instrument, for he has written two complementary entities within a single unbroken sequence. One begins with a slow movement and culminates in a scherzo, the other pursues the reverse order from scherzo to largo, with a cadenza strategically placed between the two scherzos. All this may sound rather formidably formal, but Chavez's ideas are varied, his manipulation of them absorbing. For the most part, the flow of ideas gave rise to the form in which they were expressed, one among other reasons the concerto left an affirmative feeling about a rehearing.

Some share of this doubtless belonged to the performance, which Szeryng made a success through his ever-expanding mastery. He was, in his first appearances here a few years ago, clearly a technician of uncommon abilities, but he has moved on from that narrow classification to broader areas of esteem as an interpreter, a musician, and an artist. It took all of these qualities, and a high order of persuasion, to sustain interest in an uninterrupted series of new impressions lasting half an hour, but it was not beyond him. Lest Bernstein's participation be taken for granted it should be added that his probe for meaning and form put the platform under the structure Szeryng built. The concert, which began with a stirring performance of the Sibelius No. 7 also offered the lulling sonorities of Saint-Saëns organ symphony (Catharine Crozier was the soloist) for those to whom what preceded was all too much, and not necessarily of a good thing.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

In Search of Wisdom Without Faith

IN HIS first novel, *Parktilden Village* (*SR*, May 31, 1958), George P. Elliott brilliantly portrayed some of the more grotesque aspects of contemporary culture. In *David Knudsen* (*SR*, March 3, 1962) he created a character who, as the son of one of the scientists who made the atom bomb possible and as a sufferer from fallout after the testing of a hydrogen bomb in the Pacific, is doubly a victim of modern society, from which he deliberately alienates himself. Elliott's third novel, *In the World* (Viking, $6.95), raises the same fundamental questions about the life we live.

The scene is the San Francisco Bay area, and several of the characters are associated with the University of California in Berkeley. Alfred Royce, the great man of his group, is a lawyer, once active in various government agencies, now teaching while he works on a study of the philosophy of law. Humane, sensitive, and original in his thinking, he has a strong influence on many of his students.

He and his wife, Beth, who is less contented than his admirers assume she must be, have three daughters. Lizzie, Beth's child by another marriage, is a student of anthropology, enamored of the Pueblo Indians, whose life she sees as the antithesis of our money-ridden existence. Sybil, a college undergraduate, is coming alive to the world of men and the world of ideas. Nancy, a charming thirteen-year-old, is just beginning to be conscious of the problems that beset her sisters.

A party given by Alfred Royce introduces a considerable number of other characters, to whom Elliott pays more or less attention in the course of the story. He has neither an old-fashioned plot nor the neat structure recommended by many learned critics of the novel. His symbols are few and not at all recondite, and his point of view skips hither and yon as if he had never read Henry James's prefaces. But if the novel sprawls, one can be sure that that is what Elliott intended it to do.

So far as Alfred Royce is concerned there are two major issues, one domestic and the other professional. On the evening of the party his wife is summoned to her mother's deathbed in Texas, and after her reluctant return, she and Alfred are so estranged that he leaves home. At the same time he is trying to make up his mind whether to become a judge or to continue as a philosopher.

There are too many subordinate themes to summarize, but two or three must be mentioned. One of the guests at the party, a student and admirer of Alfred's, Leon Kalisch, is winding up an affair with a girl named Robin. Another guest, Roy Carver, who professes anarchism, is later involved in a gratuitous murder.

A third theme, one of major importance to Elliott, concerns a lawyer, Joe Thompson, a Negro who passes as white. Unlike all the other characters in the story, Joe is an avowed Christian—Church of England—but this does not deter him from making money out of a crooked TV quiz show. While he is courting Lizzie Royce, he speaks of having been to church, and she says, "Maybe you don't realize that the Bay Area has the lowest rate of church attendance in the United States." "And the highest suicide rate," he replies. "Correlation is not causation," she says smugly, and they let the subject drop.

Much later, after many other things have happened, we come upon Joe and Lizzie, recently married, in England, and we are not surprised to discover that the religious issue is tearing them apart. Joe wants to spend his time visiting cathedrals and "little old parish churches," and Lizzie, though she tries to be patient, rebels. "What a terrible terrible terrible religion Christianity is!" she writes her sister. "Repression and torment and denial." Joe, meanwhile, sets down in his journal, ". . . I may not know where else Christ is but I know that He is in my extremest heart." So convinced is Joe of the corruption of modern society and of the responsibility of science for that corruption that he regrets the Church's failure to do away with Copernicus and the other pioneers.

Of his father-in-law Joe writes: "Alfred is as close as a man can get to being wise without God's aid." Of the Royces as a family he says: "Their house and their manners and their life were so 'graceful' I thought they were 'full of grace.' But lack of faith has closed their hearts to grace and mercy and providence. The worst is the corruption of the best."

Joe is serious about all this, and so, I gather, is Elliott, for in several essays in *A Piece of Lettuce* he speaks as a believer—presumably, like Joe, an adherent of the Church of England. In his portrayal of Alfred he has set out to determine how far towards wisdom a man can go without faith. Alfred goes a

21 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books
55 In the World, by George P. Elliott
56 Letters to the Book Review Editor
57 The European Literary Scene
58 Proust, the Later Years, by George Painter
59 Notebooks, 1942-1951, by Albert Camus
60 The Crippled Tree, by Han Suyin
61 The Suspended Drawing Room, by S. N. Behrman
61 The Great Shakespeare Forgery, by Bernard Grebanier
62 Pick of the Paperbacks
64 The Americans: The National Experience, by Daniel J. Boorstin
65 The Age of Voltaire, by Will and Ariel Durant
66 The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo, by Robert C. Alberts
67 African Stories, by Doris Lessing
68 Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing, by May Sarton
69 A Man from Nowhere, by Elspeth Huxley. The Mule on the Minaret, by Alec Waugh

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considerable distance, but his wisdom doesn't prevent him from messing up his own life and the lives of others. Yet it must be noted that Joe, who deserts his wife, follows a course that does not seem to be distinguished by either wisdom or compassion.

No one, Elliott seems to be saying, is untouched by the corruption of modern society. After Joe leaves her, Lizzie goes to live with her beloved Koyala. "It is because of what you have given me," she writes her parents, "that I have the strength and will to strike out on my own and make a new life for myself. But you are part of a sick culture, and you have never shown any signs of wanting to get out of it that I ever saw. Nobody in the West can hope to escape that poisonous influence completely, of course, but I want to get out as much as I can."

It is not quite clear where Elliott stands in all this. As a Christian, he ought to be sympathetic to Joe, and up to a point he is, but he makes Joe anything but an ideal figure. Lizzie says of Joe, "He kept trusting the Church to save him, which it couldn't and didn't at all." At any rate it didn't, which says something about the Church as well as about Joe.

The novelist of these days who holds strongly to orthodox Christianity has his problems, for most of his readers are likely to be nonbelievers or those for whom belief is perfunctory. Such a novelist may seek, as Frederick Buechner did in *The Final Beast*, to portray a man of faith in the modern world, or he may try to show what happens to individuals and to society when faith is absent. The latter is the method usually followed by Flannery O'Connor, and it is Elliott's method. I cannot say that *In the World* is likely to convert unbelievers, but it does give a convincing and frightening account of the way we live now.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1159

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1159 will be found in the next issue.

C ECNBJCR BF C QCS GBXP

DTXP LKKX LBEQRZ IRCSXKN

–BS XPK CBE.

L. N. ETTFKWKRX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1158

Rumor is untraceable, incalculable, and infectious. —Margot Asquith.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Sharding a Crashing Argument

Mr. W. Wirgin's high-purposed intervention [*SR*, Letters to the Book Review Editor, Sept. 25] in the name of scientific integrity in the matter of my recent book on the Dead Sea Scrolls, reviewed by Prof. T. H. Gaster in your columns [*SR*, Sept. 4], illustrates the pitfalls that beset the reviewer, the reviewed, and the perplexed reader. For—apart from matters in which there can legitimately be some difference of opinion, or where your reviewer is not quite abreast of the very latest investigations—he made his indictment of my thesis depend on the assertion that the terrain is too rough to have permitted any communication between the center of the Dead Sea sect at Qumran and the Zealot stronghold at Masadah, such as I assume. He has not, however, paid attention to the fact that among the recent finds in the Qumran caves there have been legal documents actually drawn up at Masadah. (Need I give the reference? It is *Discoveries in the Judean Desert*, vol. ii, ed. Benoit, Milik and De Vaux, nos: 19 and 72.) Thus this crashing argument so majestically advanced, and so gullibly accepted by Mr. Wirgin, is simply nonexistent.

Cecil Roth.

Jerusalem, Israel

No "Intermediary"

Since I have reason to believe that I am the "intermediary" referred to by Ace Books ("The Candy Covered Copyright," *SR*, Oct. 2), I hasten to inform *SR* readers of the true facts....

Having learned from Professor Tolkien that the Ace Books edition of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy (note correct title) was published without his authorization, I attempted to persuade a local book-seller on whose shelves I had seen it to remove the volumes, even showing him my correspondence with Professor Tolkien on the subject. I was assured that this would be done. Thus, when I saw the offending books still in the store some two weeks later, I wrote to the manager of the business, informing him that my husband and I would no longer patronize an establishment which clearly had little regard for ethics. I had not thought it my place to write to Ace Books, but the manager of the bookshop evidently forwarded my correspondence to the publisher.

Mr. Wollheim of Ace Books saw fit to answer my letter with an explanation of the legality of the firm's action. Its tone was a mixture of the suavely apologetic and the insolent, and the letter contained the suggestion that, if I were in touch with Professor Tolkien, *I* ask *him* to write to Ace Books about arranging a royalty, though the firm had no obligation to pay one!

I did indeed send the letter on to Professor Tolkien, in hopes that he or his publishers might be able to make some legal use of it, but they may well regard Mr. Wollheim's letter as beneath contempt and hardly the "polite note" referred to in your article. In any case, . . . I am *not* eager to be regarded as an "intermediary," serving Ace Books!

Nan C. Scott.

Lawrence, Kan.

Since Dr. Tolkien saw fit to write a number of his personal correspondents in this country about his ire upon learning of our paperback editions—and possibly also upon discovering for the first time that his original hardbound publishers had not protected the copyright of his work in this country—it would reasonably be wondered why he did not also write at once to Ace Books as the supposed offending party demanding to know why and what for. It seemed correct to us to ask one of these correspondents to tell him of our interest, for he did not write us nor did we even have his address.

There has been an awful lot of hypocrisy spread about on this affair—hypocrisy I say since a great deal of it has been spread in an effort to cover up the fumbling of Dr. Tolkien's rights in the original instance. An example of this was contained in David Dempsey's article in the claim, never before made, that Ballantine had an already existing contract to reprint the Tolkien saga prior to Ace's editions. Frankly, we find this hard to believe. If Ace Books had not published these works in soft covers, it is our opinion there would not now or ever have been any other low-priced editions.

We are willing and capable of paying the author an honorarium for his work, and we have said so from the beginning, and our word on this has been published in many newspapers throughout this country. But we insist upon some courtesy on the recipient's part also, considering the hasty and ill-advised manner he has played into the hands of our competitors, who represent the very firms whose laggard efforts tossed his rights away a dozen years ago, and who now seek to blame the U.S. printing industry for the neglect they could easily have remedied.

Donald A. Wollheim,
Editor, Ace Books, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

It Wasn't Electra

In *SR* Oct. 9, there is a picture (page 57) used [with] Robert Payne's review of Gladys Schmitt's *Electra*.

This scene from the film *Elektra* is not showing Electra [but] Clytemnestra.

Joel M. Pritkin.

Topeka, Kan.

Editor's note: SR *regrets the error, appreciates the correction.*

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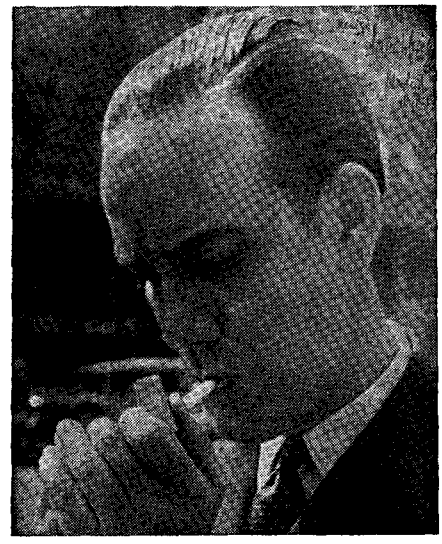
The European Literary Scene



Camilo José Cela—"disturbing realism."

Since the Prague Congress on Kafka in May 1963, Marxist critics have had to face up to the bewildering task of evaluating and interpreting this unusual writer. Recently *Soviet Literature* ran a most useful survey of new, disparate, and slightly contradictory attempts to understand and explain Kafka. His role outside the Communist world was summarized as that of "creator of religious allegories of Judaic bent and the fashioner of religious symbols in the Christian spirit. Scholars relate him to the Surrealists and simultaneously to the exponents of 'subjectivist awareness,' *i.e.*, to the Existentialists. He is considered to be the artist who revealed the impossibility of escaping from the ideological and psychological labyrinths into which man has entered. A number of scholars consider him a realist, a writer who foresaw the horrors of Fascism and all the tragedies of modern man, a writer whose work is topical in our time."

The Russian critics, meanwhile, are now busy "working out their own Marxist view of this complex literary phenomenon." Their attempts constantly extract Kafka from his nightmarish world and resettle him in the old, declining Austro-Hungarian *milieu*, with its soulless bureaucracy, arbitrary authority, anti-Semitism, and lack of civil rights. Kafka correctly took these evils to be "common to mankind" and adopted a proper social and political attitude toward them, but his irrationality made him less than a Marxist. As Dmitri Zatonsky deplores in *Voprosi Literaturi*, Kafka felt himself to be in complete spiritual isolation. ("Everywhere Kafka was alien, superfluous; the general process of capitalist alienation was compounded with alienation in private life. He felt himself a man without a country, without a people.") This anticollective sense alienated him also from Communism, for to Kafka this absurd world "will remain the only one forever because people are not fit for anything better."

In a new essay on Kafka's life and work, Boris Suchkov further analyzes why Marxists have trouble with this Czech pessimist: "Even though Kafka hated the evil which oppressed people, his sense of man's impotence and defenselessness predetermined him against any social struggle doomed to failure. He remained on the sidelines, uncommitted, an observer. Still, he did serve a purpose in making readers aware of the tragic quality of life in a bourgeois society, with its instability and its hostility to the people."

Yuri Mann's article in *Novy Mir* tries harder than ever to accommodate Kafka to Marxism. "In Kafka's phantasmagoric visions, imbued with pain and despair, there is in a certain sense a no less grotesque generalization than in Brecht's dramaturgy, which appeals to reason and to the idea of social progress." In *Inostrannaya Literatura* Evgenia Knipovich makes a most curious analogy between Kafka and another, more forthright critic of Central European authoritarianism, the satirist Jaroslav Hasek (*Good Soldier Schweik*), whom she distinctly prefers: "Grotesque of Hasek's kind did not mystify or deform reality. In exposing his political *milieu*, Kafka did not decipher something complex, but rather put into cipher something simple." (Another reason Miss Knipovich might prefer Hasek is that after his capture as combatant in Russia he worked for the Communist Party.) Evgeni Gnedin, in *Novy Mir*, compares Kafka to yet another social satirist, Karel Capek (*War with the Newts*), like Kafka and Hasek a resident of Prague. Capek is praised for "having made it easier to recognize the sources and manifestations of Fascism." Echoing sentiments already expressed at the colloquium on "Contemporary Problems of Realism and Modernism" held at the Gorky Institute of World Literature last December, Soviet critics agree that since authors must not portray man as a passive victim and must not cloak real and present social dangers in an aura of mystery and allegory, Russian writers must not take Kafka as a model.

Nor did they give Russia any credit for "inventing" Kafka, as did the late Renato Poggioli, who explained Kafka's cosmic view through Dostoevsky's *Idiot*, and particularly through Hippolyte's vision therein of Holbein's *Dead Christ*.

The Spanish publisher Destino has issued the first two volumes of the complete works of Camilo José Cela. Cela is the most vigorously independent writer in Spain today, hailed by Arturo Barea as the only eminent writer to emerge in Spain after the Civil War. Although hallowed since 1957 by admission to the Real Academia, Cela still gives the censors uneasy moments by his disturbing realism, evocative of the young Hemingway. His most Hogarthian novel, *La Colmena (The Hive*; American edition, Farrar, Straus, & Giroux), centers on the cafés, tenements, and brothels of Madrid in 1943. It is, in Cela's own words, "a slice of life told step by step, without reticence, without external tragedies, without charity, exactly as life itself rambles on." The second most important of his long list of novels, stories, and essays is *The Family of Pascal Duarte* (American edition, Atlantic-Little, Brown), the biography of an ignorant and brutal Castilian peasant whose savage impulses drive him to murder. To Alastair Reid, Duarte is "as vast a tragic hero in his context as Oedipus in his." The book significantly first appeared in Buenos Aires. Cela now lives in Palma de Mallorca, where he publishes the important cultural magazine *Son Armadans*. This withdrawal to an island may be attributable to his claim (when Ernesto Guerra DaCal invited me to dine with him two years ago) that he is on his mother's side descended from pirates of Penzance.

I still feel that the most important event of the 1965 season at Spoleto was the brilliant revival of the *Veneziana (Venetian Woman)*, one of the liveliest, albeit anonymous, comedies of the Italian Renaissance. Nevertheless, the poetry jamboree captured most of the headlines. A footnote to it occurs to me. Every report on the poets' conference publicized the forgiveness extended to Ezra Pound for past political errors. Why did no one ever remark on the forgiveness extended to another participant, Chile's Pablo Neruda, alias Neftalí Reyes, Stalin Prize-winner? Neruda has served Stalin and Mao Tse-tung faithfully with a long barrage of poetic vituperation against General Marshall, Coca-Cola, Anaconda Copper, United Fruit, Standard Oil, and the USA, whose foundations have contributed so much to the festival. Although he used to deal with U.S. Marines' coddling of

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Trujillo in San Domingo, one supposes that in Spoleto he did not recite verses about the leathernecks currently occupying that capital.

When *Le Figaro Littéraire* recently published a florilegium of unedited letters of Marcel Proust, it was thanks to the investigations of Philip Kolb of the University of Illinois, America's leading Proust scholar. Among these letters, dating from 1892 to 1919, one stands out as an anomaly: a petulant and almost resentful letter of condolence. It exposes the extent of Proust's rupture with his Rumanian friend, Prince Antoine Bibesco, in August 1902 and forms a striking contrast to Marcel's commiserating letter to Antoine at the death of the latter's mother, a note in which he volunteers to go off to Rumania that they may weep together.

My dear Antoine,

I received at Cabourg, where I am so ill that I fear I shall be unable to remain longer, your note asking to see me. It is as you see impossible. And now I read of the death of your father. The most differing sentiments are intermixt in our wretched hearts, where everything serves as a pretext to reopen ill-healed wounds and to aggravate open wounds and make us suffer all the more. This death has brought back to me a very different misfortune, of incalculable influence on your life and that of Emmanuel, the death of your mother. A misfortune which struck me so deeply that I remember it only with pain, and yet one I should always remember with sweetness as having made me communicate more intimately with you and Emmanuel, if on the contrary, following a vile and inept lie which you believed since you repeated it to me, it had not put an end to our friendship by preventing me from continuing to love truly those who have taken me for a hypocrite: even the past of my friendship with you two was so sullied that I cannot think of it without revulsion.

I met your father only once and for a minute. I never knew him. His appearance held the same charms by which all of you please: beauty, taste for things of the spirit, nobility, and simplicity. I knew only so much along with a few remarks of poor people to whom he had been kind. Please tell Emmanuel that if I never write him it doesn't mean that I don't think of him often. But you know that I am quite ill, my old Antoine, without being entirely mad, as you believe. I believe myself even quite sound. In a letter of Flaubert, he said that Dr. Hardy made this comment on him which he considered profound: "He's like an old hysterical woman, and we'll have to treat him as one." I think that in your more indulgent days such is your idea of me. Alas, dear Antoine, there was a time a few months ago, when I was ill

(*Continued on page 73*)

In a Soundproof Room in Paris

—*From the book.*

Proust at a tennis party, 1891—"a dreary existence and a repulsive character."

Proust: The Later Years, *by George Painter (Little, Brown. 424 pp. $7.50), completes a two-volume biography, making use of the vast amount of primary material that has become available in recent years. Laurent LeSage, professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University, wrote "Proust and His Literary Friends."*

By LAURENT LESAGE

THE PUBLICATION of this second volume gives us, forty-three years after his death, a complete and definitive biography of Marcel Proust. The first volume, published in 1959, took him up to the age of thirty-two, showing the child, the youth, the young man in society, and the author of *Jean Santeuil*. *Proust: The Later Years* is devoted to the rest of his life: the years of semiseclusion and of writing which ultimately produced the masterpiece *A la Recherche du temps perdu*.

The time for such a biography was ripe. Since 1922 vast piles of material have accumulated—a wealth of manuscripts, correspondence, memoirs. Scholars have, from the first, worked industriously to integrate each new piece of information into a total picture, and from time to time have offered comprehensive views, the most notable being that of André Maurois, which dates from 1949. During the 1950s considerably more information turned up, certain problems were solved and debates settled. A new synthesis was needed, one that would go over the whole ground thoroughly and collate all the material to present a full biography. George Painter, a librarian at the British Museum, has now completed the job. His work renders obsolete or superfluous all the Proust biography that has preceded it, and prohibits, for a long time to come, anything but minor amplification or correction.

Painter's *Proust* is a monument of the scholarly method. It rests upon all the published primary material available and is most painstakingly documented by elaborate footnotes and references. The biographer's labor has been enormous, all the more so because it was begun before some of the standard tools, like Philip Kolb's work on the correspondence, were available. One feels that Painter rather likes to grind his own ink anyway, and, to judge from his preface to Volume I (although he does acknowledge Kolb and a few others), in general he takes a dim view of his predecessors' efforts. That he should be excessively harsh on previous work and proud of his own indicates, among other things, the thorough and scrupulous scholarship that he put into his book.

It is as a monument of erudition, a *summa* of information about a great novelist and his work that Painter's study takes a place on our shelves. Neither the material itself nor the talent of the author makes it a book to be read just as biography. Proust had a dreary existence and a repulsive character. His eccentricities might make curious reading for those who had not already heard enough of his cork-lined room, the bits of cotton wool sticking out from beneath his garments, his nocturnal appearances; his homosexual attraction to working-class youths and his sadistic practices with rats let loose in his bedroom. But whereas Mr. Painter omits none of this—in fact, he elaborates upon Proust's sexual aberrations as a Freudian reaction to the

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kiss his mother refused him in childhood—he does not exploit his subject to achieve a *succès de scandale*. Likewise, the fashionable Paris which Proust knew, with its duchesses and demi-mondaines, remains in the background. For vignettes of persons like the preposterous Montesquiou, *arbiter elegantiae* of the Belle Epoque, one would do better to read Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals*.

Painter's plain narrative of Proust's life" is of interest chiefly in relation to Proust's work. It is hard to imagine that the second volume especially would appeal or even mean very much to readers not thoroughly familiar with Proust's writings. On the other hand, Proustian connoisseurs will follow intently the detailed account of all the books from the *Ruskin* on, not only the factual history of each piece finished or abandoned but its significance as a step along the way to the *grand oeuvre* of creative alchemy. In Painter's presentation they appear as rites of purification or exorcism, or as obstacles in a quest for the Grail. His interpretations and theories invite much pondering concerning the true meaning of the various works and the factors responsible for a lifetime of failure ultimately crowned by success.

His Doubt Was Not Without Hope

***Notebooks, 1942-1951**, by Albert Camus, translated from the French by Justin O'Brien (Knopf. 274 pp. $5), the second volume of private jottings by the Nobel Prize-winner, reflects him as quieter if no less committed. Arthur Darack, who took his doctorate in philosophy, is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

THE WORKS of Albert Camus grapple with the problems of interpreting human experience in both its precise and poetic aspects. These are not the tendentious categories of Nietzsche, for example (Dionysus and Apollo), nor the grandiose polarities of Marx or Sartre, with their world-shaking, angry frustrations and despairs. Camus does not raise his voice; he speaks softly, elegantly, not without hope, not yet with despair.

Camus has concentrated on presenting man to himself, as an isolated figure rejected by society no matter how much he thinks and feels on its behalf. In his *Notebooks*, Camus takes the prior step: he presents himself to himself. This may be contrasted with Sartre, who now in the twilight of his career is engaged in self-confrontation, beginning with *The Words*. Thus Camus has written out his confessions, which are as much journals of intent as they are logs of past performance.

Each entry in the *Notebooks*, disconnected from its fellows but not from Camus's thought, finds its way into a complete work, or as a prod to a work in which it is entailed, or as a declaration of intent. There are notes about books, events, and people. Camus explains the order and organization of his works. The Absurd: *The Myth of Sisyphus, Caligula,* and *The Misunderstanding*. Next, Revolt: *The Plague, The Rebel,* etc. He had greater ambitions, as every page of this book makes clear. Unfortunately, most of them remain unfulfilled. The large-scale novel, the numerous small ones he tossed into the hopper of the future—all went by the wayside in that idiotic, "absurd" auto accident that took his life in its most relaxed, energetic phase.

This volume of *Notebooks* reflects the quieter Camus and contains less of the personal tumult of the young man; but it is not less committed. In the earlier *Notebooks* the menace looming over Europe and Africa is the black plague of Hitler; later it is Stalin. But it is always somebody or something. Life must arrange to go on. Camus offers his "arrangements."

—*Marie Hansen (Pix).*

Albert Camus in the garden behind his Paris studio—"optimistic as to mankind."

The *Plague,* Camus's novel about pestilential Oran, which symbolized Europe under Hitler, is referred to repeatedly in *Notebooks*. ". . . everyone carries the plague in him, because no one, no one in the world, is untouched by it."

About Marxism and Christianity, which he regards as closely related, he writes:

> Communists and Christians will tell me that their optimism looks further ahead, and that it is superior to all the rest, and that God or history, according to the case, is the satisfactory aim of their dialectic. I have the same reasoning to make. If Christianity is pessimistic as to man, it is optimistic as to human destiny. Marxism, pessimistic as to destiny, pessimistic as to human nature, is optimistic as to the progress of history (its contradiction!). *I* shall say that, pessimistic as to the human condition, I am optimistic as to mankind.

Yet he confesses to a constant temptation, "the one against which I have never ceased fighting to the point of exhaustion: cynicism."

THERE are many short sentences in *Notebooks*, epigrams, observations, witticisms: "Misfortune of this age. Not so long ago, bad deeds called for justification, but today it's good deeds." He aims a Nietzschean blow at Wagner: "Wagner, music of slaves." And he tosses modern art out the window: "The art of tyrannizing."

Camus's great hold on the literary public in Europe and America stems from the admiration we accord the literary philosopher who is also a man of action. After dominating philosophy for more than fifty years, Bertrand Russell achieved a reputation for wisdom only when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. Suddenly he could command the attention of world leaders, though he took the wise precaution of sending them only telegrams to read. Camus, trained in philosophy, and as the self-appointed philosopher of "the absurd," excites us because, like Arthur Koestler, he can do something difficult: combine practical wisdom and philosophy with artistry. He insists that he is not a philosopher, and some philosophers have been almost absurd in their haste to agree with him. Yet in *The Rebel* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* he seems to be making noises like those of the company he has just deserted.

How can men like Russell, Koestler, Camus, and Sartre combine the analysis of human experience (philosophy) with the provision of it (literature)? The answer is style. Style bridges the gap be-

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tween the explanations and excuses we make for the human condition and our love or hate for it. Camus tries to love it steadfastly, to cling to it with Mediterranean passion and to understand it with the sickness of European rationalism.

The essence of Camus's style is control, though it sometimes eludes him. He commenced writing in a world dominated by the mass murders of Hitler and the intellectual barbarism of Stalin, a world that he asserted was governed by the absurd. But recognizing after much self-struggle that "the absurd" was becoming too encompassing a principle for him, like the class struggle in Marx, or the "racial anguish" of Hitler, Camus returned to the ideals of liberal humanism, where he might have achieved even more than his existing estimable body of work. There was a time in his development when his anti-Communism was in danger of turning him to the radical right. He did not succumb, partly because of the furious attacks on him by Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre, and many others. In both a practical and theoretical sense he parted company with his opponents on the left, as he had with those on the right. There is this memorable phrase in the new novel by Marguerite Young, *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling*: He was "neither the left wing nor the right wing but . . . the whole bird." (I quote from memory.) Camus was, at his death, "the whole bird."

The Chinese Side of the Story

***The Crippled Tree,** by Han Suyin (Putnam. 461 pp. $5.95), concerns the author's childhood, her Belgian mother and Chinese father, and the resentments of present-day China toward the U.S. David Dodge, author of "The Poor Man's Guide to the Orient," is currently at work on a novel with a Cantonese background.*

By DAVID DODGE

EARLY in her book Han Suyin identifies herself as one of a class "who have never been Communists, and can never become Communist because they have passed the age at which they believe strongly enough in anything to man the barricades and die with triumphal shouts on their lips."

For all that, Mme. Han's sympathies are frankly with barricade-climbers, most particularly those who today man the defenses of Communist China against the aggressions of the USA. She writes of "the Americans in South Vietnam [who] with indiscriminate slaughter have succeeded in making Communism appear to the people the only salvation . . .," and because she is so honestly partisan the book is of greater interest and value than it might have been if written more objectively. It gives the Chinese side of a story that we in America know only from our own side.

We do not easily communicate with the other side. Some seven hundred million Chinese, the largest single ethnic group in the world, do not exist for us diplomatically, politically, in trade relations, in social intercourse, in the observation of our own newspaper reporters, or as people we might conceivably want to try to wean from the error of their ways to the righteousness of our own, as once we did in the name of Christianity. We recognize the fact of their existence only when we meet them head on in the field of military combat. We communicate then, but with bullets.

The Crippled Tree is written by a woman who does not like and admire us as we want to be liked and admired. But it explains in its way *why* we are not liked and admired, and any explanation of China today is better than none. Furthermore, Han Suyin writes with elegance and style. Even when she is ripping into Americans.

Her book takes the form of an autobiography elaborated with family biographies. Mme. Han was born to the Belgian wife of a Chinese railway engineer, in China. She grew up there, went to school there and later in Europe; as a grown woman she became interested in tracing her family tree on both sides, European and Oriental. The book purports to tell what she learned or was able to surmise, mostly on the Oriental side, for the years from 1885 to 1928.

Han Suyin—"honestly partisan."

When the narrative boils over into politics, however, as it does more often than not, it ranges backward in time from the latest atrocity in South Vietnam to the Opium Wars of the early 1840s, by which Europe first breached Imperial China's barriers against trade with the outside world and entered upon a century of commercial exploitation of the country that ultimately bankrupted it and brought it to revolution. Mme. Han equates the United States's late arrival in the great Oriental Marketplace, bringing oil for the lamps of China, with Great Britain's earlier, forcible, entry into it with opium (in both cases the clever foreign devils forced foreign addictions, one for narcotics, the other for light to see by, on a reluctant native population), and she is less than generous about things like America's withdrawal, under Woodrow Wilson, from the international Banking Consortium that took from the Chinese government its right to collect its own revenues. The book bristles with references to the "bristlingly armed United States of America" and American "gunboat diplomacy," the nefariousness of the American CIA, the iniquities of America in league with Japan, England, and France to subsidize and manipulate the warlords who divided China into warring baronies during the years between the two world wars.

But it is a credo, and an honest credo. Mme. Han believes these things to be true of us. So do millions of Chinese currently being force-fed a daily diet of Hate America. *The Crippled Tree* suggests, strongly if inadvertently, that the time has come for America to awake to the reality of Red China, to do something about it besides turn our backs on it and say it doesn't exist.

When she writes about herself and her family without political implications, Mme. Han is more appealing. She was born at a time when and in a world where "Eurasian" was a dirty word. Her parents, brought together by love, were mismated from the beginning, but held together by force of circumstance in an environment the mother never understood, hated bitterly, and could not escape. Mme. Han reconstructs an awful scene in which the drunken mother croons to her newborn baby, "Die! Die!" As a child she accepted what her mother believed and told her, that the father's family secretly fed the mother poison to kill her or drive her mad.

It is hard to tell from Mme. Han's narrative whether the crippled tree of her story—distorted by adversity, but tough, strong, alive—is meant to represent herself, her mother, her father, her family, or China. But there is good wood in the tree, as well as bitterness and a sermon.

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Profiles of Wit and Studies of War

—Lotte Jacobi

S. N. Behrman—"mastery of the undertold anecdote."

The Suspended Drawing Room, *by S. N. Behrman (Stein & Day. 253 pp. $6), collects profiles of an assortment of people from Bernard Shaw to Ferenc Molnar, along with sketches of war-devastated London. Richard A. Cordell, George Ade Professor of English at Purdue University, wrote "Somerset Maugham."*

By RICHARD A. CORDELL

CELEBRATION is called for when a new book by S. N. Behrman appears, for he is one of the notable stylists writing in English today. How many essayists besides E. B. White and Rebecca West are his peers? Behrman's style is never overwrought, never an end in itself, but a vastly agreeable, easy-flowing means to an old-fashioned end —communication. His seemingly effortless use of the colloquial, his respect for the English language and for his readers recall the counsel of Lord Chesterfield: "I would advise those who do not speak elegantly not to speak at all."

The Suspended Drawing Room is a collection of seven "profiles" (five of which appeared in *The New Yorker*), memorable accounts of visits to London in 1944 and 1946, and an affectionate preface on Harold Ross. In these ten pieces Behrman has plenty to communicate, and, as always, he says it with polish, laconic wit, and intelligence. Again he demonstrates his mastery of the undertold anecdote.

Behrman enthusiasts have often been exasperated by the critics who patronized him, who dismissed his plays and other writings as somewhat insubstantial. He has had to endure most from drama pundits, though the simple fact is that he may be the best writer of comedy yet to appear in America. Is there a more entertaining, literate, thoughtful, and amusing comedy than *Biography*?

The Suspended Drawing Room joins the gracious company of the author's autobiographical *The Worcester Account*, his sparkling study of Duveen, and *Portrait of Max*, a pure delight for literate readers. This last conversation-piece among other things proves the inaccuracy of the famous tag "incomparable" which Bernard Shaw fastened on Max Beerbohm. *Portrait of Max* is comparable to the best of Beerbohm.

The present volume contains three pieces which have not been published previously: the recollection of Harold Ross (in which Behrman says quietly that the famous portrait by Thurber is quite wrong); and the two joint sketches of Bernard Shaw and the bizarre Gabriel Pascal, which did not appear in *The New Yorker* because of an anguished appeal from Pascal, who feared that they would pain Charlotte Shaw.

"The Suspended Drawing Room," a brief picture of London in wartime, is unforgettable; particularly its description of a miraculously preserved room of eighteenth-century elegance in a partially bombed-out house on Berkeley Square. Less dramatic but more harrowing is "It's Cold at Lady Windermere's," a graphic account of England during the agonizing winter of 1946, with the lack of fuel, the food shortages worse than those in defeated Germany, the social unrest. A cynicism absent during the shared terrors of the bombing appeared in the wry explanation of the almost intolerable discomforts: "Well, you know we won the war." Behrman can handle the grim as well as the comic and ironic, the substantial as well as the insubstantial.

The profiles of Robert Sherwood, Ferenc Molnar (containing a marvelous new Coolidge yarn), Dr. Emanuel Libman, Elia Kazan's fantastic Uncle Joe, and Chaim Weizmann whet our appetites for more of the same—sketches of Ina Claire, the Lunts, the improbable Maurice Maeterlinck, Sidney Howard, George Kaufman, Gilbert Miller, and others Behrman knew, or knows, well.

The Boy Who Played the Bard

The Great Shakespeare Forgery, *by Bernard Grebanier (Norton. 308 pp. $5), tells of the eighteenth-century teen-age forger whose fraudulent "Shakespeare" play was produced at a leading London theater. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, has edited a forthcoming anthology of Elizabethan literature.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

DURING the resurgence of enthusiasm for Shakespeare in the 1790s no one more ardently collected legends and relics of the master poet than Samuel Ireland, a London engraver and travel writer. And no one could have been more delighted when Ireland's teen-age son began to bring home Elizabethan documents, some of them supposedly in Shakespeare's own hand. The boy explained that a rich and well-disposed friend had turned the material over to him, and that this good man insisted on remaining in the background because he didn't want people pestering him.

Samuel Ireland, who had always regarded his son as slow-witted, hadn't the slightest tingle of suspicion that the papers might be faked. But all the while this junior con man was manufacturing the documents with incredible speed. They included a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare, and a letter and love poem from the poet to Ann Hathaway. Young William Henry Ireland, an apprentice law clerk, had obtained some seasoned parchment, and he used various tricks to make the ink look old. Like that earlier youthful forger whom he admired, the brilliant Thomas Chatterton, Ireland also attempted an antiquated spelling.

If the elder Ireland was fooled, so were a number of recognized scholars and sniffing lawyers. The highly respected James Boswell even called at the Irelands' home to kneel reverently before the relics. Although in various quarters doubts eventually began to

(*Continued on page* 70)

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The word that best describes Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt is *dynamique*. This small, graying Frenchwoman, the author of *Tutankhamen* (see picture box), is curator of the Louvre's Egyptian Antiquities as well as UNESCO consultant on Egyptology. Her book has won praise from all sides, not least of it the French Academy's Grand Prize in history and a fan letter from President de Gaulle.

In New York recently Mme. Noblecourt expressed enthusiasm about UNESCO's success in saving the Nubian temples that had been threatened by the Aswan Dam. As adviser to the massive salvage job, Mme. Noblecourt directed the removal of tons of rock. "Back and forth from Paris to Egypt I went. Seventy-eight times across the Mediterranean," she said. "Some temples were taken apart, stone by stone, then put together again on higher ground. Others were moved intact on special tracks across the desert." To thank her for her efforts the Egyptian government allowed her to remove the Tutankhamen treasures from their protective glass cases in the Cairo Museum and to have them photographed for her book, the first time since the original excavations in the 1920s that the priceless relics have been photographed so extensively.

Novels of the 1930s by authors who seem to have disappeared along with their works have been popping up with some regularity. Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* (Avon, 95¢) was a recent example. And now three Depression and sometimes depressing novels by Daniel Fuchs have been resurrected by Berkley Books at 75¢ each: *Summer in Williamsburg* (1934), *Homage to Blenholt* (1936), and *Low Company* (1937). Critics Alfred Kazin, Stanley Edgar Hyman, and Howard Moss have found them worthy of enthusiastic praise. What happened to Fuchs? He went thataway, or West to Hollywood. He is thoroughly alive and unrepentant: "It would be foolish to expect writers not to want to be paid a livelihood for what they do." Among his screen credits down the years are *Panic in the Streets*, *Jeanne Eagles*, and *Love Me or Leave Me*, for which he won an Academy Award in 1955. . . . As a prize in a contest, *Writer's Digest* offered its readers "An Evening with Gertrude": all they had to do was identify her. The correct answer was Gertrude Stein in a recording of readings from her works, but more than 25 per cent of the entrants guessed that Gertrude was the kangaroo colophon imprinted on Pocket Books. These losers became winners, however, when Pocket Books President Leon Shimkin cheerfully sent them each six months' supply of new Pocket Books titles. . . . That's Gertrude who appears in the upper left corner of *Pacem in Terris*, edited by Edward Reed (Pocket Books, 95¢), a valuable record of the International Convocation on the Requirements of Peace, which assembled statesmen, philosophers, even practical politicians to discuss the ways and means of world peace. . . . A guide to mid-twentieth-century language, *The Penguin Dictionary of English*, edited by London University Professor George N. Garmonsway ($1.95), was seven years in preparation and emphasizes such Americanisms as "hooey," "cool," "square," "hip." It doesn't take long for such phrases to become dated: "hula hoop" now seems almost as archaic as "forsooth" and "prithee." Surprisingly, there's not a mention of either a Mod or a Rocker. . . . If anyone does care about the difference between them, try *Generation X* (Fawcett Gold Medal, 50¢), in which British teen-agers talk in tape-recorded sessions: "Both Mods and Rockers like Pop music, but the Mods are more way out. . . . Mod girls wear dresses with round collars, no lipstick, white stockings. . . . Rocker girls wear leather gear, flat shoes, hair bouffant. . . . Rockers are any age up to twenty-five, but you've got to be young to be a Mod." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

If, as Paul Tillich has said, "Existentialism has become the style of our period," then Albert Camus's *Exile and the Kingdom*, translated by Justin O'Brien (Vintage, $1.65), is a guidebook to contemporary living. These stories inquire into the nature of man's quest, accept his alienation, and attach significance to the search itself. Camus has succeeded admirably in the difficult task of blending philosophy and fiction.

The Uncommon Reader, edited by Alice S. Morris (Avon, 95¢), contains stories that appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* during the 1950s, when she was its literary editor. The stories—by Paddy Chayevsky, Nadine Gordimer, Hortense Calisher, Flannery O'Connor, among others—are not only uncommon, they are often uneven. Mingled with the more durable efforts are a few so fragmentary as to be but a promise of a later work. The fourteen short stories in Thomas Wolfe's *From Death to Morning* (Scribners, $1.65) remind us again how compelling a writer Wolfe was, and how careless. This collection, which includes the frequently anthologized "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn," surges with the ebullience of his original if untidy prose. *Ward Six and Other Stories* (Signet, 75¢), in a new translation by Ann Dunnigan, represents the mature style of Anton Chekhov's later years. Most of these were written about the turn of the century; in 1904 Chekhov died at the age of forty-four. In his warm introduction to *The Vintage Bradbury* (Vintage, $1.45) Gilbert Highet compares Ray Bradbury, that first-order fantasist, to Poe and Kafka. He is certainly one of the most imaginative writers at work today, and his stories are sometimes as provocative as his titles: "The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse," "The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit." Intended primarily for students, *German Short Stories*, edited by Richard

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Newnham (Penguin, 95¢), has parallel bilingual texts. These eight stories are by postwar authors, of whom the best known to American readers is Heinrich Böll.

Also noted: *Homecoming* (Scribners, $1.65), another in C. P. Snow's "Strangers and Brothers" series, in which narrator Lewis Eliot steps to the fore and reveals his own wretched marriage and, on the eve of World War II, his eventual solace. *Focus* (Avon, 60¢), Arthur Miller's 1945 novel about anti-Semitism and one man's rise to the demands which life has put upon him. Richard Condon's *An Infinity of Mirrors* (Crest, 75¢) almost collapses under the weight of the author's intensive and detailed research into the Nazi war machine, but even when ponderous Condon is persuasive. John Gunther's *The Lost City* (Bantam, 95¢) recalls Vienna when the war clouds were gathering. The style is often awkward and self-conscious, yet the sense of place and atmosphere makes one regret not having been part of that time. Not to be overlooked is Ken Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion* (Bantam, 95¢). Less of an artistic success than the author's earlier *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, this is still a rich, hurly-burly novel by a fresh talent.

Communication

One of the great good sports of all time must surely be novelist Merle Miller, who with Evan Rhodes has told "a true-life adventure" in *Only You, Dick Daring!* (Bantam, 75¢), otherwise known as "How to Write One Television Script and Make $50,000,000." The experience he relates with such wry humor was the writing, rewriting, and endless lunacy involved in preparing a pilot script for a projected TV series. The series never came to be, but we're glad the book did. *Cinema Eye, Cinema Ear* (Hill & Wang, $1.95) is Englishman John Russell Taylor's appreciation of the directors who, according to the author, are the true artists in the creation of a fine film. Concentrating on Antonioni, Fellini, Bunuel, Bresson, Bergman, and Hitchcock, he also mentions New Wave men Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, and Alain Resnais, while his "filmography" provides pertinent information about the movies of each.

Life on a big-city newspaper has certainly changed since brash young Ben Hecht went to work on the *Chicago Daily Journal* back in 1910. In *Gaily, Gaily* (Signet, 60¢) Hecht recalls the frenzy and limitless fun of "getting a scoop"; friendships with Ring Lardner, Max Bodenheim, Charles MacArthur; the excitement of being eighteen, self-supporting, and endlessly and variously in love. A gabby and delightful book.

British lexicographer Eric Partridge's stylish wit lends its own elegance to his *Concise Usage and Abusage* (Citadel, $1.95). This "modern guide to good English" defines phrases, admits some recent coinages and rejects others, and differentiates between similar words: "really, actually, and definitely are usually unnecessary. The frequent use of *really, definitely, actually* . . . shows the speaker's lack of confidence in his own credibility; he seems to need additional assurance that what he asserts is not a fabrication or a mere conjecture. He whose Yea is Yea and his Nay Nay has no need of these adverbial supports."

The new edition of Mario Pei's *Language for Everybody* (Devin-Adair, $2.75), also concerned with usage, goes into the history of words, kinship among languages, and what happens when two tongues come into cultural conflict. Of the 106 languages, from Africa's Ibo to Latvian Lettish, which Mr. Pei discusses, thirteen are spoken by a total of more than fifty million people.

Other People

Most anthropologists have a good deal of the detective in them, and the University of New Mexico's Frank C. Hibben is no exception. Like Hercule Poirot on the track of a clue, Dr. Hibben in *Digging Up America* (Hill & Wang, $1.95) pursues the past of peoples from Aztec to Eskimo. In *The Harmless People* (Vintage, $1.65) Elizabeth Marshall Thomas tells an absorbing tale of life among the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert. Her able prose makes even more meaningful her personal story of the gentle ways of these small, primitive people.

A far less tender recollection is R. Mugo Gatheru's *Child of Two Worlds* (Anchor, $1.25). The author, a member of the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya that produced the Mau Mau, records his effort to go beyond his tribal past and come to acceptable terms with Western ways. In *Village Life in Northern India* (Vintage, $2.45) Oscar Lewis, author of *The Children of Sanchez*, presents in his customary illuminating manner narrow peasant mores that reverberate throughout the social system of the Subcontinent. The photographs are excellent.

Painted effigy.

One of this century's most dramatic archeological finds was the discovery in 1922 by Howard Carter and his patron, Lord Carnavon, of the tomb of the young Pharaoh Tutankhamen, more fabulous than the caves of Ali Baba. *Tutankhamen*, by Egyptologist Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt (Doubleday, $2.95), contains photographs by F. L. Kenett in color and black-and-white that offer glowing evidence of a brilliant civilization.

Head of sacred cow, made of wood stained with black varnish and plated with bronze.

Second mummiform sarcophagus of Tutankhamen.

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Democracy in a Hurry

The Americans: The National Experience, *by Daniel J. Boorstin (Random House. 517 pp. $8.95), provides a historiographical cardiogram of the U.S. between the Revolution and the Civil War. Richard D. Heffner, professor of communications and public policy at Rutgers, wrote "A Documentary History of the United States."*

By RICHARD D. HEFFNER

HERE is a totally delightful book—clever, serious, and meaningful—a profoundly arresting contribution to American intellectual history. Not that, for all its charm and brilliance, it makes easy reading; there is just too much, not merely to savor and to puzzle over, but to integrate into what we think we know about our country and countrymen. Bring to *The Americans: The National Experience* time, patience, and diligence; they will be amply rewarded with clearer understanding if not always with new insight.

Indeed, what is most extraordinary about Daniel Boorstin's book is the author's consummate ability to illumine historical interpretation. What delights the reader still further is that, in this companion volume to his earlier study, *The Americans: The Colonial Experience,* Boorstin continues to add meat and substance to so many of the long-bare bones of historical assumption.

Some of the epithets he coins are revealing: Versatiles, Transients, Upstarts, and Boosters. And his descriptions of "a democracy of haste," of its constant movement, of the colleges, towns, hotels, language, and symbols that developed during the march to nationhood are incisive and first-rate.

Boorstin breathes life into pure speculation, brings broader and more immediate meaning to much that we thought we knew. And this is no mean task; for in his closely reasoned examination of national self-discovery and identification between the American Revolution and the Civil War he frequently must deal with the already twice-told.

But Boorstin does not claim discovery.

His descriptions of American characteristics are always earthy and to the point; for instance, he comments on the connection between the American's penchant for the "quick lunch" and speedy travel, which "in the days before dining cars, did not allow leisurely meals or the time-consuming upper-class elegancies of 'dining.'" Captain Frederick Marryat, a British naval officer, complained in 1839 about the fatiguing requirement that one eat in haste when traveling by rail in the U.S.:

> The cars stop, all the doors are thrown open, and out rush all, the passengers like boys out of school, and crowd round the tables to solace themselves with pies, patties, cakes, hard-boiled eggs, hams, custards and a variety of railroad luxuries too numerous to mention. The bell rings for departure, in they all hurry with their hands and mouths full, and off they go again until the next stopping-place induces them to relieve the monotony of the journey by masticating without being hungry.

Boorstin particularly stresses the boosterish, community-oriented bias of so many emerging patterns in American thought and life. This has been particularly true of the press.

> From the beginning, large numbers of American newspapers were the advance advertising agents of new communities. If they were subsidized, it was, with few exceptions, by local businessmen interested in community building, rather than by ideologues with an axe to grind. Much of what would later be miscalled "isolationism" (and stigmatized as an aggressive indifference to the world) in the diffused, small-city press might more accurately be described as community-ism: a preoccupation with the growth and prosperity of one's city. It was not that they loved the world less, but that they loved Keokuk more. Many features of American party politics—its local roots, its numerous "independent" shifting voters, its non-ideological character—can be explained only by taking into account a newspaper press inspired and dominated by boosterism.

Extraordinary, too, was the community character of the new colleges and universities that sprang up everywhere as the nation moved westward; every town-to-be must have one. "While in Europe a college or university would be found in an ancient center, in the United States it was more likely to appear in a town whose population and prosperity lay all in the future." Besides, "the distinctively American college was neither public nor private, but a *community* institution. In America it was of a piece with the community emphasis which already distinguished our civilization."

As Amherst's William S. Tyler said in 1856, the American college, with its community trustees, was "a magnetic chain of reciprocal influences, by which light flashes from the college to the com-

"The answer is yes. There is life on earth—as of this moment, that is."

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munity, and life streams back again from the community to the college, so that while the college redeems the community from the curse of ignorance, the community preserves the college from an undue tendency to monkish corruption and scholastic unprofitableness."

What marks this volume for greatness—as it did its predecessor—is Daniel Boorstin's uncanny ability to elucidate many of the generalizations about American character, style, and temper that have long floated airily through the pages of other psychologically and sociologically oriented "histories." As one reads there is an uncontrollable tendency to identify previous generalizations and to delight in seeing them not "shot down" but illumined, elaborated upon, often made intelligible for the first time.

It would be unorthodox to characterize this work as "documentary history"; yet, in the best sense of the phrase, it is often just that. Where impressionistic intellectual history has sorely lacked documentation, Boorstin provides it. But perhaps we ought not to thump too hard the drums of clarity and certainty, lest we undermine a favorite Boorstin thesis: "A great resource of America was vagueness."

> American uncertainties, products of ignorance and progress, were producers of optimism and energy. Although few acknowledged it, in the era between the Revolution and the Civil War this vagueness was a source of American strength. Americans were already distinguished less by what they clearly knew or definitely believed than by their grand and fluid hopes. If other nations had been held together by common certainties, Americans were being united by a common vagueness and a common effervescence. Their first enterprise was to discover who they were, where they were, when they were, what they were capable of, and how they could expand and organize. Their America was still little more than a point of departure. The nation would long profit from having been born without ever having been conceived.

A striking historical thesis, one that serves as touchstone for much that Boorstin writes of pre-Civil War America. But his own historiographical certainty serves us better today.

Light of the Enlightenment

The Age of Voltaire: Part IX of The History of Civilization, *by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon & Schuster. 989 pp. $12), the penultimate volume in the authors' monumental undertaking, expresses their faith in the values of the Enlightenment. Leo Gershoy is professor of history at New York University.*

By LEO GERSHOY

WITH the publication of this handsomely illustrated volume the Durants are now well in sight of their once distant goal. One final book remains to be written to complete their monumental series; and into that projected Part X, tentatively entitled *Rousseau and Revolution*, the authors are planning to pour not only what chronologically belongs to that period but what they could not easily accommodate within this Part IX, which, they say, has "burst its seams." Thus the developments from about 1756 to 1789 remain to be covered, and the preparations for the writing seem well advanced.

As before, the authors' intent is to write "integral history," by which they mean "all phases of a people's activity in one perspective and one unified narrative." By any criterion this is no niggardly objective. Perhaps only writers endowed with the prodigious drive, enthusiasm, and confidence that the Durants so notably possess would undertake so ambitious a venture and pursue it with such verve and color. And, as in the case of the preceding volumes, their method is in the main a combination of narrative with biographical vignettes.

Notable men and women fill the pages of their exuberant story: at a rough estimate the index has close to 1,000 entries for these heroes of the Enlightenment. It is right that there should be generous sections on such titans as Diderot, D'Alembert, Buffon, Helvétius, Hume, to name some almost at random. In the sweepstakes of the great eighteenth-century renewal, however, these men lag far behind Voltaire, "the most significant and illustrative figure of the period between the death of Louis XIV and the fall of the Bastille." Voltaire, therefore, is treated in great detail as well as *con amore*: Voltaire at home; Voltaire abroad in England, Prussia, and Switzerland; Voltaire and his royal, ducal, and intellectual friends; Voltaire and his writings and creed; Voltaire and some selected lady friends. The account may not be a biography, but it will pass well enough for one.

According to the foreword, Voltaire's "wandering and agitated life [will serve] as connective tissue between nations and generation." This tallies with the "Summing Up," where the authors reiterate that the crucial battles of the eighteenth century were fought by philosophers and theologians; that *la philosophie*, after routing its obscurantist enemies, was embraced even by monarchs; that "the sage of Ferney," vicissitudes of old age notwithstanding, was buoyantly hopeful; that the better fortune mankind enjoyed in the two centuries that followed was due to Voltaire and his fellow workers. "When we cease to honor Voltaire," the Durants conclude, "we shall be unworthy of freedom."

Very few of us will flatly reject that conclusion. But temper it, yes; supplement it, yes; and regret, too, that the authors threw up needless roadblocks for the attentive reader. The conception of history as narrative laced with biography may not be entirely tenable at best. But what is one to say when the authors depart from their method and introduce massive sections containing résumés of books, discussions of musical style and of particular compositions, and critiques of paintings and architecture, all of which impede the easy flow of the narrative and resemble nothing so much, to quote the authors against themselves, as "a catalogue graced with affection"? And when they do adhere to their technique, they only too frequently lard their story with odds and ends of trivia, including choice bits of *chronique scandaleuse*, as if to reward the reader for concentrating on things of the spirit.

Manifestly, no reviewer would be so stupid or rigid as to reproach authors for organizing their data in their own way and writing the kind of book they, not he, wished. Yet, it seems the Durants are vulnerable in explicitly equating the achievements of the cultural and social

Bust of Voltaire by Jean Antoine Houdon—"buoyantly hopeful."

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élites with the totality of man's endeavor. In a word, there are sins of omission.

Take one illustration: surely the effort that masses of people make in any age to transform their relations with one another and establish a better, an ideal, community reveals both a significant and vital aspect of civilization. But this huge work, while not oblivious of the intense confrontation on many levels between rulers, revitalized aristocrats, and groups later to be called democrats, slurs over both that confrontation and the ideas sustaining it. Further, while the authors clearly recognize the decisive significance of transformations in the social structure, in technology and production, in the range and nature of a global economy, they make little of those factors. Finally, at a time when professional historians are enriching—and frequently obscuring—the substance of history with the insights and the findings of anthropologists, sociologists, and social psychologists, one is struck by the fact that the Durants do not endeavor to do likewise.

Perhaps the answer to this implied query is to be found in the phrase "infected with Enlightenment" (which they employ to characterize the king of Poland), meaning an intellectualist conception of the Enlightenment. In our present climate of opinion when the Enlightenment is at a discount in high places, perhaps it is greatness enough for the authors to carry the torch militantly against the old institutionalized evils of irrationalism. In this volume, as in its predecessors, the Durants are making a profession of faith, giving to the world a lofty, vivid, and partisan testament of their creed.

A Wily Prisoner of War

The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo, *by Robert C. Alberts (Houghton Mifflin. 423 pp. $6.95), relates the colorful career of an all but forgotten hero of the French and Indian Wars. William C. Kiessel is a free-lance writer and critic who specializes in the American colonial period.*

By WILLIAM C. KIESSEL

AFTER hours of negotiation the terms of the surrender were finally agreed upon and signed about midnight. Article VII of the capitulation demanded that two officers, both captains, were to be delivered to the victors as hostages.

The date was 4 July 1754, Colonel George Washington was the defeated officer, and Fort Necessity at Great Meadows, beyond the outposts of civilization (near present-day Uniontown, Pennsylvania), was the scene of this military débacle. The two hostages left with the victorious French were Captain Jacob van Braam and Captain (later Major) Robert Stobo, military engineer with Washington's Virginia militia.

Thus began the French and Indian Wars, and the most extraordinary adventures of Robert Stobo.

From his office window in Pittsburgh, author Robert C. Alberts can look out over the former site of Fort Duquesne on the forks of the Ohio River, where Major Stobo spent his first five years of peripatetic imprisonment. Advertising executive and American colonial history buff, Alberts was intrigued by Stobo's relatively little-known career. After years of diligent research, including a study of the *Memoirs* dubiously attributed to Stobo and published in 1800, Alberts has successfully transformed a footnote in history into a well-deserved, full-dress biography.

The result is a documented study of an astounding life, a triumph of scholarly distillation and graceful writing that reads like first-rate historical fiction. All the ingredients of a swashbuckling novel are present in the story of Scottish-born Robert Stobo, who arrived in Virginia in the late 1740s as an independent merchant. An eligible bachelor of wealth and culture, and a distant relative of influential Governor Dinwiddie, Stobo actively participated in the cultural and political affairs of the colony until he volunteered as regimental engineer of the Provincial Virginians under youthful George Washington. Acquiring a colorful uniform, a sword, and the classic military manual of the day (Bland's *Treatise of Military Discipline*), Stobo felt fully equipped to build frontier forts as barriers to the harrassments of the French and their Indian allies.

—*Ben Spiegel.*

Robert C. Alberts—"a triumph of scholarly distillation and graceful writing."

Stobo suffered the usual hardships and fought valiantly until his surrender as a hostage at Fort Necessity. While a prisoner behind French lines he served as an espionage agent and secured valuable information. Twice he escaped his captors, twice was recaptured; after being placed in solitary confinement and condemned to death, he made a third and daring escape through 350 miles of enemy territory. Later he returned to help capture the city of his former imprisonment.

In Major Stobo we have the courtly gentleman, friend of Washington, Governors Dinwiddie and Vaudreuil, Generals Wolfe and Amherst, urbane Tobias Smollett and David Hume, the great William Pitt, and a host of other greats and near-greats of world history. Smollett is reputed to have modeled Captain Obadiah Lismahago in his novel *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* on Major Robert Stobo; years later, Sir Walter Scott supposedly based one of his characters in *A Legend of Montrose* on what he had heard of Stobo's life.

He was a romantic figure in a romantic age. Yet we have only the intimations of the discreet cavalier in the allusions to the mysterious (and possibly apocryphal) "lady of chaste renown" who helped Stobo to his successful escape.

In 1770, frustrated by lack of military advancement, and by the loss of 75,000 acres he had bought from the French, putting an end to his dream of a colonial frontier barony, Major Robert Stobo committed suicide. Contemporary opinion was that his once facile mind had deteriorated over the years as the result of a head injury suffered in battle. It is interesting to speculate whether, had Stobo lived until the American Revolution, he would have retained his British rank or fought once again with his former companion in arms, George Washington.

Illustrations, maps of Stobo's travels and campaigns, and a bibliography all supplement the more than 400 pages of lively, suspenseful drama. For almost two centuries Major Stobo had been consigned to relative obscurity. Now, thanks to Robert Alberts, we have a delightful, historically accurate biography that is fascinating reading for today and will serve as a source book for tomorrow.

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The Eternal Moment

—Jerry Bauer.

Doris Lessing—"intrinsic truth."

African Stories, *by Doris Lessing (Simon & Schuster. 636 pp. $7.95), concentrating on the author's home land, reveals pervasive verities. Edward Hickman Brown, a native of South Africa, is a free-lance writer.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

OPINIONS on the essential responsibility of the serious writer will vary with the individual. Were one to attempt to isolate it—particularly in this age when most of us are almost solely concerned with the material and the superficial, and our outlooks are clouded and colored by the constant tensions and confusions of the endless power struggle—he might venture to suggest that it is the duty of the writer to knife through the illusion and the falsity cloaking our lives and reveal, through the medium of his art, the verities. After reading this comprehensive collection of Doris Lessing's shorter fiction, it becomes clear that from the very beginning she has attempted to discharge that exacting, fundamental obligation, and has largely succeeded.

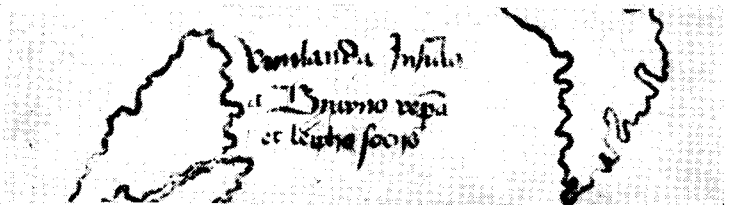
Spanning her entire career, this volume includes every story she has written about Africa, from her earliest collection to the most recent. Two of them have never previously appeared in the States. Even in her first, *This Was the Old Chief's Country,* the stories are astonishingly mature and consistent, three among them having an enduring, diamond-hard quality.

"The Old Chief Mshlanga" hinges on the awakening of responsibility in a sensitive, adolescent girl when her attention is abruptly focused on the human realities beyond the traditional race attitudes that she'd previously adopted so casually. "Little Tembi" deals with the complex and bewildering relationship between a white farmer's wife and, as he grows to manhood, the African whose life she saved as a baby. In "Old John's Place" Mrs. Lessing brings a quality of freshness to the old tale of the maverick versus the remainder of the herd. The action is seen through the eyes of the teen-age girl who is the central character or narrator of a number of these stories. While she is possessed of a well-formed sense of irony and an understanding terribly beyond her years, the latter is never carried as a burden, and she is thoroughly credible. As with all fine stories, in these three there is far more to them than appears on the suface. "Little Tembi," for example, is perfect testimony to the groping need of black and white for one another, and the misunderstanding by each not merely of the other's intentions but also of his own.

The reader unfamiliar with Mrs. Lessing's work might well wonder if this early standard can be sustained. Of course, it improves. And the growth in the later stories is marked by an exceptional ability to capture the attention and set the mood instantly, to say so much more in fewer words. Happily, she does it in the same limpid and unmannered prose, maintaining the while an easy control. In the stories that are concerned with the Rhodesian farming country and bushveld the author's love of that land and yearning for it are manifest; her description bring it to life with rare brilliance.

Yes, this is the Africa she knew, all right; it's the Africa we all knew. But one need have no knowledge of the locale to be struck by the intrinsic truth of these tales. And this is what I believe to be the mark of her artistry: this ability repeatedly to strike—suddenly, deeply, and unerringly—into the tenuous vein that is verity. Mrs. Lessing's precision can be disconcerting. One stops reading, and thinks, "But I've known these people" or "I've witnessed just such a scene."

Yale's dramatic cartographic discovery — the earliest map of America yet found



The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation

Here is the most exciting cartographic discovery of this century—the earliest and only map ever found indisputably showing any portion of the Western Hemisphere and, specifically, the North American continent as discovered by the Norse under Leif Ericson. This map, along with the Tartar Relation, a manuscript of Asian exploration, was part of a medieval history written in the thirteenth century. The story of their accidental rediscovery, the painstaking research necessary to establish their authenticity, and the conclusions of the British and American experts assigned to this task are told in this volume.

by R. A. Skelton, *Superintendent of the Map Room of the British Museum* **Thomas E. Marston,** *Curator of Medieval and Renaissance Literature, Yale University Library* **George D. Painter,** *Assistant Keeper of Printed Books of the British Museum* **Foreword by Alexander O. Vietor,** *Curator of Maps, Yale University Library*

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And, indeed, one has. In "The Words He Said" the interrelationships between the various members of the family seem to be more implied than described, yet they are startlingly real. And greater effect is obtained from the five words of dialogue "Gregory Jackson, you're a fool" than many authors could wring from several pages. I liked best of all this story and the more profound "Story of Two Dogs"—another farming tale, one that says far more about humans than dogs.

Of the four stories never before in a collection, "The Black Madonna" is the only one that misses the mark really badly. While this is oddly reassuring, its position at the very beginning of the book seems unfortunate. The other resounding failure is the short novel, "Hunger." In it a brilliant beginning is wasted when, upon his arrival in the city, a raw African from the kraal is given a ridiculously absolute set of alternatives, clearly marked good and evil. Still, the story is worth reading for its picture of life in an African village as contrasted with that of the black slums which fester about the white cities. And there is room in a book of this size for a failure or two.

This volume contains a wide variety of beautifully-wrought stories by a sensitive and thoughtful but fiercely honest writer whose humanity soon becomes as patent as her love of the sun-washed land where she spent her formative years. These are stories to be savored.

Magic Echoes and Mirrored Images

***Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing**, by May Sarton (Norton. 220 pp. $4.50), probes the sources of inspiration in the life of an elderly poet. Ruth L. Brown is a member of SR's editorial staff.*

By RUTH L. BROWN

"A SMALL, accurate talent, exploited to the limit, let us be quite clear about *that*!" says F. Hilary Stevens, the seventy-year-old poet who is the heroine of poet May Sarton's latest book. And perhaps Mrs. Stevens's definition of her own gift is the best description of her creator's as well.

Hilary Stevens is also markedly afflicted with Artistitis, a disease whose intensity usually seems to vary in inverse ratio to the degree of talent it accompanies. For those thus stricken the Artist (the word is always capitalized mentally at least) is less a human being, with human emotions and a capacity to give them form and expression, than a sacrificial victim ("sacred animal" is Hilary's phrase). Feeling themselves exiled from ordinary life, which, they protest, they would like nothing better than to share in, they wander their lonely road, bearing the curse of genius like the brand of Cain. In Mrs. Stevens's case the curse is compounded with gender, and the result is a book devoted to the special agonies of the female sacred animal.

The pivot of the story is an interview granted by the poet at her ancestral home on the New England coast, where she has been living in retirement for the past decade. She had been virtually forgotten by the critics and the anthologists, but a new book of poems has stirred up something of a furor, and a New York literary magazine called *The Review* has sent one of its staff members, George Selversen, and a young O. Henry Prize-winner named Jenny Hare to get the Hilary Stevens story.

Mrs. Stevens describes her poetry as a dialogue with herself, and the interview frequently reads like a dialogue with mirrors. George and Jenny ask all the right questions, enabling the poet to give all the right answers. Asked how each of her books originated, she replies, "Epiphanies"—revelations of some aspect of life, each brought on by a visitation from the Muse, who is none other than Robert Graves's White Goddess, "sister of the mirage and echo." The Muse, adds Hilary, is always incarnate and always feminine, though she assures the worried Jenny that here she is speaking for herself only.

Reviewing these "epiphanies" (which seems a rather pompous term for a frequently described poetic experience), Hilary relives her long life: a repressed childhood with a New England mother afraid to show feeling, a teen-age crush on a governess, a brief and rather tepid marriage to a British World War I veteran who is killed while hunting, and a succession of brief and turbulent involvements with women. Each upheaval sends Hilary into an orgy of creativity; she is no believer in Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Having completed her journey into the past Hilary concludes that there remains one Muse with whom she must still come to terms. Her identity will not be revealed here, but Freudian-minded readers will have no difficulty in guessing it.

Miss Sarton's writing is sensitive to the point of fussiness, and totally without humor. The lack of this saving grace inevitably leads her into pitfalls of inadvertent hilarity. And there is something embarrassing about her probing of Art, as there is in the intimate obstetrical confidences of a comparative stranger. It is not that either subject is intrinsically embarrassing; but the acute self-consciousness often foundering in archness, the solemn conviction that here is revelation, make the listener uncomfortable.

May Sarton—the artist is a "sacred animal."

Love, for the poet, says Hilary Stevens, is important not for strength and durability but for violence and intensity. She describes herself (somewhat smugly) as a violent person, given to crockery-smashing tantrums when her love of the moment fails to sympathize with the sufferings of her artistic temperament. She finds an image for these emotions in a blasted-out quarry, wrecked but filled with deep water. A more apt image, however, would be the Venetian mirror she has carried about with her ever since her marriage, like Sarah Bernhardt with her coffin. That is the Narcissus-pool she drowns in, not at the enticement of mermaids but from infatuation with her own voice.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 10 (Sonnet CX), 8 ("The Washers of the Shroud"), 7 ("The Village Blacksmith"), 3 ("The Hill Wife"), 11 ("What the Traveler Said at Sunset"), 12 ("To the Daisy"), 5 (Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy), 6 ("When I have fears . . ."), 2 ("A day! Help! . . ."), 1 ("A Song for New Year's Eve"), 4 ("Death stands above me . . ."), 9 ("Remember").

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Antique Values and Modern Manners

A Man from Nowhere, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow. 311 pp. $4.50), concerns a relic of Britain's imperial past, trying to pursue outdated ideas of honor. Julian Gloag is the author of "Our Mother's House."

By JULIAN GLOAG

ELSPETH HUXLEY's new novel might better have been called "A Man from the Past." The man, Dick Heron, appears suddenly in a small English village, and to the villagers his motive for coming, as well as his background, is difficult to determine. Actually, he is one of that odd and dying species of bird, the man born and bred in the Colonies—an Englishman who has never been to England. As a farmer in Africa his outlook on life is as simple and honest as it is utterly without relevance to present-day Britain. He is, someone says, a character out of A. E. W. Mason, where the white man was an honest and just king and the black man dreamt not of terrorism nor independence. Displaced and dispossessed, Heron is kept going only by a distraught and (what should be) nightmarish desire for vengeance against the man who, he feels, is responsible for the murder of his brother, the suicide of his wife, and the loss of everything he loved in the world.

The culprit is Peter Buckle, a cabinet minister who lives and has large landholdings in the village of Larkinglass. Heron goes to work for him as a laborer, then as a cowman; but, though on two occasions he tries unsuccessfully to shoot Buckle, his purpose gradually weakens—partly because he has fallen in love with Buckle's daughter, and partly because his idea of a just and honorable vengeance ceases to have any validity in an England where justice and honor have no meaning.

Elspeth Huxley—"sharp social concern."

Portraying the English working class as peevishly nostalgic and passive, and the ruling class as morally and spiritually corrupt, Mrs. Huxley effectively contrasts the luxuriance of the English summer countryside with the squalidness of its inhabitants. In this context, Heron's simple, antique values lose what vitality they ever had, and thus he too becomes spiritually impotent and infirm of purpose.

Mrs. Huxley's sociological insights are sharp, if rather one-eyed. She writes richly, sometimes lushly. Her book is far better on a symbolic level, however, than it is as the story of suspense which she has chosen, in part, to make it. She has failed to integrate her sharp social concern with the development of the plot, mainly because, I'm sure, she is not very interested in the latter. In fact, there comes a point where Mrs. Huxley obviously gets bored with the requirements of the story: using the tired old gimmick of the motor accident, she quickly ties up all the loose ends in a melodramatic finale.

By virtue of the horror in his past and his drive for revenge, Heron might have been treated as a tragic figure. To some extent Mrs. Huxley tried this, but she is too acute an observer and historian not to know that the Dick Herons are powerless and their fate inevitable. And Heron finally comes through as passionless and directionless as his antagonists. As Mrs. Huxley puts it, with a nice irony, this last symbol of the grand old imperial simplicities would have made "a good cowman."

Intelligence in Baghdad: Alec Waugh's new novel, *The Mule on the Minaret* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95), takes place in the Middle East in those early stages of the Second World War when Rommel's armies were pushing dangerously close to Egypt. Professor Reid, a middle-aged British historian pressured by sexual incompatability in an otherwise comfortable marriage, volunteers for military duty abroad. He is

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higher education (cont'd)

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sent first to Beirut, then Baghdad, where he is drawn deep into British Intelligence service, recruiting spies, bribing, corrupting, manipulating unsuspecting acquaintances. He is also drawn to a young, rebellious Englishwoman, who, like him, is active in Intelligence. Their love affair, vividly recounted, generates its own tensions and battles, which for them at times obscures the greater war raging a few hundred miles away in the western desert.

The extent to which emotions obtrude on espionage and war is masterfully dramatized. Young men, languid and apathetic, suddenly allow themselves to be conscripted as secret agents not because they care about the war or because of any sympathies for the British, but because the remuneration will secure prestige, or enhance their chances with women. Elaborate plans by master spies to destroy a counterspy are quickly and quietly undone by a girl—a simple secretary—in love with the marked man.

In the course of his novel Mr. Waugh makes many shrewd observations on the politics and people of the Middle East. Speaking through Reid, he says ". . . of the Arabs and Palestine he had come to feel, as did most Englishmen who had lived in the Middle East, that almost every conceivable mistake had been made at the Peace Conference after the first war. The Arabs had been deceived, if they had not actually been betrayed. Europe and the USA had had no more right to create a Jewish State in the Middle East than in Cornwall, Brittany or Florida. You had no right to lop off a section of other people's territory and hand it over to an alien race. Yet at the same time he was a pragmatist to the extent that he believed that an established fact must be accepted. You could not put back the clock. All you could do was attempt to lessen the consequences of mistakes. . . . you had to learn to live with them."

This is a good story, at once entertaining and perceptive. Evocative and permeated with nostalgia, it reads like an informal autobiography. However, perhaps because the novel is in part autobiographical the author encumbers his story with more than is necessary. The reader is deluged with subplots, superfluous descriptions, and innumerable characters, all demanding but not all deserving attention. Nevertheless, Mr. Waugh's dexterity as raconteur and the far-reaching implications of his story save the reader's interest from floundering in the verbiage.

—F. M. Esfandiary.

The Bard

Continued from page 61

bubble up, Samuel Ireland maintained his faith in the sacred papers and published them with pride. In June 1796 he refused to accept the boy's confession that he had forged them. Up to his death in 1800, Samuel was still a staunch believer. William Henry Ireland lived on for another thirty-five years, turning out second-rate novels, poems, and miscellaneous works, often under assumed names.

Now the Shakespearean scholar Bernard Grebanier, author of books on *Hamlet* and *The Merchant of Venice*, has written a new biography of the younger Ireland. Rightly devoting only a few pages to his rather dull later career, it concentrates on the dramatically grotesque events of the 1790s. The book is partly based on Ireland's rambling *Confessions* (1805), judiciously viewed in the light of subsequent discoveries.

Wearing his scholarship lightly, Mr. Grebanier writes with assurance and wit. In his briskly-paced narrative, he frequently deals with the father-son relationship (William Henry's actual paternity has never been established), and points out that the latter's writings often revealed an obsession with the problems of illegitimacy. In his youth he was grievously hurt when the man who might have been his father scoffed at the idea that anyone as stupid as William Henry could have counterfeited the documents. Professor Grebanier, who gives considerable attention to the possible motive for the forgeries, might usefully have provided an examination of the psychology of forgers.

However, Mr. Grebanier chose straight storytelling rather than analysis, and he manages to be consistently entertaining. He is at his best in discussing the fortunes of *Vortigern*, one of the two full-length plays young Ireland tried to fob off as newly discovered works of Shakespeare. The second of them, *Henry II*, was published (1799), though not produced. But *Vortigern* ventured onto the stage at the Drury Lane on April 2, 1796. It was an unfortunate moment, for only two days earlier the Shakespearean authority Edmund Malone had launched an immediate best-seller denouncing all the Ireland papers as forgeries.

On the opening night of *Vortigern* some 2,500 people jammed the theater, many of them prepared to jeer. The actor-manager John Philip Kemble allowed the comedians who were taking serious roles to kid the play, and he entered into the fun himself by giving rhetorical emphasis to the line, "And when this solemn mockery is ended. . . ." That brought on ten minutes of howling.

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When Kemble was at last able to continue, he repeated the fatal "solemn mockery" line. Somehow *Vortigern* got through that first performance, but then it was dropped with a thud.

Yet the play didn't altogether lack merit. Mr. Grebanier carefully grants it at least a few virtues, and censures Kemble for sabotaging the production. Certainly *Vortigern*, for all its clumsiness as mimicry of Shakespeare, deserved fairer treatment; Mr. Grebanier thinks that, without all the fuss, the opening-night audience might even have taken the play for an early work by the man from Stratford. Now and then it flashes out a good phrase. In any event, the mere fabrication of *Vortigern* by a boy under twenty was an astonishing achievement.

It is necessary to add that Mr. Grebanier should have supplied an index, which is desperately needed.

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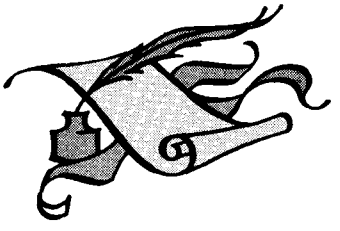

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European Scene

Continued from page 58

on rue de Courcelles, that I was suffering more than today, but then happiness still existed for me. And then, without wishing to compare with the only happiness in life that which a friendship can give, that year was embellished by the charm of your first visits, your friendship in which I then believed, for which I was hoping. How far away all that is. . . .

Your old friend,
MARCEL.

This wealth of autobiographical evidence in the letters soon to be edited by Professor Kolb makes one eager to read them. It is Kolb who has dated and annotated all the letters of Proust, letters well described by Jacques de Lacretelle as "the reflection of Proust's life and the *sotto voce* accompaniment of his works."

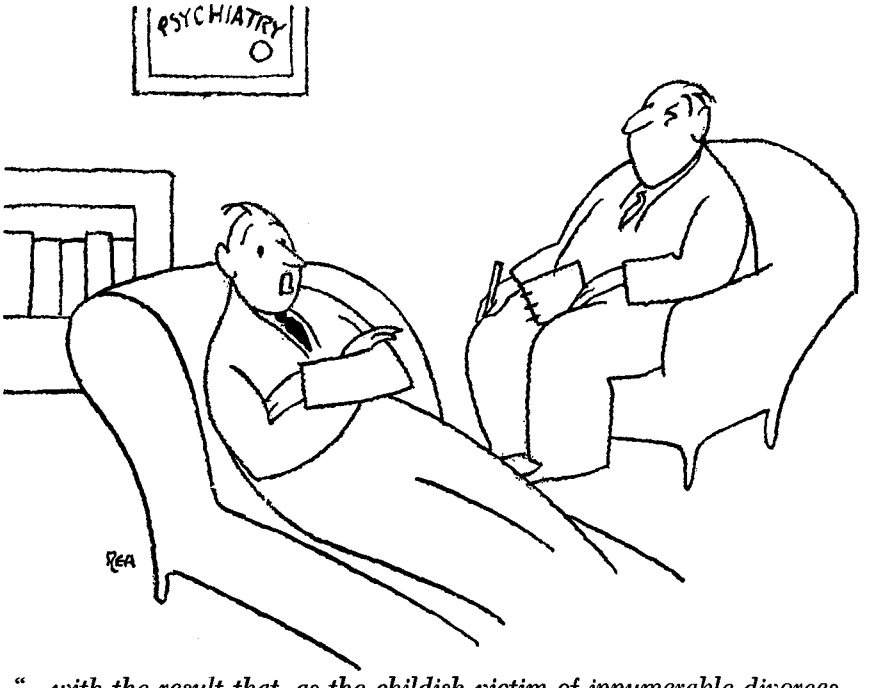
This summer marked the end of the imprisonment of Mikhail Mikhailov, the outspoken Yugoslavian editor of the monthly *Delo*. Yet it marked the rediscovery of an incriminating article of his which had appeared in Zagreb's *Forum*, claiming that czarist prisons were nothing compared to Stalin's concentration camps. His comparison was phrased in literary terms: "Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead* was a mere rest home compared to Stalinist camps." Since the chained wrecks in Dostoevsky's prison at Omsk sometimes had their nostrils torn out and their faces branded, since Dostoevsky was left, in his own words, rheumatic, epileptic, and bodily ruined, the analogy was not likely to improve Yugoslavia's relations with the USSR, where *House of the Dead* has been a popular item, with over 500,000 copies sold. It is hoped that this new article will not lead Mikhail Mikhailov back into what Kafka called the *Strafcolonie* (penal colony).

If Rome was shocked on seeing Nero amused by the ravages of his holocaust, it was even more stupefied when Nero's preceptor, Seneca the philosopher, cut his veins at the order of the Emperor. The year was 65 A.D. Compared to the magnificently organized celebrations of Dante's seventh centenary, Seneca's anniversary came off this year without much fanfare. Yet it was heralded in a few Euporean centers, and especially in Spain, since the great (and somewhat slippery) Roman philosopher was born in Córdoba. Indeed, the Spanish writer Ganivet in his *Idearium* first thought up the notion of Spanish *Senequismo*, claiming that Iberians display a special Senecan attitude toward life, combining stoicism and idealism. *Indice* sifted through Seneca's maxims and published many nuggets of stoical wisdom, including the following:

- Of two good men, the better is not the richer in property, any more than of two good pilots you will call him better who owns the finer ship.
- When you are trying to arrive at the just estimate of a man, look at him in the nude.

Spain, which has enjoyed six years of republican rule during its 2,000 years of history, admires a philosopher who managed to live under Caligula. But then Nero came along and accused the old sage of subversion. No *Strafcolonie*, just a tub in which to sit and bleed to death.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.



"—with the result that, as the childish victim of innumerable divorces and re-marriages, I've ended up with at least four Oedipus complexes!"

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 45

open discussion or to ban self-expression, so long as the discussion and the expression remain within the disciplines of the given course. In the good undergraduate colleges the faculty is there in the hope of eliciting ideas from students.

But to have idea there must be the discipline of idea. Nor does the faculty use the word "discipline" in the same sense the Army does. Academic discipline is not a matter of indoctrinated obedience but of the responsible application of tested criteria. The faculty is there to establish and to transmit those criteria; the student is there to apply them to the faculty's satisfaction.

That, gentlemen of the entering class, is the nature of the contract, and let there be no nonsense about whose opinion is as good as anyone else's in a free country. The freedom of the classroom is the freedom to grow within the measure of sound intellectual standards. Take those standards into your head before you try taking the curriculum into your hands. Or get out of school and be as free as you like—and as ignorant. If only until the draft board catches up with you and submits you to another set of notions.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Club Sandwich

THE IMPORTED NEW British musical, *Pickwick*, is a jolly but uncaptivating mixture of a number of things. To begin with there are attempts at nineteenth-century flavor, which include a smoky panorama of London's Fleet Street Prison filled with the unfortunates who must remain there until they pay their debts; a coach drawn by horses sculpted out of wire; and real ice onstage for a skating number. However, to persuade us that this is not old-fashioned illusionistic spectacle, designer Sean Kenny has exercised his passion for lumber and constructed most of the scenery of a number of movable scaffolds that can be turned every which way or fitted together.

Then there are jokes and gags by Wolf Mankowitz, which include such familiar items as having Pickwick back into the knob of a bedpost. When these pall as they frequently do, the author relies on the thrill of recognition he can easily achieve merely by introducing another of Dickens's well-known characters.

The songs by Leslie Bricusse and Cyril Ornadel are vaguely agreeable, but never very inspired. The show's infrequent dance numbers also seem little more than energetic dress parades.

Finally there are the performances themselves, which generally present the characters as silly asses. While it is true that Dickens also painted them as fatuous, his readers ended up with an affection for them that is not achieved by the musical. In the title role, Harry Secombe is less the essence of Dickens's prototype than he is the accomplished music-hall performer. His leather-lunged, high-pitched voice, fluctuating between domineering pseudo-authority and distressed yelps, is fun in a time-tested tradition as is his surprising cartwheel, which is exceptional only because it is executed by a fat elderly gentleman. If all this is too unsophisticated and shallow for modern musical comedy, it is nevertheless a kind of unpretentious entertaining that is nostalgically diverting.

One cannot say as much for the supporting performances. Only Roy Castle's vigorous Sam Weller impresses. This is probably more the fault of their humdrum scenario, because both Charlotte Rae, who plays Mrs. Bardell, and Peter Bull appearing briefly as Buzfuz, have previously demonstrated their abilities with less thin material.

Perhaps the trouble with *Pickwick* is that it never makes its mind up to be any one thing. Certainly its final scenes suggest that it would like to be an attack on British injustice and class distinction, but for the most part it wanders along nominally fulfiling its commitment to depict some of the highlights in the original story.

THERE is a good comedy to be written about the clash between the affluent executive generation and the disrespectful hootenannyites who stubbornly insist upon following their own detached paths, but William Goodheart's *Generation* turns out not to be it. *Generation* does present us with an advertising executive father trying to make contact with a nonconformist son-in-law, and does deal amusingly with the father's frustrated attempts to accept his son-in-law's idiosyncrasies without stuffy reactions. But it soon becomes apparent that the comedy is not going to go to the roots of the matter, but merely sustain a rather artificial crisis until the end of Act III when each side will give a little to reconcile the unreconcilable.

This fabricated crisis is the son-in-law's determination to deliver his own baby because he believes in self-sufficiency and mistrusts institutions. Such unorthodoxy is too much for Grandpa, who underhandedly connives to insure his daughter against the risks involved. This gives the playwright the choice of having one of the risks materialize or letting the son-in-law prove his self-sufficiency as would happen in the vast majority of cases. By choosing the former he makes Grandpa right, and seems to be saying that despite all its foibles the responsible if somewhat corrupt establishment is better than the somewhat irresponsible if honest critics of it.

Henry Fonda, who is for a change playing a paternal rather than a seductive middle-aged role, seems so engagingly self-aware and reasonable that our impulse is to side with Grandpa. Under Gene Saks's direction Mr. Fonda can be most droll trying to avoid being photographed at moments when he is eating or glowering. And he can become almost Ionescoish when after being lectured about the immorality of charging a dinner with his son-in-law on his expense account, he decides to live illogically and offers to pay for it with his own money. As his morose son-in-law, Richard Jordan has much less opportunity to charm us or even to be an eloquent champion of his sense of rightness. The only other young characters are the bland and pregnant daughter, a poisonous public relations man, and a neurotic young editor. On the other hand the one other older generation representative is an agreeable, liberal, and understanding physician. The net impression is that there is no such thing as a right and wrong generation, just right and wrong people, and Mr. Goodheart's first Broadway play retreats into the unexciting area of probability and good will.

A RATHER significant event is the conversion of Buffalo's Studio Arena Theatre from a community theater to a professional nonprofit enterprise. Faced with the loss of its quarters, a small inspired corps of Buffalonians hastily acquired a downtown nightclub, and within forty days converted it into a playhouse of 509 seats wrapped two-thirds of the way around an open stage. Thanks to expert guidance from the New York State Arts Council, it is handsome, and so demands the sort of substantial theatrical fare that is rapidly replacing the more trivial stuff the old community theaters found themselves obliged to offer.

Appropriately, the new theater opened with a performance of Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, directed by the distinguished José Quintero, and starring Colleen Dewhurst and James Daly. Admittedly this play requires more ensemble rapport than this cast had time to achieve. and Mr. Daly somehow seems less deeply haunted than O'Neill's lines suggest. However, Miss Dewhurst cancels all shortcomings by rising to some magnificent moments in the role of big Josie, the deeply vulnerable girl who cannot believe she is loved.

Thanks to her it is a fine and memorable rebirth of what appears to be a well-begotten theater despite the shortness of its gestation period.

—HENRY HEWES.

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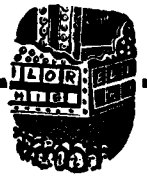


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Rotten to the Corpse

IF THE POSSIBILITY of purchasing for thirty-five cents a Forest Lawn Coloring Book at one of Southern California's leading cemeteries strikes you as being altogether right and proper, then Tony Richardson's audaciously irreverent version of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* is probably not your dish of tea. For Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood's up-dating of Waugh's risible satire on the mores of movies and mortuaries has made it, if anything, more trenchant, more biting, and far more outrageous than the original incarnation. Where Waugh's instrument was the scalpel, Southern and Isherwood distinctly prefer the meat-ax—one that Richardson keeps honed to razor sharpness through the superb finesse of his staging. By the time their film is over, the screen is ankle-deep with the figurative gore of venal funeral directors, movie executives, and military brass among others.

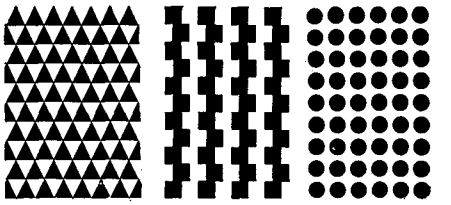
And yet, unlike last year's cold and dazzling *Dr. Strangelove*, which it frequently resembles, *The Loved One* generates considerable sympathy for several of its characters. There is the aging, foppish studio artist (Sir John Gielgud), whose summary dismissal after thirty years of service provides perhaps the most poignant vignette of life in Hollywood ever committed to celluloid. There is his young nephew (Robert Morse), a displaced Englishman who manages to view the Southern California scene with a cross between detachment and disbelief. And above all, there is Aimee (Anjanette Comer), "the first lady embalmer of Whispering Glades," whose total acceptance of the phoney *mystique* that veneers the crass commercialism of the undertaking business is at once touching and pathetic. In her selfless, unquestioning, and altogether simple-minded trust, as well as in her artless responses to beauty and to love, one perceives the true baseness of her exploiters. She is so utterly unprotected, they so ruthless and strong. One may be amused by her naïveté—"You are not an ethical person," she wails as Morse makes an amorous lunge at her in the cemetery—but she emerges as a character of tragic dignity, and her self-immolation with embalming fluid is made to seem the only possible way to preserve such purity.

Still, there is no dodging the fact that the film's zestiest moments are those in which it points mordantly at the charlatans, who make up that world, or slips behind the scenes to expose the fakery that shapes our illusions. Rod Steiger runs riot as the mincing, momistic Mr. Joyboy, the chief embalmer of Whispering Glades. Lionel Stander is marvelously repellant as an "advice to the lovelorn" columnist, Liberace superbly unctuous as a Whispering Glades funeral consultant, Robert Morley grandly reptillian as the hypocritical leader of Hollywood's British colony, Roddy MacDowall incredibly steely as the duplicious production chief of his father's movie studio, and Jonathon Winters happily bombastic in his dual roles as a movie flack turned animal mortician and the Beloved Reverend of Whispering Glades.

The Loved One is gallows humor, which may not be to everyone's taste. But it is certainly the longest and boldest step up from conventional film fare ever to come from a major American studio. That faint whirring heard on the sound track from time to time is probably old Louis B. Mayer slowly revolving is his grave—presumably in one of the more prominent plots of Whispering Glades.

THERE has been so much post-mortemizing of the recent New York Film Festival, (including Hollis Alpert's piece in last week's *SR*) that even though I was tangentially involved in the festival myself, I find it difficult to refrain from comment. The consensus seems to be that while the affair gained considerable popular support, the selection of films left much to be desired. But what? To my mind, any festival that can bring us new works by Godard, Satyajit Ray, Georges Franju, Dreyer, Visconti, and Kurosawa has already justified itself, even if the entries were not their finest efforts. But in addition at Lincoln Center we were introduced to such new (for me) talents as Jan Kadar and Milos Forman, Poland's Jerzy Skolomowski, Marco Bellocchio from Italy, France's exciting Chris Marker, plus at least half of the directors represented in *Six in Paris*. There were at least two major revivals, *The Wedding March* and *Le Petit Soldat*. Admittedly, the festival was short on masterpieces. Festivals always are. But no one who visited Philharmonic Hall with any regularity between September 7 and 18 could feel that he had not seen a rewarding cross-section of world cinema, or discovered new names to watch for in the future. No festival has ever done more.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of Skating Animals (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at $1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

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***SR*'s Children's Book Week Supplement**

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Phoenix

Continued from page 44

continue to seek solutions to this growing menace to a healthy economy, and foremost among solutions sought is for a simple, inexpensive method of recharging ground water reserves. There is such a method—precipitation—but this is no simple matter in Arizona.

In Arizona, nearly 95 per cent of the precipitation is consumed by evaporation or transpired by natural vegetation, largely nonbeneficial. These and other factors leave only about 1 per cent per year of total precipitation available for recharge to ground-water reserves. And in Arizona, where rainfall can more often be measured in drops than in inches, this isn't much. With an annual average rainfall of only five to ten inches, Arizona's heat creates an evaporation ratio of 80 to 100 per cent. So although rainfall is inadequate and uncertain, Arizona has come to realize it must be better utilized to help meet to an appreciable extent the tremendous need for water.

It is on this problem that much of the research and experimentation is being carried out today. But water in the laboratory, or pouring down desert washes during an infrequent rainstorm, is not water in the municipal reservoir or on the farmer's croplands.

Arizona pumps an estimated 4.96 billion gallons (15,000 acre-feet) of water a day from beneath the ground—and almost 4.70 billion gallons of this are used in irrigation. Cities, on the other hand, use only about .11 billion gallons a day of ground water. It is easy to see, then, why some experts say that one solution to the overuse of water in Arizona is more people.

This approach may sound as practical as tossing a 200-pound rock to a drowning man, but many water experts accept the theory as not only practicable but desirable. They point to the proven axiom that it takes more water to irrigate one acre of cropland than it does to service one populated acre in a Phoenix or Tucson residential area.

This, of course, is an oversimplification of a critical problem, but it does point out the fact that hydrologists and engineers are exploring virtually every avenue in an attempt to find a route out of the water-shortage wilderness. Today that route leads to the Colorado River, but it is a rocky road that may take years to turn into a freeway of water flowing into the storage reservoirs of the state. And even if a magic wand were waved over the Colorado River, turning controversy into canals, opposition into opportunity, and legislation into lakes, the 1,200,000 acre-feet of water diverted annually through the proposed Central Arizona Project would still leave the state more than 1 million acre-feet short of the amount now being overpumped from beneath the ground.

So Arizona must become more efficient in its use and conservation of existing water supplies, while seeking a new source outside the state. Conservation practices have been improved greatly over the years, including the lining of canal banks to prevent seepage and to slow evaporation, the control and eradication of many water-drinking plants and shrubs, and methods to lessen evaporation on lakes and reservoirs. But these are just the first drops of many needed to fill the Arizona water bucket.

Desalinization is still too costly, although this method of turning salty or brackish water into fresh does hold some hope for the distant future, as evidenced by a small-scale conversion plant successfully operating at the town of Buckeye (population 5,000) in central Arizona.

Weather modification (a less controversial way of saying rain-making through cloud seeding) is more fancy than fact at the moment. And the treatment of sewage effluence may someday provide extra water for irrigation and industrial purposes ,but this, too, is minimal at the moment.

All this is why Arizona is casting admiring glances at the abundance of water in the Pacific Northwest—and it certainly is no sudden infatuation. Privately, many Arizona officials have said for years that the state must import water from outside the Colorado River Basin within the next twenty-five years. Now they are saying it publicly, but the water must flow over many dams of opposition before it ever arrives, even in a trickle, in Arizona.

If Arizona goes forward, it must travel on water. That is why nearly every time a drop of water falls in Arizona, state and federal agencies examine it, name it, claim it, dam it, or fight over it.

—Bill Werley.

7. Seattle: Nature Was a Good Provider

THE PUGET SOUND basin, with Seattle at its core, is a section of the country where no one worries that the domestic water supply will not continue to be as plentiful as it is pure for the foreseeable future. The 1965 summer season was unusually warm and dry. Yet lawns were watered without restriction; streets were washed; all manner of customary water usage was enjoyed without more than casual thought that in numerous other sections of the nation water-supply worries had descended like the plague.

Nature took care of providing the Puget Sound basin with limitless sources of domestic water when it reared the Cascade mountain range to the east and the Olympics to the west—and adorned each range with immense and tiny glaciers amid their peaks and clothed their steep sides and valleys with evergreen trees that gradually release the run-off of water to creeks and rivers that flow splendidly the year around.

Man, too, has taken a part in assuring a bountiful supply of water in perpetuity, by his foresight in staking out for the public domain water rights to meet the needs of himself and posterity, and, moreover, by the steps he has taken to preserve the purity of the water supply.

Seattle is only one of the Puget Sound communities that have been provided for so well by nature. Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Olympia, Bremerton have either staked out streams for watersheds or tapped the underwater sources that geologists trace to origins in the mountain ranges of the Puget Sound basin.

Seattle's municipal water department is by far the largest of the basin's water merchandisers. This publicly owned utility established watershed rights on the Cedar and Tolt rivers to the east of Seattle and draws off enough gravity-flow water to supply Seattle's 575,000 residents and nearly 300,000 others in the adjacent metropolitan area.

The Tolt and Cedar watersheds have a combined potential of 600 million gallons daily of water so pure that it requires only infinitisimal chlorination—so little that it is usually undetectable to the taste. No further treatment is required to meet rigorous public health standards.

On a basis of population growth projections, Seattle's Tolt and Cedar sources are more than adequate to provide plenty of water beyond the turn of the next century. There are other river sources yet unclaimed, and underground water yet untapped, to provide water as far into the distant future as man can yet foresee.

Water-use charges absorb only a small percentage of the family purse. All water is metered, and the rate averages about 12 cents for each unit of 100 cubic feet—plus a surcharge of 2 cents per unit used by Seattle's municipal government to defray expenses for other functions. The typical water user is by no means a water waster; the householder is rare who does not have the wrench and screwdriver necessary to replace a faulty faucet washer or to take the gurgle out of a water closet when the shut-off bulb becomes worn. This same fixer, though, may leave the lawn sprinkler running for hours on end.

Protecting the purity of the water re-

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qures constant political action at city hall and frequently before the State Legislature. Watersheds like Seattle's are "closed to roads" for sportsmen and other recreationists who belittle the necessity for strict public health standards. The Cedar and Tolt watersheds are owned in part by the United States Forest Service and private timber holders, who usually differ on whether to throw open their holdings to recreational entry. Fear of forest fires tends to cause private owners to side with public health authorities for closure. The federal Forest Service, recreation-minded, tends to side with unrestricted entry. So far, the public health viewpoint has prevailed in Seattle's watersheds, although the federal government is undertaking a study to determine if the sheds can be opened safely to public entry.

But any recommendations for relaxing the entry restrictions will meet with strong protests in the Seattle metropolitan area, which has become so conscious of the need to fight pollution that the residents recently voted to bond themselves for nearly $200 million (payable by surcharges on water bills) to install an elaborate sewage collection and treatment system to curb pollution of lakes and salty Puget Sound – even though these waters have no connection with domestic water sources.

While interested in proposals for diversion of Columbia River water to California and other Southwestern states, the Puget Sound area has no concern that its sources will become involved. Nature took care of that, too, by geographic isolation of the Puget Sound basin from the Columbia basin by the Cascade mountain range.

Hence, insofar as anyone can predict the future, Puget Sound lawns will not need to turn brown of thirst and water taps will run for all time with a water supply so pure that the automobile battery can be filled from the flow of a garden hose. —Ross L. Cunningham.

8. St. Louis: One City's Contribution

THERE IS no lovelier season anywhere than autumn in the middle Mississippi Valley. Sauterne sunlight spills from the sky's vast blue bowl. Dogwoods, sweet gums, and maples get into fall coats of red and orange, and sumac and sassafras fire the hills with their scarlet and yellow flames. In the cities and the suburbs, in the small towns and on the farms people are glad to be alive.

This October everyone in the St. Louis area has eyes on the great projects along the Mississippi riverfront. Eero Saarinen's gleaming steel arch, symbol of the pioneers' Gateway to the West, towers 630 feet above Old Man River. Far below the arch's apex the downtown city is clearing, removing, renovating, rebuilding as never before. A new eight-lane bridge for Interstate 70 is beginning to wade through the Mississippi from Missouri to Illinois.

But not all is beautiful and inspiring and fragrant along the Mississippi at St. Louis. Open sewers pour tons of human waste and other sewage into the river. When you look down at Mark Twain's waterway from historic Eads Bridge, you will see not only the *Goldenrod* showboat and moored close by, the *River Queen* and the *Admiral*, but probably also heavy trails of ugly, offensive refuse from area industries, including steel and oil, that have long used the Mississippi as a conveyor belt that hauls away their wastes at no cost and without maintenance. Below MacArthur Bridge major offenders include brewing and chemical industries.

Here is a metropolitan area of some 2,000,000 people—one that gets a large share of its drinking and cooking and washing water from the Mississippi and the Missouri. Yet it is like the strange, careless bird that fouls its own nest. Certainly the area has had little regard over the years for its downstream neighbors.

When the Bi-State Development Agency (Missouri and Illinois) conducted its extensive investigation of water pollution in the St. Louis metropolitan area, with the cooperation of the United States Public Health Service and state water agencies, it found enough wrong to curl your hair, turn you against the human race, and make you ashamed of your fellow man.

Summarizing its facts and conclusions, the Bi-State report said that "by far the major portion of municipal and industrial wastes originating in the St. Louis metropolitan area is discharged untreated in the Mississippi at numerous points along thirty-five miles of river."

THE investigators counted the large emptying sewers and other outlets into the river between the dam at Alton, Illinois, and the Jefferson Barracks Bridge. There were 155 outlets, many of them foul in odor in twenty-two miles on the Missouri side and 45 in twenty-nine miles on the Illinois side—for an amazing total of 200!

That was just ten years ago, and notwithstanding the continued pollution of the Mississippi a lot that is on the plus side has happened since that time. St. Louis has not yet corrected its ways but it is correcting them. Slowly but surely it is putting its house in order and getting ready to become a good neighbor.

As St. Louis area population spread out to the west through the wooded hills of St. Louis County, pretty streams and creeks became open sewers carrying virtually untreated wastes to the major rivers. When at last it became evident that the problem could be handled only on a cooperative area-wide basis, the Metropolitan Sewer District was created to do on a broad scale what could not be done piecemeal by approximately 100 separate communities on the Missouri side of the river.

Elected civic leaders of both the City of St. Louis, and St. Louis County—separate geographical and governmental units—drew up a sewer district plan and worked and prayed for its adoption. As the sanitary situation deteriorated by the day, the homeowners not only voted the metropolitan district sewer plan into effect, but in 1962 did the astonishing thing of voting, 214,000 to 39,000, in favor of a $95,000,000 bond issue to provide the facilities to halt river pollution.

This was the largest single bond issue proposed in the history of the St. Louis area and supporters feared that

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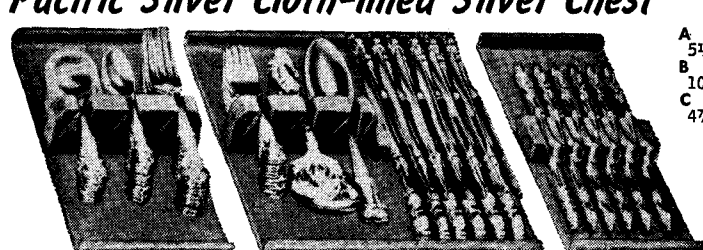

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it could not achieve the necessary two-thirds majority. The victory was by an overwhelming five-to-one ratio.

With this kind of support it was possible to undertake an adequate plan for a series of sewage treatment plants and many miles of sewers and connections. Federal and state health authorities could now set 1967 as the deadline for the elimination of waterway pollution.

Two major gains were recorded this summer. The Coldwater Creek sewage treatment plant, built at a cost of $6,300,000 in north St. Louis County was put in operation. This will turn a foul-smelling, long-polluted stream into clear, odorless waters.

Of no less importance is the recent enactment of a metropolitan sewer district ordinance that makes it illegal to discharge "any sewage, industrial waste, garbage, polluted water or any other material which constitutes a nuisance or hazard to the public health or welfare."

Like river towns generally, Kansas City has been a big polluter of the Missouri River. The state's second largest city is on notice from federal authorities and corrective steps are under way. Missouri has no statewide healthful waterways program.

Illinois officials are far more active. For example, Kankakee was ordered this summer by the Illinois Sanitary Water Board to stop pollution of the Kankakee River. At the same time, the Illinois board asked penalties against seven other municipalities and industries.

Below St. Louis the Mississippi is polluted by nearly every community on its banks. The same is true along much of the Ohio. The *Commercial Appeal* has printed a series of news articles showing that at Memphis some 800 industries pour waste into ditches and sewers that feed into the Mississippi. Tennessee has a statewide antipollution law enacted in 1945.

Currently Memphis is expecting an order from federal authorities to halt river pollution. Department of Health, Education and Welfare conferees, meeting at New Orleans, concluded that Memphis industrial wastes are primarily responsible for pollution of the lower Mississippi with lethal endrin.

E. W. Brody, writing in the *Commercial Appeal*, says that the estimated "hefty price tag" on adequate treatment facilities to handle the 60,000,000 gallons of raw sewage which Memphis dumps into the Mississippi each day may cost as much as $80,000,000. The Memphis city engineer is quoted as saying that his community has no plans for construction of treatment facilities.

The Memphis city fathers and civic leaders might like to consider an October excursion upriver to see what is going on in the St. Louis area.

—Irving Dilliard.

What Brought It On?

Continued from page 28

had to be made. In the end, the convenience of the stream as a free sewer for industry took precedence. New York turned for water to small reservoirs in the Catskills, and these reservoirs petered out when rainfall dwindled.

It has been argued that New York had no real choice—that the cost of cleaning up the Hudson would have been prohibitive. But there are precedents in Europe which argue otherwise. Perhaps the most noticed one is the Ruhrverband, in the Ruhr Valley of West Germany.

The Ruhrverband is a cooperative, with 250 riverside towns and cities and 2,200 industries as members. It oversees the repeated use of Ruhr River water, keeping the water continually potable in passage from town to town. The cost of the process is divided among the membership according to the burden of waste each member adds to the stream. Since 1948, the Ruhrverband has built with its dues and fees 102 water purification plants along the river.

To reduce the Ruhrverband's assessments against them, steel mills along the Ruhr have devised internal recirculation systems which allow a mill to use the same water over and over. As a result, the manufacture of a ton of steel, which once required the use of 130 cubic yards of water, now uses only 2.6 cubic yards of water.

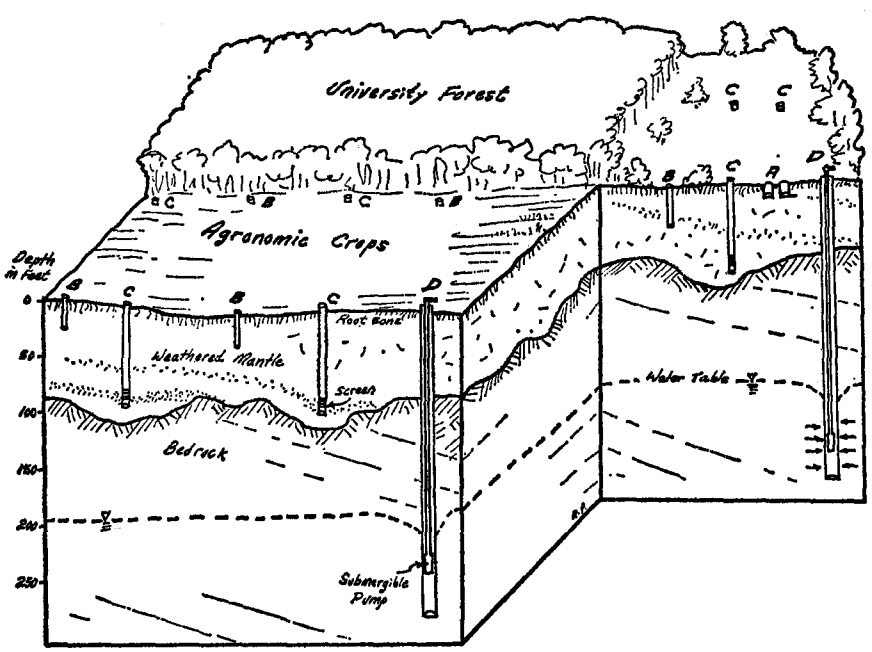
The Ruhrverband has an historical advantage. Its control of the river began many years ago, before pollution of the stream got out of hand. Any duplication of its operation in this country today would start with handicaps. Here already-polluted streams must be taken over and purified not only for repeated usage of the water in one electric power-generating plant and factory after another but also for repeated use in thousands of homes in scores of towns and cities.

Either of two methods of regulation will have to be chosen. One would assess against a factory user a fee proportionate to the waste burden carried back to the river by water flowing through the factory. The proportioning would have to relate not merely to the amount of waste but to its nature and to the extent of chemical filtering required to restore the waste water to potability. If the fee charged were set a shade above the cost of treating the waste within the factory, the factory owners would have the option of removing the waste themselves and thus saving money. Fixing fees that would be fair all around would be an intricate undertaking—some say too intricate to work in practice. The alternative would be a flat prohibition against introduction of any pollutant into a stream.

Whichever system were adopted would require establishment of standards of quality. The purest water—distilled water—is not the tastiest of water. How pure should water be for human consumption? Precisely what impurities should be permitted, and how much of each?

As the *Resources for the Future* report quoted from earlier said, almost no research of a truly scientific nature has been done along these lines.

Perhaps under the pressure of preliminary discussion of water-cleansing



Block diagram of scheme for monitoring Penn State experiment shows (a) lysimeters to measure percolation of water, (b) tubes for checking soil moisture, (c) and (d) wells to determine aquifer levels.

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fees, official sentiment in Washington is hardening in support of the principle that the whole American people ought not to be taxed to relieve periodic water crises in cities like New York until the cities themselves act to make their water supply systems part of a self-sustaining economy.

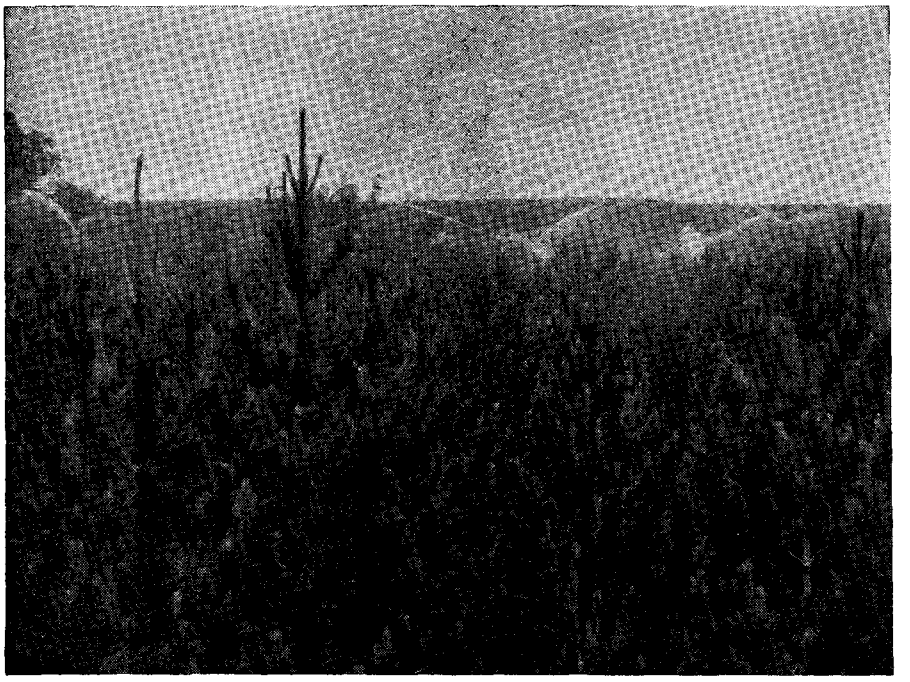
It has been noted that although New York has a recurrent water scarcity, it rarely suffers food scarcity. Why? In a book titled *Water Supply - Economics, Technology, and Policy* (University of Chicago Press), three researchers of the Rand Corporation—Jack Hirshleifer, James C. De Haven, and Jerome W. Milliman—answered:

> At first glance it would appear that here [in the supplying of food to the people of the metropolis] is a problem of truly appalling difficulty. Months if not years in advance of consumption, arrangements must be made to place under cultivation a myriad of items, including potatoes in Idaho, watermelons in California, and bananas in Panama, and to transport the harvested products at the right time and in the right carriers to the city, where the actual inventories of food supplies might not last a week if replenishment were not forthcoming.
>
> And yet, amazingly when one thinks of it, here is a problem which is solved without anyone's devoting any particular thought to it! It is solved, that is, by the decisions of thousands of private individuals typically pursuing each his own private advantage, though subject to a variety of general laws and specific regulations of government.

The conclusion is clear. The competitive checks and balances of the private market place are almost wholly lacking in New York's handling of its water supply. Virtually all of New York's water is controlled by public agencies that place no premium on thrift. New York water costs come out of taxes that are not proportioned to water consumption. So, while the 7,000,000 inhabitants of London, England, *use* 365,000,000 gallons of water a day, the 8,000,000 people of New York *waste* at least 300,000,000 gallons a day.

Installation of water meters in New York's households has been repeatedly proposed (and repeatedly blocked by local politicians) to give New Yorkers an incentive to save water. The city would then in turn be under pressure from them to stop the notorious leakages in its water mains.

Because New York next month will elect a Mayor under circumstances that threaten Democratic Party control of the city for the first time since the fiery days of reformist Fiorello LaGuardia, the time is hardly propitious for disturbing the shibboleth that water is a unique God-given right and ought to be provided to every citizen free of charge.



—*Pennsylvania State University.*

Sprinklers rain sewage waste on treetops in Penn State experiment.

Later, perhaps, it will be possible to consider another remark by Michigan economist Boulding:

> We are so accustomed to thinking of rain as a free good that we confuse rain with water. Rain is no more water than grass is milk, and water supplied to a particular person in a particular place is just as much a commodity as oil.

To recognize that everything carries a price is to acknowledge that man cannot conquer nature but must bargain his way through life. The conquering tradition is so deeply rooted in American character that its obliteration must begin far back in the process of intellectual nourishment. If a water-pricing system is to evolve in this country, it will grow out of an overview of the values of water to man—a view that only the universities can afford.

U.S. Civil Service rolls on January 1, 1965 included no register of eligibles under the category of hydrologist. As these words are written, the register carries the names of only sixty-six qualified persons. Schooling up for intelligent resolution of the water crisis must, therefore, be slow and experimental. Congress probably took the wisest route to the future when it consulted the past and adopted the formula successful in the settling of American public lands. In the Water Resources Research Act of 1964, the land-grant colleges of the states were offered federal help to finance creation of Water Research Institutes. Engineering departments of the schools got most of the money, but not all. In Utah, home of the new hydrological expert in the President's Office of Science and Technology, Professor Dean Peterson, the first study grant went to a social science project designed to discover why otherwise reasonable men and women insist on the preservation of myths about water.

In focusing attention on interdisciplinary study, the Water Resources Research Act by implication invited a scanning of horizons broader than the views available on any given campus. The Water Resources Center at Cornell University accepted this indirection last June and called to Ithaca students of water problems from the land-grant colleges of six eastern states: New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. The group explored the Connecticut River basin as a model. The Connecticut rises near where Canada meets New England, separates New Hampshire and Vermont by its southern flow, crosses central Massachusetts and Connecticut and empties into Long Island Sound. The city of Boston is situated well outside the limits of the Connecticut and its tributaries. Yet the demands of the growth of Boston are already drawing water from the eastern extremities of the Connecticut watershed in central Massachusetts. Realistic budgeting of the Connecticut Valley water supply must, therefore, consider the needs of, and other water sources of, Boston.

Hardly any place between Boston and Cape Kennedy can be qualified as genuinely rural today. But what is locally referred to as "the country" and is in fact suburbia depends in large measure for its water supply on individual wells and springs. These, of course, are simply tappings from the great reservoirs of rain that have been caught underground

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—Pennsylvania State University.

Tall corn grows from sewage nutrients.

in the aquifers. The aquifers are supposed to contain at least a generation's worth of rainfall, although no attempt at an accurate census of them or their contents has been made since the 1950s. As population has burgeoned, the tappings have multiplied and the water level has fallen proportionately.

Very little earthy thinking has been done about this facet of the water crisis. The best of it can be seen in a small experimental project at Pennsylvania State University.

THE university faculty launched this project on its own, in 1962, with the school's own funds, in recognition of its responsibility to the town of State College which surrounds the campus. Partly to guard the health of its students and partly for the sake of good citizenship, the university had previously built and operated a sewage disposal plant that served the school and the town together. The effluent from the plant emptied into a small body of water known as Duck Pond, and thence into Spring Creek.

As the school and town grew, the amount of effluent added to the creek water rose from a million gallons a day to 3.5 million gallons a day. The university faculty could foresee the time when the volume might reach 6 million gallons a day. Soon the creek would cease being a body of water carrying away the liquid residue of human waste and become a torrent of human waste carrying within it no-longer-recognizable water.

Living in the land-grant college tradition, the university faculty knew the remarkable filtering properties of soil. Some of the professors wondered whether it might be possible to stop burdening Spring Creek with waste that was rapidly depleting the filtering quality of the water and instead spread the waste over the land.

As matters stood, the water flowed from Spring Creek to the ocean, thus being lost to Pennsylvania's economy until the wind returned it, thousands of miles and an indefinite time later, as rain. Under the new scheme that began to form in the professors' minds, the water would percolate down through the soil of the fields and forests into the aquifers that underlie the countryside from Bellefonte to Scotia Mine. Kept at home, the water would be available for repeated reuse.

Holes were drilled in sample plots of cropland, open fields, and woods totaling sixty-three acres of university property. Tubes were inserted to monitor soil moisture to a depth of twenty feet. Pumps were lowered into wells sunk 300 feet down in the aquifers. Then a network of irrigating pipes was stretched from Duck Pond (bypassing Spring Creek) to the test plots, and the sewage effluent was sprinkled from these pipes onto the ground at various rates of flow, summer and winter, for a period of three years. Two inches of waste water a week produced these consequences:

THE level of the underground water, which had previously dropped seventy-five feet each year, fell only a few feet each year in the aquifers underlying the test plots.

Yields of corn and hay in the test plots were three times the yields of fields not involved in the experiment.

The yield of wheat planted in the test plots remained the same as the yield of fields adjacent to the experimental areas, but the protein content of the wheat in the test plots rose above the protein in the other wheat.

Northern pine trees grew as fast as Southern pine trees normally do.

Birds and animals thrived.

Microbes living in the topmost two feet of soil in the test plots digested all but a few per cent of the detergent that had frothed the waste water.

St. Charles City in Maryland has already adopted the Penn State scheme as a base for a new municipal waste disposal system. How effective the principles behind the Penn State experiment will be elsewhere depends on several variables, a major one being the type of soil. The combination of limestone and clay through which Spring Creek flows is typical of roughly one-third of the United States. It is estimated that the land equivalent of one small farm, 129 acres, could dispose of a million gallons of waste water—the sewage effluent normal to a community of 10,000 persons. The system is obviously not an answer to New York City's dilemma, for most of northern New Jersey would be required as a waste-drainage basin. Nor will the Penn State idea dispose of toxic chemical waste; but it is ideal for disposition of effluent from dairies, canneries, and the like.

The secondary benefits to be harvested in food crops and forest growth come from three organic elements—phosphorus, nitrogen, and potassium—which stimulate life. These are the elements of all effective fertilizers. When they are poured into streams they encourage plant growth, which up to a point exerts a purifying influence by releasing oxygen. But at night, and when sunlight is cut off during the day, the growing plants revert to pre-photosynthetic mechanisms of evolution and live without oxygen, in the process giving off poisonous methane and a hydrogen sulfide stench.

By withholding an excess of phosphorus, nitrogen, and potassium from Spring Creek, the Penn State scientists (geologists, biochemists, zoologists, microbiologists, engineers, forestrymen, mechanical designers, soil technicians, and farm operators working in unison under Associate Dean of Agriculture M. A. Farrell) are helping the creek to return to its normal system of oxygen supply. Dean Farrell wishes no one to be in doubt that the project is still in the experimental stage. It may take a while to detect unfavorable reactions in an environment that has been taking shape for at least a million years.

The few men in America who qualify as scholars in hydrology long have argued that the lasting solution to the water problem will be a quiet mosaic rather than a spectacular vision achieved in grand brush strokes. The Penn State idea of simply allowing water to percolate into the ground would fit the modest pattern. So would proposals to employ the wind to cover surfaces of lakes with thin wax films and so diminish evaporation, to further reduce water surfaces susceptible to evaporation by deepening lakes and rivers in proportion to the exposed water surface, to selectively remove parasitic water-loving plants from lake and stream beds to save water now lost to their voracious appetites, to seal the walls of irrigation ditches against leakage, to separate sewage outlet pipes from storm sewer pipes in cities to prevent swamping of sewage disposal facilities at times of heavy rain, to develop methods of relating liquid waste disposal to solid waste disposal, to temporarily store sewage underground in order to efficiently schedule its disposal. But talk of water shortage puts the cart before the horse. The Israeli deserts enjoy but a week to a month of rain each year; trees starve for lack of water; yet avenues of green break the parched gray of the Negev where man has struck a bargain with nature by capturing the dew.

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CAREFUL NEW ENGLANDER wants small house for one or two years, preferably unfurnished, in good riding country in western Connecticut. Box 0-878.

BETWEEN NARRAGANSETT AND PROVIDENCE, near bay. House, acreage. Write 27 Chatsworth Court, Oakland, California.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange be-tween reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

APARTMENTS in old plantation house near Georgetown, South Carolina. Rate for winter $50 to $100 per month. Pawley's Island Realty Company, Pawley's Island, South Carolina.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL COOPERATIVE, 3½ rooms, upstairs study available on lease. The Dakota, 1 West 72nd, NYC. TR 7-8594.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VIRGIN ISLANDS' prime residential hillside acre overlooking picturesque Christiansted harbor, St. Croix. Spectacular view, idyllic homesite. $16,000. Box 0-863.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE. Private nursery and elementary school. Details upon request. P.O. Box 111, Ojai, California.

BOOKSHOP—Established, profitable. Southern California. Ideal for couple. Box 0-571.

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 828-M, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

STIMULATING CULTURAL ENVIRONMENT—elegant living—at Ventura TowneHouse, with lectures, films, art exhibits in its beautiful lounges and library. Or walk across the street to Ventura College for classes, concerts, little theater. 35 minutes to Santa Barbara, 55 to UCLA. Physically inclined? Try our putting green, Health Club, or nearby beach, Marina, golf courses. Moderate year-round climate, clean sweet air. Spacious view apartments—tower or garden—with epicurean meals in distinguished glass-walled dining room. Health services available. No lease—no capital investment—monthly payment includes meals, maid service and use of extensive facilities. Rates start at $250. For brochure, write S. R. Wilbey, 4900 Telegraph Road, Ventura, California 93003. Try a refreshing winter vacation at the TowneHouse—you'll want to stay!

VACATIONS

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $12 to $16 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

RELAX! Three thousand acre guest ranch in Catalina Mountains. Beautiful accommodations, reasonable rates. Riding, swimming, golfing, trips included! Color brochure. Saddleback Ranch, Route 2, Box 716, Tucson, Arizona.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea but nothing else. Jewel box 52 room inn; private ocean beach. AAA, E.P. Write for color brochure SR.

HILL-COUNTRY INN: Restful—informal—good food. Superb views. Folder. Windham Hill Farm, West Townshend, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BLUE MOUNTAIN RIDING CENTER. Excellent food, accommodations, English riding. Polite, professional instruction. Saugerties, N.Y.

VACATIONS

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Tennis. Fishing. Golf nearby. Chaits Hotel, Accord 5, N.Y. Tel. 914-626-7373.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

SURF 'N SUN ADVENTURE. Halfway between New York and Miami, at exciting new Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C., discover an easy rolling surf warmed by the Gulf Stream, gentled by the Trade Winds. Swim, play tennis, go horseback riding beside the sea. Golf on two championship courses and a lighted par-three. Enjoy fresh seafoods prepared by the Inn's expert chef. Double room with balcony on the ocean, 6 days, 5 nights, $70 per person, including breakfasts and dinners. Call 803-785-3372 or write Box 15, The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

"IN SEASON" CARIBBEAN BARGAIN. Your own apartment afloat aboard 40' cruiser in charming Christiansted Harbor. Sleeps 2-6 comfortably. Galley, heads. Swimming, duty-free shopping, restaurants within walking distance. $140 per week. Airmail Davies, Club Comanche, Christiansted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

TRAVEL

INVITATION TO . . . ADVENTURE IN PARADISE aboard a large, luxurious private yacht. Help share expenses and sail to Tahiti and other remote South Pacific Islands. So-Pac Cruise, Inc., P.O. Box 1277, Santa Monica, California 90404.

THIS AD + $7.00 per day entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient everything. 350 rooms, bath, radio, TV. Double, add $2.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

EAST AFRICA—WINTER in the sun. RYDE'S TOURS are now booking safaris for November, December, January, February. Write for details to American representative, Ellen Mitchill, 320 North Poinsettia Place, Los Angeles, California 90036.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, Dept. SR, for brochure.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SOUTH AFRICA'S "WILD COAST" offers fabulous big game fishing. Enjoy ALL South Africa on a comfortable, inexpensive tour. See your Travel Agent. For beautiful literature—please specify if you want special Fishing Brochure—write SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

EUROPE BOUND? Critics acclaim Planck's new "method" book, "How Two Do Europe on One Retirement Check," most practical ever published. Amusing, authentically documented. Shows "how" author and wife visited fifteen countries daily average cost $10.22. Wonderful gift idea. $2.50 postpaid. Breniman Publisher, Box 530, Santa Rosa, California 95402.

HOLY LAND—19 day Economy Tour—Palestine and Middle East, July 11th-30th, 1966. Experienced guide, first class accommodations. Box 0-865.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1646

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

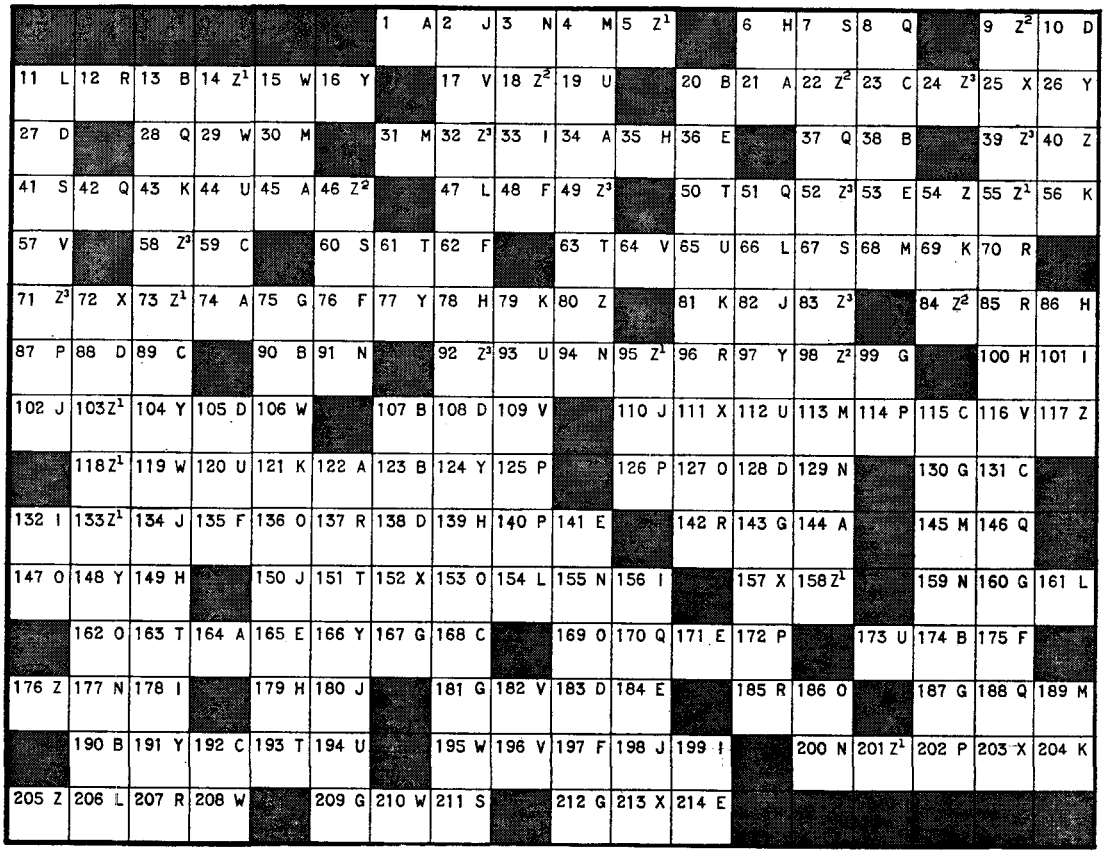
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. This natural appurtenance was crumpled in the nursery rhyme (2 wds.)	122 45 144 34 21 164 74 1
B. Like a certain earthy ore of iron, as to distinctive color or constituency.	38 20 107 123 13 90 190 174
C. Desired climax of the count-down (comp.).	23 115 59 168 192 89 131
D. Treated as an object of great interest socially.	138 108 183 105 10 27 88 128
E. Inhabitant of ancient Edom.	53 214 165 184 141 171 36
F. Spaces hollowed in walls, to hold ornaments.	76 197 135 48 175 62
G. Demonstrate to this man the right way to accomplish something (3 wds.).	99 187 143 181 167 75 212 160 130 209
H. Anomuran crab living in very cold water.	86 139 179 6 35 149 78 100
I. The second member of an arithmetical aggregate.	33 199 132 101 178 156
J. Utterance of vocal sounds.	110 150 180 198 2 134 82 102
K. To gape.	204 79 81 121 69 43 56
L. Opinionated (from the French).	11 206 154 66 47 161
M. Specifying certain egrets of Gulf states and West Indies, some of whose varieties flaunt snowy plumage.	31 4 30 189 68 113 145
N. Make over; restore to freshness.	94 129 91 200 3 177 159 155
O. What the henpecked husband, weary of nagging, wishes his wife would make (3 wds. after *an*).	186 153 147 169 127 136 162

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Animals of a class known to have existed since the Silurian, the largest class of animals, by far.	87 140 125 202 126 172 114
Q. Protected by sleevelike covering.	42 170 146 188 37 28 51 8
R. A strong, continued inclination; decided taste.	137 85 142 207 185 96 70 12
S. Famous international cricket trophy, between England and Australia (after *The*).	7 67 60 41 211
T. Seize and carry away by violence; delight extravagantly.	193 151 50 61 63 163
U. Describing the tributaries of a stream.	44 194 120 65 112 93 19 173
V. Utterly abject; obsequious.	57 196 116 17 64 109 182
W. "A thousand ships" were launched thus. (3 wds., based on Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*).	195 106 210 119 29 15 208
X. Reprove reproachfully.	152 72 157 111 213 25 203
Y. Conservative element in politics (2 wds.).	124 104 77 16 26 191 148 97 166
Z. Strongly aromatic seed of a tree native to Molucca Islands, used as spice.	117 40 54 176 205 80
Z.1 Absorptive.	133 95 73 14 201 55 103 118 5 158
Z.2 Whom the Jolly Miller cared for.	46 22 84 18 9 98
Z.3 Work of decorative art, often incongruous, which yet affords a positive aesthetic satisfaction.	92 52 58 24 49 83 39 71 32

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Patricia Bailey—Eastern Airlines Ground Hostess, Kennedy Airport

Why are there special Ground Hostesses at Eastern terminals?

For the same reason dinners on our First Class Famous Restaurant flights from Chicago are by The Pump Room.

Why are dinners on Eastern First Class Famous Restaurant flights prepared by The Pump Room, Voisin, and Old Original Bookbinder's? Why do Eastern crews go back to school each year? Why will there soon be Ground Hostesses to look after you at more major Eastern terminals?

For one reason: to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown. You'll find new comfort, new convenience and quiet on Eastern as we find new ways to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be

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MUSIC FOR LOVERS

of Gibsons, Martinis, Manhattans, Rob Roys, etc.

Cinzano specializes in lovers. Those who love their pleasures dry. And those who love it sweet. For the former, there's Cinzano's French Extra Dry Vermouth. Mixes beautifully. For the latter, Cinzano's exquisite Italian Sweet Vermouth. Irresistible all by itself, naturally. Whatever your vermouth pleasure is, one sip and you'll be a Cinzano lover for life.

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